

THE LEGENDS OF THE PANJÂB.

BY

CAPTAIN R. C. TEMPLE,

BENGAL STAFF CORPS,

FELLOW OF THE ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY, MEMBER OF THE ROYAL ASIATIC
PHILOLOGICAL, AND FOREIGN SOCIETIES THE ANTHROPOLOGICAL INSTITUTE,
THE ASIATIC SOCIETY OF BENGAL, ETC.,
CORRESPONDING MEMBER OF THE NUMISMATIC SOCIETY OF PHILADELPHIA,
ASSOCIATE OF THE VICTORIA INSTITUTE, ETC

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PREFACE TO VOLUME II.

A second year of work has enabled me to add twenty-one fresh legends to those already published, and brings to me the task of writing a second preface.

A work of this kind grows upon its author. When I commenced printing I expected to have matter enough to fill some 1,200 of such pages as these volumes contain, but now that this much has been accomplished I find that not only is the work very far from complete, but that the lists so far do not by any means include even all the *celebrated* legends. Matter sufficient to fill Volume III. is already far advanced in preparation, leaving still bulky undigested MSS. to be gone through. Even as I write information comes in of more stories locally of much celebrity, though hitherto unknown to literature; and it is becoming apparent that the comprehensive collection of the Panjâb popular legends is a question of opportunity and patience.

Personally I am much encouraged to proceed onwards, and to do what in me lies towards placing the traditions of the Panjâb populations before European students by the very favourable reception that was accorded to my first attempts to grapple with this heavy task. When the former preface was written my other essay to bring Panjâbî folktales to public notice was yet in the press, but it has been now published some months, and I have been gratified to find that the views I put forward in *Wide-awake Stories* met with a ready acceptance in many places. These views the present volumes are intended to emphasize. Briefly they are as follows:—The collection of folktales should be as comprehensive as possible, detailed, accurate and systematic: the tales thus collected should be separated into two parts—themes and incidents; these parts should be held to be capable of a separate analysis and treat-

ment, and to have a separate history, though a temporarily joint existence: the method of treating them should be the historical, in order to arrive at the facts of which they are the phenomena: and the manner of investigation should be the collection of these phenomena under fixed heads as they appear at certain ascertained and unquestionably connected eras.

Mr. Gomme in the *Folklore Journal* has strongly advocated the view that Folklore should be held to be a 'science,' and the reviewers of his statement seem to be of opinion that though the Folklore Society may accept this the general public is not at all likely to do so. Whether Folklore, like Religion, Language, Mythology, and so on, is a 'science' depends entirely on the manner of study, and that it should be studied as a 'science' cannot, it seems to me, be too strongly insisted on by all earnest students. The serious study of Folklore is a new matter, and at the commencement of all such there are always to be found a certain number of *dilettanti*, who will take up a subject as long as it is light, as well as interesting, and capable of rewarding them with an easily acquired reputation for learning, to drop it the moment others better equipped for the work make it deep enough to be troublesome. As long as the result of the labours of the careful have not reached very far the *dilettante* can easily keep pace with the best of them, and is sure to make much more show; but the force of the old fable of the hare and the tortoise gradually becomes apparent to him, and in time he sinks further and further out of view, as he realizes that the race is not to the swift. Sooner or later then it surely comes about that the student properly so called—the man of science—is left to himself. The early 'collecting' period is the heyday of the light-hearted and the enthusiastic before what is most obvious has been all recorded, and it becomes a laborious task to add fresh matter to the pile, and before, too, it behoves the collector to be careful as to what he puts into his store, lest critics point out that he is accumulating rubbish. Philology had to face a long period of this kind before it could emerge as a true science,—the stigma of empiricism sticks to it still,—and it seems that Folk-

lore is yet in the very midst of one. It should be the duty of those who would see it take its place among the recognized scientific pursuits to raise it to that rank, as philologists have raised the study of tongues.

Except as a science I venture to assert that Folklore is not worth serious study at all. Its nature is such, in the phase of folktales and legends at any rate, as to make its facts largely capable of literary treatment. Such being the case, there is no reason why it should not be made as attractive in a literary sense as possible, provided it loses nothing thereby in scientific precision. Studies are none the better for being shorn of what capabilities for pleasure they may chance to possess, but there this advantage ends. To subordinate science to the tickling of the mental palate is to waste time. In Folklore, for instance, can it be fairly said that, however well told by the *raconteur*, a genuine tale of the people is likely to be a better literary production than a story invented by a genius like Hans Andersen? If the object of a hunt in the by-ways of rustic life is to serve up dainty dishes for the 'general reader,' is it worth while? Would not the time and talents of the hunter be better spent in the writing of novels, which would have the advantage of bringing more grist to the mill?

It must not be thought that the adequate representation of a series of tales is a matter to be lightly undertaken, or one that can be handled with but a slender equipment for the purpose. What ought the proper apprehension of an Indian folktale, for instance, to involve in the case of the original collector and annotator? A knowledge of the particular vernacular of the narrator in its vulgar forms, and this he will find will sooner or later lead him to tread the difficult ways of Indian philology. A wide knowledge of Indian History of all kinds—political, social, and literary,—and that, too, in its most obscure and untrodden paths; for it is quite impossible to say beforehand where a particular tale will land him in its historical references, and the unraveling of the tangled threads of folk-history in a single tale often necessitates an acquaintance with widely separated portions of the records of the past. A knowledge, too, not easily

acquired, of the religions and social structure, the habits and manners and hereditary customs of the people, their ethnology, antiquities, and philosophy. Geography also of all times and eras will force itself on his attention. Surely a subject which involves all this is well worthy of even those, whose mental endowments are of a high order.

The wide term anthropology covers all the subjects from the examination of which we are led to grasp the details of that complicated structure, the modern human being in his mental and physical aspects. Folklore is, or at least should be, one of these subjects. Just as physiologists are enabled by a minute and exact examination of skulls or teeth or hair and so on to differentiate or connect the various races of mankind, so should Folklorists, as in time I have no doubt they will, be able to provide reliable data towards a true explanation of the reasons why particular peoples are mentally what they are found to be. Folklore then as a scientific study has a specific object and occupies a specific place. Such are the principles, so far as the limited scope of books containing original collections has permitted me, that I have endeavoured to sustain in these volumes. How far I have succeeded in practice in attaining my ideal it is not for me to say.

When a writer is engaged on works of original research he is necessarily teaching himself while he is teaching others, and so it is no matter of wonder to find that as these volumes proceed, the tales they contain are found, as it were, to develop. The first volume began with the adventures of 'Rājā Rasālā,' giving a disconnected series of stories fastened on to the name of this popular hero. Since then the stories of 'Princess Adhik Anūp Dai,' of 'Silā Dai' and of 'Pūran Bhagat,' have appeared, showing that these are really stories, or series of stories, belonging to a cycle, and indiscriminately applied to the Northern Śālivāhaṇa and any of his immediate legendary descendants. These tales, or at any rate some of them, are elsewhere shown to be equally applied to the Southern Śālivāhaṇa; but whether the Northern and Southern Śālivāhaṇas of modern legend were one and the same personage, or lived at the same

period, I do not think we are yet properly in a position to say. In the *Calcutta Review* for 1884 in an article on Rājā Rasālū I have endeavoured to show that he really did live and who he was, showing at the same time that the history of the tales fastened on to him as a popular hero has no connection with that of himself as a man. These tales, as we accumulate them from different sources, are beginning to show so strong a family likeness to the Sindibād cycle as to presume a common source. It should be remembered that the Sindibād series is demonstrably of Indian origin, and that we have yet to show what has become in modern folklore of its originals on Indian soil. If Rasālū be, as I think, the representative of the Hindū, or perhaps Buddhist, opponents of the first Arab invaders of India in the 8th and 9th Centuries of our era, then he is also the hero of a vast quantity of Arabic-Persian folk-tales which would be well worth investigation. It is to be hoped that some one will be found to take up this phase of the subject.

The tendency of hards is to make their stories run in cycles. They love to connect all their heroes in some way or other, and I think a little reading between the lines of the Indian classical legends shows that this was always the case. Stories are indiscriminately told of several heroes, and if one calls to mind the names of the most celebrated they are sure to be found to belong to a group all genealogically connected with each other. If I mistake not, the Greek and Roman classics exhibit the same phenomena. All this goes to show the truth of what I have previously insisted on, that it must not be presumed that hero and story, or story and incident, have any real historical connection, until it is demonstrated that such is the case. In this volume we find that the modern legend of 'Gopī Chand,' said to have been the nephew of Bhartṛihari, is on practically the same lines as a classical one of Bhartṛihari himself, who there becomes the elder brother of Vikramāditya. Gopī Chand again has a nephew Rājā Chandarbhan, about whom a legend is told of a nature familiar to folklore students, and this Chandarbhan is described as giving his daughter in marriage to the

grandson of Vikramāditya. This launches us at once into a cycle, for Śālivāhana is closely connected with Vikramāditya in his wars, with whom are connected by family Rasālū, Pūran Bhagat, Sirkap, Hoḍī and a host of others. In the tales of Vikramāditya, Gopī Chand and Chandarbhan, and in those of Śālivāhana, Rasālū, Pūran Bhagat, Sirkap and Hoḍī we have, as it were, the stories of the chief heroes of both sides of what must have been at one time a life and death struggle between races in India. I say 'as it were' advisedly, because it may be taken as established that historically Bhartṛihari and Vikramāditya cannot have belonged to the same era, nor could Hoḍī and Rasālū, while we may take it as fairly certain that Rasālū is only figuratively the 'son' of Śālivāhana, even if he be of the same race. The business of the bard being to make tales interesting, and it being obviously to his interest to connect at least the noble part of his audience by descent with some one or other of the national heroes, the temptation to pious frauds in this direction is clearly great. As the bard is not a model of virtue in any other respect there is no reason to suppose that he resists this temptation, and hence many a purely mythical genealogy may well have arisen from no other cause than a desire to rouse interest in the actors in a tale by connecting them with a great national movement or recognized national heroes. The apparently modern tale of 'Dhol and Mārwan' is attached to the very celebrated story of 'Nala and Damayantī' by making Dhol to be the son of Nala, probably for this reason only. In the stories of the quite modern Panjāb this tendency is strongly marked. It is not likely that the date of Hīr and Rānjhā as historical personages goes back much beyond 300 years, and the story is really a tribal one of the abduction of a Rājput girl by a man of another race and of the subsequent vengeance of her tribe. But there happens to be a tomb of some local sanctity at Jhang built to this pair of lovers, and in this volume are versions of their story evidently framed so as to connect Rānjhā as a wonder-working Saint with Gurū Gorakhnāth and to glorify his memory in order to add to the revenues of the tomb. His development into a Saint of the

Sakhî Sarwar type is evidently a mere matter of time and opportunity. In the *Janam Sâkhî*, or orthodox *Life* of BÂBÂ NÂnak, the founder of the Sikh Religion, are long purely mythical chapters, containing his adventures in lands he could never have seen and his dealings with such personages as Shekh Farîd and Bahâ'u'l-haqq, who, as it can be shown to demonstration, were not his contemporaries at all and did not even live in the same century as he did. Several tales are given herein of Sakhî Sarwar, and in them the same tendency to make him the hero of well known stories really attributable to other persons, often as not Hindûs, is strongly visible, and in the succeeding volume will be given a series of stories of the Saints of Jâlandhar, an entirely local and essentially modern body, which will be found to run in the old grooves and not infrequently to be appropriations of portions of older and better known tales. These hagiological legends, too, are made cyclic, *i.e.*, every saint is connected either by descent or adoption with a recognized line. The development then of the Panjâb Legends as research proceeds takes two directions: externally into cycles and internally into groups of details.

In this volume, as in the first one and for the same reason, there has been no attempt at systematic order in recording the tales. Among the heroic legends are XIX 'Râjâ Chandarbân and Rânî Chand Karan,' XXIX 'Râjâ Jagdeo,' XXX 'Râjâ Nal,' and XXXI 'Râjâ Dhol.' To this class also belong XVIII 'Râjâ Gopî Chand' and XXXIV 'Pûran Bhagat,' but there is much of the sanctified nature of pure hagiology in these last, as also in the modern series of XXVIII 'Abdu'llah Shâh of Samîn,' XXXVI 'Ismâ'il Khân's Grandmother,' XXXVII 'The Bracelet-maker of Jhang' and XXXVIII 'Hîr and Rânjhâ,' all belonging in various ways to the Siyâl tribal tale of Hîr and Rânjhâ. Of pure tales of Saints are XX about 'Nâmdev,' XXI and XXII about 'Sakhî Sarwar,' XXVI about 'Abdu'l-Qâdir Jîlânî' and XXVII about an obscure Saint 'Rode Shâh.' The others are modern ballads, *viz.*, XXIII 'Chûhar Singh,' a Sikh tale, XXIV and XXV tales of Hamâlayan Râjpûts, XXXII of a Râjpût of Central India, XXXIII a quite modern mythical

ballad concerning the murder of an English Officer, and XXXV a national ballad of the Baloches.

I have already explained my method of comparing the incidents in folktales and legends in the Preface to Volume I. and in my Survey of the Incidents in Modern Indian Folktales attached to *Wide-awake Stories*, and it is of no use to go over the same ground here. Suffice it to say that an increasing knowledge of the folktales of India and the examination of greater and greater numbers of them does not enable me to add much to the heads and sub-heads gathered together in the 'Survey,' though they bring an ever-increasing number of data upon which to work. In this volume the fresh evidence gathered is as follows :—

Our old friend the ogre turns up once more as a demon merely, but with the true ogre's attributes of devouring human beings and being slain by the hero, in the story of 'Rājā Jagdeo,' part of which is indeed but a variant of the usual ogre story by which he eats an inhabitant of a city daily together with something else,—in this case 12 loaves of bread. Rājā Jagdeo's demon, however, knows that he is destined to be killed by a person resembling the hero and this much is new. This same story of Jagdeo represents another favorite feature of Indian folktales, the substituted hero, who is here supplanted by a mere accident and not through malice as is usual. He and his younger brother by another mother are born within a few days of each other, but the messenger carrying the news of his birth is outstripped by the other, and so the younger brother is entered in the royal books as the elder and the king refuses to alter the register. 'The hero and his companions' is always a point worth noting, and we find that after Jagdeo is supplanted and is induced to acquiesce in the matter quietly he starts to seek his fortune first with a horse and a servant and afterwards when his first venture is a success with a wife, her maid and a following. The witch pure and simple is only found once in the tale of Pûran Bhagat, where she turns an entire company of *jogîs* into bullocks by throwing (enchanted) mustard seeds over them. In a priest-ridden country like

India the doings of Saints and holy personages must always occupy a considerable place in legends, and in this volume, as heretofore, we find them granting sons and position in life, punishing neglect by the infliction of leprosy and curing it again, restoring the dead to life, curing snake-bite through the efficacy of their sacred fires, setting fire miraculously to the city of those that injure them, and bursting the ropes and fetters that bind them. In one case two sons are granted by the old expedient of making the two queens of a king eat an (enchanted) apple. Generosity—in the form of almsgiving to religionists—is highly extolled in all oriental works, and accordingly we here find a semi-religious hero giving *his own head* in alms when asked. A new point about religious mendicants occurs in the refusal of jewels or presents of value as alms.* Stock miracles usually, but not by any means necessarily always, attributed to certain saints as their specialty frequently occur. Of these may be mentioned of Gorakh Nâth, setting fire to his opponents and burning them to ashes; curing a blinded and crippled hero by procuring eyes for him from Indra through prayer, and making him whole by sprinkling holy-water over him; restoring men metamorphosed into bullocks by tossing his holy ashes over them and patting them; changing women into she-asses by the same process, and restoring them by making them pass his standard; drying up all the wells in a district; making the earth sink in by striking it with his staff; making earrings by shaking them out of his wallet;* of Nâmdev, raising a dead cow to life, invulnerability to the attacks of elephants: of Pûran Bhagat, restoring life to a dried-up garden by sprinkling water over it, restoring his mother's sight by making a companion throw a kerchief over her, granting his step-mother a son by making her eat miraculous grapes and rice: of Sakhi Sarwar, turning

* It is to be noted that the cures here are on the usual lines, and that the notion of the inexhaustible bag also occurs. Of Pûran Bhagat it is also related here that he procured miraculous son-giving grapes and rice out of the wallet of a companion at command: a kind of *miracle by proxy*

the gold of an unfaithful follower into brass, and making him vomit whole the food he had digested, making his own fields flourish without cultivation, creating a large following when wanted, filling an empty pitcher with rice and milk, making whole torn-up garments, bringing a horse that had been cut up and eaten to life, making fruit to ripen out of season : of 'Abdu'l-Qâdir Jilânî, bringing up a boat and its drowned inhabitants from the depths of a river : of Rôde Shâh, making the *dûb* grass green and sweet for ever in reward for furnishing him with a bed of itself, non-liability to be burnt by fire because he escapes in the smoke, destroying a girl's beauty because she deceives him : of Khwâjâ Khizar, re-creating the body of a saint after it had been cut up and eaten by fish : of 'Abdu'llah Shâh of Samîn, bringing a fair wind by making some birds fly away that were on the shore : of Rânjhâ, transporting a saint by holding his hand and shutting his eyes. In the same way a miracle is attributed to Jai Singh Sawâî, the great astronomer Râjâ of Jaipûr, arising very curiously out of the memory of his scientific proclivities, by which he is made to keep a *private moon of his own* ; but the hero is equal to him, for, sending for Jai Singh's '*moon-makers*,' he sets up an opposition moon ! The sanctity of the shrines and tombs of saints is also insisted on repeatedly : to restore such is to procure great wealth and position, and prayer at such is blessed with a long-wished-for son. Deceased saints and ordinary ghosts are mixed up, and *both* are said to be only able to be abroad at midnight. One point among the actors in tales I have previously overlooked, though it occurs once or twice in the first of these volumes, *viz.*, the *avenging hero*. Its occurrence again more than once in this volume inclines me to give it a separate heading in analysis. The typical form of story is that the hero is fated to slay his parents, who take precautions, usually by shutting him up in a pit till the danger is past, to prevent his fulfilling his destiny. An interesting point about Miries turns up in the tale Pûran Bhagat. The heroine, originally a fairy, is attached to the earth for ever, because while sporting in a garden her wings have touched the '(un-

lucky) *aubergine* or egg-plant and have become 'heavy,' so that she cannot fly: an idea prettily varied in a well-known tale in the *Alif Laila*. And lastly, the step-mother once again falls in love with her husband's son, and when repulsed grossly ill-treats him, by having recourse to the old-world devices of Potiphar's wife.

Turning to the progress of the tales we find that the sup-
planted hero starts the tale by going to seek his fortunes
at random. Tricks of the usual kind also appear. The hero
wishes to stop a horseman whom he suspects to be a saint in
disguise, but the horseman drops his whip, and while the
hero stoops to pick it up he is off. The heroine pretends
that a snake has bitten her finger so that the hero her lover
may be summoned to cure it. In the old tale of Nala and
Damayanti the gods assume the form of the hero in order to
puzzle and test the heroine, and in the tale of Dhol and
Mârwan the heroine's maids all assume her shape to try and deceive
the hero; this performance being part of those tests before
marriage which so frequently take the form of impossible tasks
and impracticable riddles. In this same tale the heroine
sends messages to the hero, but her rival, his wife, plays a
series of tricks upon them to prevent the messages from
reaching their destination. A Brâhman is sent and he is got
rid of by the favorite trick of seating him on an insecure
couch placed over the mouth of a concealed well, and then
comes a minstrel, who is frightened away by the heroine's rival
assuming a soldier's dress. The minstrel, however, eventually
turns the tables on her by making the hero's guards very drunk and
so passing them, and then by cheating the heroine's rival herself.
She always slept with her husband's clothes tied to her own
and his signet ring in her mouth: the minstrel cuts the knots
and inserts his fiddle-string key into her mouth in place of
the signet ring. In the pretty tale of Chandarbân and
Chand Karan, the swan, who acts as go-between, compromises
the heroine with the hero by taking him to her while she is
asleep and making him exchange rings with her. Her father
then catches him by sending her a bottle of Holi powder, a red

concoction which the players at this Indian carnival throw over each other, and she, although it is the wrong season, immediately throws this over him: he is therefore at once recognised by his red-stained clothes. This leads us to the means of identifying the hero, so common a feature in folktales. In 'Rājā Dhol' he is identified by the lotus-mark on his leg, in 'Pūran Bhagat' by his voice, and in the tale of Nala and Damayantī the heroine is identified by the manner in which she cooks. Identification by marks leads by a natural transition to the signs of the coming hero, which are seldom wanting. Here we have the hackneyed one of being able to shoot down a brass cup from the top of seven bamboos placed one above the other, varied as shooting down three cups and killing a serpent. These may also be classed as among the impossible task tests, as they are in these instances preliminaries to marriage with the heroine. The Biblical story of Jonah in the Whale's Belly* has made us familiar with a tale much varied in Indian Folklore, and in *Wide-awake Stories* I have shown that the extraordinary voracity notion is a mere variant of this idea. In this volume a couple of gods, as children, eat up at a sitting a meal meant for 250,000 people! A variant or rather corollary of the idea of extraordinary voracity is that of extraordinary strength. Here we have a hero pushing open the gate of a city and destroying the 15 guns and 55 soldiers behind it at one shove, and the heroine dividing a tigress into halves at one blow to help the hero. As a means of helping on the progress of a tale may be added as new the notion of *miraculous misfortunes* seen in the tale of Nala and Damayantī in the swimming away of a cooked fish and the flying away of a roasted partridge. This unfortunate couple are also entrusted with a necklace on a peg, and suddenly the peg swallows up the necklace and then disappears into the wall! Their account of this occurrence is not believed by the owner, and really he can hardly in reason be blamed for his want of credence! All these three incidents occur

* As a conscious variant of this, at page 505, Rānjhā is made to walk alive into Hīr's grave and be swallowed up.

elsewhere in Indian folktales, but have not been classified as now.

We again see the ordinary *deus ex machina* of Indian folktales; the talking animal that steps in to help the actors in the time of need. A cricket gives Râjâ Salwân a hair which is to help him in trouble out of gratitude, just as in the former volume one was given to Râjâ Rasâlû, his son; a friendly crow carries messages between hero and heroine and warns the hero not to visit his wicked step-mother; and a swan helps Princess Chand Karan to meet her lover, apparently because he himself has fallen in love with her, which is a new feature. To imaginations that can swallow a talking animal, a talking thing comes easily enough. In the former volume we had mangoes and plums and plantains and *pûpals* and the bed's legs equal to the occasion of the hero's need, and here we have again plum-trees and a lake telling a disconsolate wife whither her faithless husband has gone, and a lamp, a pitcher, a necklace and a conch successively advising the hero not to marry the heroine. The idea is further developed in one case where a sandal tree merely relates its adventures to the heroine as an incident. Heroes and heroines, however, not only have to be helped out of their troubles, but if a story is to be a story they must be brought together. One common way is by the prophetic dream: hero dreams of heroine and heroine of hero and the thing is done. Here we find it used in two such very different tales as those of Jalâlî Lohârî and Râjâ Dhol. Another favorite device is for the hero to assume the disguise of a *faqîr* and to beg at the heroine's house: this is made successful in a variety of ways, mostly tricks. A loud or miraculous cry will often rouse up the absent when wanted, an idea varied into playing on a miraculous flute or conch. Messengers are not infrequently sent directly from the heroine to the hero: these may be ordinary mortals, or fairies, or, as in the case of Princess Chand Karan, a swan, and as in the case of Princess Mârwan, her father's cranes. In this connection the miraculous vehicle is necessarily in frequent requisition. In the former volume we saw the most extraordinary and unexpected articles in use. Here we find

on various occasions *faqirs* taken across rivers on a grass mat and a mat of loose reeds and again on a gourd and staff ! Rājā Dhol is taken to his mistress on the more ordinary conveyance of a talking camel. These carry us to the subject of enchantments, of which we have a curious instance in Pūran Bhagat's garden, where no birds can fly. Another most effectual way of clinching a tale is the device of telling a story to explain the situation, introduced here with much effect in the story of Gopi Chand. The notion of temporary death, being widely spread throughout Indian folklore, has so dramatic an effect in a story that is not likely to be absent from any collection ; accordingly Gopi Chand's sister dies and is duly brought to life by a saint by the familiar device of being sprinkled with the blood of his little finger.* Closely connected with this notion is that of miraculous cures in general, and we now have holy earth to cure leprosy, and a dip in water to cure blindness ; and a noteworthy *cure by proxy* in the legend of Rājā Dhol. His camel breaks its leg and the way it is cured is by firing a donkey's leg and applying the fired limb to the camel's wound. The same idea is found in ' Pūran Bhagat,' where the hero cures his mother of blindness by making a companion cast his kerchief over her. A great aid towards investing the actors of folktales with a deeper interest than they would otherwise possess is the capacity for invisibility. This is often natural or inherent, as in the visible and invisible crowds that follow a saint or holy man : a favorite notion that occurs no less than four times in this volume. The quality of invisibility is also used distinctly to help on the tale, as when Nala is made invisible to all but Damayantī on his being sent to her as their messenger by the gods, and as when a groom, and then a shepherd, miraculously help the hero across impassable rivers, and then at once disappear.

To turn to miscellaneous incidents in folktales. The old

* The mysterious power of blood is curiously exhibited in the legend of Pūran Bhagat, where his executioner slays a fawn instead of him and shows its blood as proof, but as this blood will not stain a pearl cast onto it the trick is exposed.

Indian marriage by public choice of a husband occurs according to the ancient classical ideas, in the *swayamvara* of Damayanti, and so do the favorite punishments of setting the heroine to scare crows and of casting the hero into a well and covering the mouth with a stone, varied in the case of Pâran Bhagat by the addition of maiming. Gambling, which appears to be to the vulgar Indian mind the usual and proper occupation of the great and wealthy, takes various marvellous shapes in these pages and is actually upheld as one of Nala's virtues. A queen gambles with a king for her brother's head; and the hero gambles with his younger brother for his kingdom and wealth, and then for his body and jewels. Gambling for extraordinary stakes also appears as one of the 'impossible' conditions before marriage with the heroine on more than one occasion. That common variant in India of the delicate heroine which makes her weight only one flower, or more commonly five flowers, is again seen in Princess Chand Karan, who is weighed daily against flowers and who, when she falls away from the paths of strict virtue, outweighs them and is so found out. The ordeals that occur are of the usual type: plunging the right hand into boiling oil to prove innocence, and being drawn up out of a well by a rope of a single strand made by an unmarried virgin* to prove holiness. Lastly we are treated to one or two omens, though these, so very common in every-day Indian folklore, are somewhat conspicuous by their absence in the folktales. It is lucky, we find, to meet a pregnant woman with her implements of trade and a horseman riding with a bridal procession when starting on an important errand, and unlucky for a partridge to call on the right and a crow on the left during a journey.

Such numbers as occur are found to follow the same lines as in all other collections. The most frequent is *twelve*, the old holy number, as a measure of age and space especially, and there are indications of the common occurrence of *two*, *four*, *eight* and *sixteen* as parts of twelve, the last being one

* *Married* virgins are of course common in India, where girls are married from three years old and upwards.

and a quarter of twelve. In the same way *eighteen* would seem to be meant for one and a half of twelve. *Thirty-two* is I think merely used as a double of sixteen. *Three* and its multiple *nine* are very common, and so is the familiar *seven*. *Thirty-six* appears to be used as a conscious combination of three and twelve, and *eighty-four* of seven and twelve. *Five* is very common in this volume and its before-noticed aliquot parts *two and a half* and *one and a quarter*: the rather frequent use of *three-quarters* is probably due to the native love of fractional numbers. In this connection *three and a half* turns up as (?) an aliquot part of seven. The combinations of three and five in *fifteen* and of five and twelve in *sixty* are also found. *Fourteen* and *twenty-one* are probably conscious multiples of seven. *Eleven* also finds a place and the celebrated Indian numeral *fifty-two*. *Forty-nine*, possibly as seven times seven, occurs, and for the rest the large numbers are mere exaggerations of the familiar small ones as in *one hundred and sixty*, *eighty*, *seventy* and *three hundred and sixty*: and again in *sixteen hundred*, a favorite number for wives (!) and *seventy hundred*. But *ten* and *one hundred* are themselves not at all common. Numbers in groups are not uncommon; seventy and seventy-two together being frequent in the tale of Hîr and Rânjhâ.

I have adhered to the plan of the first volume and made my notes as short as possible, avoiding dissertations on matters still unsettled in the world of research, and have given linguistic notes only where such were unavoidable. One or two reviewers have said it was a pity that I have so confined myself, but to do otherwise would be to change the character of the work, which merely aims at giving data for future disquisitions when the subjects involved shall have been more thoroughly mastered than it is at present the case. It does not seem to me advisable to burden my pages with footnotes on philological matters which may well be disputed, and such a course would moreover enormously add to my labours without any adequate benefit to the student. The temptation to discourse upon the many—the very many I may

say—interesting forms that occur in nearly every legend is, I admit, great.

I have again given much prominence to the legends of saints and holy personages, and it seems to me that my former remarks as to the importance of this branch of popular lore in India are confirmed by the evidence adduced now. I have long had a favorite theory that the average villager one meets in the Panjāb and Northern India is at heart neither a Muhammadan, nor a Hindu, nor a Sikh, nor of any other Religion, as such is understood by its orthodox—or to speak more correctly authorized—exponents, but that his 'Religion' is a confused unthinking worship of things held to be holy, whether men or places; in fact Hagiolatry. These legends of saints as herein given speak to the beliefs of the peasantry with an authority that no amount of argument can controvert, and it seems to me that a careful reading of them forces such a conclusion on the student. I purpose giving many more of these saintly stories in the succeeding volume, and it will be found that they are all framed on the same line, and are the outcome of the same mental habits.

I have again to record with gratitude much help unselfishly given me. In this volume my chief helper has been Mr. M. Longworth Dames, of the Civil Service, who has placed at my disposal such of his Baloch legends or stories as are suited to my pages, and has moreover performed upon them all the work necessary in translation and annotation. He has also given me the benefit of his great linguistic learning and local knowledge. I owe to him now, and shall continue to owe, much that is most valuable in my volumes. Legends procured by Mrs. F. A. Steel, Mr. J. G. Delmerick, Mr. Denzil Ibbotson, Mr. M. Macauliffe, Sirdār 'Atar Singh of Bhadaur, and Ghulām Hussain Khān of Kasūr also appear. Mr. A. P. Webbe, of Baraut, in the Morāth District, has, through a well known bard, supplied me with several admirable stories to enrich the coming volume. Chainā Mall and his assistants have again given me the benefit of their valuable labours.

In conclusion I may add that my official work during the past year in no way diminished, and that the difficulties thus unavoidably thrown in the way of producing a satisfactory book have been as great as before.

R. C. TEMPLE.

Ambala, May 1885.

THE LEGENDS OF THE PANJÂB.

NO. XVIII.

THE LEGEND OF RÂJÂ GOPÎ CHAND, AS PLAYED AT JAGÂDHRI IN THE AMBÂLÂ DISTRICT

[This wearisome agglomerate of interminable platitudes is one of the most favorite *swâg*s or metrical plays of the Panjâbîs. It is valuable in so far as it belongs to the cycle of legends that has collected round the memory of the great Saṅskṛit author, Bhartṛihari. Gopî Chand is always described as being his nephew (*bhāṭiyā*, sister's son), and usually goes by the name of Gopî Chand Bhartari or Bhartālî.]

[The Legend of Gopî Chand closely follows that of Bhartṛihari himself, in that he gave up his kingdom and became a religious mendicant, it being remembered that popularly Bhartṛihari was the elder brother of Vikramāditya, in whose favour he abdicated.]

[In the Legend Gopî Chand's capital is called Dhâranagar, which I take to be Dhârā, the seat of Vikramāditya. The hero's country is, however, said to be Gur Bangālâ or Bengal, while the birds always understand Panipat by Dhâranagar.]

TEXT.

SWÂNG RÂJÂ GOPÎ CHAND.

- 1 Sibh ke sut gaz badan hain ! charan niwâṁn sîs !
Pair padam Gaurâpati, kirpâ karo Jagdîs !

TRANSLATION.

The Legend of Râjâ Gopî Chand.

- 1 The son of Siva is elephant-bodied !* (At his feet) I
bow my head !
O Lotus-footed Lord of Gaurâ,† Lord of the Earth,
favor me !

* Gamoṣa is the god of all beginnings.

• † Śiva as the husband of Devî = Gaurâ, Gaurî, Gaurjâ.

- Kirpâ karo Jagdîs ! Mât merî karo kanth meñ bāsâ !
 Chhand gyân sur karo: ânke dekheñ log tamâshâ !
 5 Gopî Chand ke sâng kahan kî dil ko lag rahî âsâ.

Rahte Shahr Ujjain Râo nit karte bhog bilâsâ.
 Gauṛ Bangâlâ, dos jinhon kâ tyâg dîâ biswâsâ.

Kahte Bansî Lâl, “ Mât merî, pûran kîjo âsâ !”

Muktâl.

- 10 “ Mât Shâkumbharî, Mât,
 Ânke karo sahâi !
 Main mûrakh âgyân,
 Budh dîjo, Mahâ Mât !”

- Favor me, Lord of the Earth ! O mother,* take up thy
 abode in my throat !
 Give me knowledge of good verses: the people have
 come to see the play !
 5 I have a strong desire in my heart to relate the Legend
 of Gopî Chand.

The King lived in the City of Ujjain in every comfort
 and happiness.
 Gauṛ and Bangâl was the home of him who had given
 up all care.

Saith Bansî Lâl,† “ Mother mine, fulfil my hope !”

Refrain.

- 10 “ Mother Shâkumbharî,‡ O mother,
 Come and be my help !
 I am simple and ignorant,
 Give me wisdom, great mother.”

* Saraswatî, goddess of speech.

† The author, see *ante*, Vol. I., p. 122.

‡ Devî, see *ante*, Vol. I., p. 122.

- Gopî Chand mahilon chale, dhar Ganpat kê dhyân,
 Â utare ranwâs meû karan lagê âshnân :
- 15 Kuran lage âshnân Râo ne, chandan chauk bichhâî !
 Chamkat badan kanak jaisâ, aur mukh chandar kê niyâî,
 Nikasâ bhân gagan meû Surij kê ik jot chhip chhâî.
 Ho mirg nain, kanth koil, mukh ââ âpinâ kahî jâî !
 Morî baithî, nain nihârî Mainâwantî Mâî :
- 20 'Tap tap âûsâ pare dharan par, thauntî nahîû thamâî :

Rânî Mainâwantî.

“ Adhbhut râp nihârî !
 Bharosâ har kê Bihârî,
 Rahîû charan lo lîn !
 Madan, Mohan, Girdhârî !”

- Gopî Chand went into the palace and worshipped
 Ganpat,*
 And going into the palace he began to bathe.
- 15 The King began to bathe, and placed his sandal-wood
 chair.
 His body shone like gold and his face as the shining of
 the moon.
 His glory so appeared in the heavens that the splendour
 of the sun was eclipsed.
 O eyes like the antelope's, throat like the cuckoo's, face
 beyond praise !
 At the window sat his mother Mainâwantî weeping.
- 20 Drop drop fell her tears on the ground, and ceased
 not for (all) her trying.

Rânî Mainâwantî.

“ I behold his lovely form
 God,† the hope of all,
 I give thee my worship, take it !
 Madan, Madhan, Girdhârî.”†

• Guncâa.

† Kṛishṇa.

‡ Names for Kṛishṇa.

Râjâ Gopî Chand.

- 25 " Purwâ pachhwâ hai nahîn; he Dûtâ, kyâ kîn ?
Nahîn gagan meû bādari, bûnd pañî do tîn !
Bûnd pañî do tîn : bûndiân kaun disâ se âi ?"

Sis uthâke dekhan lâge, na kuchh dîâ dikhâi.
Jo dekh morî meû baithî Mainâwantî Mâi.

Râjâ Gopî Chand.

- 30 " Kyâ ranwâs kisî Rânî ne khoñî bāt sunâi ?
Khâl kayhâke bhûs bharwâ dîn ; dîn bhanurî girwâe.
Sachî bāt batâ de, Mâtâ ; kyân nuan rudan lagâi ?
Main Gopî Chand Râjâ,
Jagat ke sârûn kâjâ,
35 We Trilokînâth,
Hâth un ke hai lâjâ !"

Râjâ Gopî Chand.

- 25 " Nor east wind nor west : O God, what hast thou
done ?
No clouds in the sky and two or three drops fell !
Two or three drops fell : whence have the drops fallen ?"

He lifted his head to see, and could see nothing,
But when he saw his mother Mainâwantî sitting in the
window (he said) :

Râjâ Gopî Chand.

- 30 " What ! hath any Queen of the palace said shameful
words to thee ?
I will flay her skin and fill it with chaff ; I will throw
her into a pit.
Tell me the truth, mother, why is thine heart sorrowful ?
I am Gopî Chand the King,
I do my duty in the world.
35 The Lord of the Three Worlds,
In his hands lies my honour !"

Râni Mainâwantī.

- “ Aī botâ, sun lġiye ; kahûn gyân kī bāt.
 Dekh tuinhâre rūp ko main sochûn din rât.
 Main sochûn din rât : putr, main tujh ko bachan sunâyâ.
 40 Pitâ tere kī sunder murtī jalke hogī chhâyâ.
 Lġjo jog, suphal ho jag meû, amar rahegī kâyâ.
 Yeh supnâ sansâr jagat hai jhûthâ jâl banâyâ.
 Sat kâran jāeke Harī Chand phir janam nahīn pâyâ.
 Dhrû, Pahlâd, nâr Gotam kī nâ mehīn sat ñigâyâ.

Râni Mainâwantī.

- “ My son, hear me ; I speak words of wisdom.
 Seeing thy beauty I ponder day and night.
 I ponder day and night my son : I will tell thee some-
 thing.
 40 The glorious body of thy father hath been burnt and
 become a shade
 Take the saintship, it will prosper thee in the world and
 thy body will remain deathless.
 This world is a dream, this world is a false tangle.
 Living in the way of truth, Hariśchandra* was not
 born again.
 Dhruva, Prahlâda, and the wife of Gotama did not lose
 (sight of) the truth.†

* Allusion to the legend of Hariśchandra's piety "conquering heaven" and procuring him a seat there "Not to be born again" is the *summum bonum* of a believer in metempsychosis, as all natives are

† Dhruva, rewarded by being made into the pole-star, became a *jogī* like Gopī Chand. Prahlâda, the son of Hiranyakāśipu, was the devoted follower of Vishnu in spite of all his father's persecutions. He was finally united with Vishnu. Ahalyâ, the wife of the Rishi Gotama, the personification of beauty, was deceived by Indra into thinking him to be her husband, so her adultery was no fault of hers : such is the popular story.

LEGENDS, OF THE PANJÂB.

- 45 Putr, tû jogî ho jâ.
 Mân le kabî hamârî.
 Yeh kanchan sí deh,
 Amar ho jâgî thârî!”

Râjâ Gopî Chand.

- “Ai Mâtû, tain sach kuhî, hai jhûthâ janjâl.
 50 Yeh solâh sau Rânîân, in kâ kaun aḥwâl ?
 In kâ kaun aḥwâl ? nahîn kaniyâû parnâî.
 Tû hûî nipat nâdân, dayyâ tujh ko nuḥnû âî !
 Ai Mâtû rî, nû âge putr râj kâ thâmanhârî.”

Aise kahke bachan nain se ânsû dârî.

Râjâ Gopî Chand.

- 55 “Aisâ bachan kathor, Mât, hain se kah dînâ.
 Mât pitâ sut jog kahô kis kisno dînâ ?

- 45 My son, become a *jogî*.
 Hearken to my words.
 Thy glorious body
 Will become deathless ”

Râjâ Gopî Chand.

- “O mother, thou speakest truly, (the world) is a false
 tangle.
 50 (But) these sixteen hundred queens (of mine), what will
 happen to them ?
 What will happen to them ? Nor is my daughter
 married.
 Thou art very foolish, and hast no mercy !
 O mother, I should not leave a son (behind me) to
 guard my kingdom.”

Saying this tears fell from his eyes.

Râjâ Gopî Chand.

- 55 “Hard are the words, mother, that thou hast said to me.
 What father or mother hath ever urged a son to be a
 jogî ?

- Suno, Mainâwantî Mâî,
 'Aqal taiñ kahân gañwâî ?
 Ham ko detî jog !
 60 Dayyâ tujh ko nahîn âî ! ”

Râñî Mainâwantî.

- “ Betâ, taiñ jâne nahîn, Râm Nâm hai amol.
 Phir janam pâvo nahîn jo Har ke ân kol.
 Jo Har ke ân kol, Râm padh aisâ piyârâ.
 Mahmân hai param pâl, Nigam pâvo nahîn pârâ.
 65 Ai betâ re, jag meñ hai Srf Râm bol, dūjâ nahîn koñ.
 Kyññ nahîn lete jog, mukat donoñ gat hoi ?
 Kññ Bhartarî jog gyân se man chit lâyâ.
 Chaurâsî hûî sidh, Nâm Har kâ gun gâyâ.”

- Hear, Mainâwantî, my mother,
 Where hast left thy reason ?
 Thou wouldst give me the saintship,
 60 Having no pity in thee ! ”

Râñî Mainâwantî.

- “ My son, thou dost not know that the Name of God is
 beyond price.
 They are not born again who approach Hari.*
 That approach Hari, so lovely is the service of God !
 So infinite is his glory, that the Scripture hath not
 fathomed it.
 65 O my son, in this world is the name of the Holy
 God taken, there is no second (to him) !
 Why not take the saintship, and obtain salvation in
 both worlds ?
 Bhartarî sought the knowledge of the saintship with
 heart and soul.
 Released from the eighty-four (transmigrations of souls)
 he praised the Name of Hari.”

Vishnu, i.e., God.

Rājā Gopī Chand.

- “ Ai mātā yeh charaj* kyā ? ham se kahā na jāc.
 70 Paṛde andar tū raho, kahūn tumheñ samjhiāc.
 Kahūn tumheñ samjhāc : gyān kis se tū lāi ?
 Kaun gurū tañ kī ? mujh se de bhed batāc.
 Mujh ko yeh sandeh hai, kahū jāno na pāc ?
 Āṭh pahar din rain ruhī chintā nit yahāñ.
 75 Tū Rājōñ kī sutiya, kie tañ bhog bilāsā ;
 Kahe agam kī bāt : baṛā yeh ajab tamāshā !”

Rānī Maināwantī.

“ Ai betā, sun lījiye kis se pāyā gyān.
 Hai Gurū merā Gorakh jatī ; sat sat kärke jān.
 Sat sat kärke jān ; ro betā, Gurū Gorakh main pāyā.

Rājā Gopī Chand.

- “ Oh mother, what wonder is this ? I cannot say it.
 70 Thou livest in secret,† I tell thee.
 I tell thee ; who gave thee this knowledge ?
 Whom hast thou made preceptor ? Tell me the secret.
 I have doubts that will not leave me.
 During the eight watches day and night‡ doth this
 trouble ever remain with me.
 75 Thou art a king's daughter, that hast dwelt in ease and
 comfort,
 And thou speakest unfathomable words : a truly
 wondrous thing is this.”

Rānī Maināwantī.

“ O my son, hear from whom I have learnt knowledge.
 The holy Gorakh (Nāth) is my preceptor : know this
 for a very truth.
 Know this for a very truth : O my son, I have found
 Gurū Gorakh (Nāth).

* For *achar*.

† Behind the screen.

‡ The livelong day.

- 80 Charpaṭ Nāth merā Gur bhāī, jog panth main dhyāyā.
 Pardā andar baith, Kañwar, main Har charnan chit lāyā.
 Antar jog kamāo, beṭā, sukhī rahegī kāyā.”

Rājā Gopī Chand.

“Ai mātā, ham jāt hain, jogī hon faqīr.”

- Itnī kahke chal pāre, nainon dhalte nīr.
 85 Nainon dhalte nīr, Kañwarjī, chale bāgh men āe,
 Jahān baithe the Nāth Jalandhar, jukke sīs niwāe.

Rājā Gopī Chand.

“He Gur Deo ! Karo tum kirpa ! Mātā ne tumhen batāe.

- 80 Charpaṭ Nāth* is my brother disciple : I am bent on
 the doctrines of the saintship.
 Sitting in secret, my Prince, I bent my heart to the
 worship of Hari.
 My son, practise the real *yogā*† and thy body will remain
 at ease.”

Rājā Gopī Chand.

“My mother, I go to be a penniless *jogī*.”

- Saying this he went off, dropping tears from his eyes.
 85 Dropping tears from his eyes, tho Prince went into the
 garden,
 Where sat Jalandhar Nāth‡ whom he respectfully
 saluted.

Rājā Gopī Chand.

“Hail, my Lord Gurū ! Have mercy ! My mother sent
 me to thee.

* Nothing is known of this worthy apparently.

† *Yoga*, the modern *jog*, may be best described as being the science
 of abstraction from worldly affairs. It is the ‘devotion’ of a ‘devotee’
 (*jogī*).

‡ The opponent of Gorakh Nāth and Machhandar Nāth, therefore,
 flourished 15th century A.D.

- Kân phârke mundrâ dâlo ; jog len ko âe.
 Nâth, chelâ kar lîjo ;
 90 Jog kâ rastâ dîjo ;
 Chîro mere kân ;
 Âj, Gur, kirpâ kîjo."

Jalandhar Nâth.

- "Jâ, landî ke, bhâg jâ ! kyûn chirwâve kân ?
 Bâlî 'umar nâdân hai : tû kyâ jâne gyân ?
 95 Tû kyâ jâne gyân ? Bâware, kis ne tujhe bahkâyâ ?
 Kyâ kuchh tujh par bhîr parî hai, jog len ko âyâ !
 Nâ koî dîn râj kîâ hai ! nâ koî dîn khâyâ !
 Jâo mahil ko, baith, Râoji : kyûn phirtâ bharmâyâ ?
 Abhî jaldî se jâo.

Bore my ears, put in the (*jog's*) ring : I am come to
 take the saintship.

- My Lord, make me a disciple.
 90 Show me the way of devotion.
 Bore my ears.
 Have mercy, Gurû, on me to-day."

Jalandhar Nâth.

- "Go, thou son of a cur ! Be off !* why bore thy ears ?
 Thou art young and foolish : what dost thou know of
 knowledge ?
 95 What dost thou know of knowledge ? Who has been
 deceiving thee, thou fool ?
 Hath any misfortune befallen thee, that thou hast come
 to take the saintship ?
 Thou hast hardly ruled yet ! thou hast hardly spent
 thy days !
 Go, Sir King, and sit in thy palace : why be deceived ?
 Go off at once.

* Usual abuse from *faqirs* : see *ante*, Vol. I., p. 141.

- 100 Kâheko jog kamâo ?
 Chhattîs bhojan chhor.
 Nahîn sukh is men pao ! ”

Râjâ Gopî Chand.

- “ Nâ mujh par kuchh bhîr ; nâ ham haiñ dilgîr.
 Mâtâ ne samjhâcke lâyâ badan men tîr.
 105 Lâyâ badan men tîr : yeh main mâtâ ne samjhâyâ ;
 ‘ Kanchan kâyâ jalî pitâ kî ! ’ Yeh dîshânt batâyâ.
 Agam-nikam kâ gyân sunâke takht râj chhutwâyâ.
 Ai Gur Deo, karo kirpâ : main jog len ko âyâ.”

Jalandhar Nâth.

- “ Aisî terî mâtâ bâwarî hogî nipaṭ nâdân !
 110 Tujh ko jog diwântî, aur barâ batâve gyân !

- 100 Why take on the saintship ?
 Leaving thy thirty-six kinds of food*
 To gain no pleasure ! ”

Râjâ Gopî Chand.

- “ I have no trouble : I have no sorrow.
 My mother's injunction hath pierced my body (as) an
 arrow.
 105 Hath pierced my body as an arrow ; for this did she
 enjoin :
 ‘ Thy father's glorious body was burnt’ : this was the
 end she showed me.
 Teaching me the knowledge of the Scriptures she
 induced me to give up my throne.
 O my Lord (Gurû, have mercy : I am come to take on
 the saintship.”

Jalandhar Nâth.

- “ Thus is thy mother a fool ; she is altogether foolish.
 110 She giveth thee devotion and showeth it to be very
 knowledge !

* The conventional term for good living.

Barâ batâve gyân ! Ik terî bâlî 'umar almastâ !
 Jog panth yeh barâ kaṭhan hai ; kyûn nâhaqq meṁ
 phaṁstâ ?
 Râj karo, ghar baiṭho jâke : barâ kaṭhan yeh rastâ !
 Albat jog nahîṁ sidhne kâ ; barâ bikat yeh rastâ !”

Râjâ Gopî Chand.

- 115 “ Aji Nâth, sun lîjo, main hûn nipat nâdân.
 Jog panth se na talûn, jo ho parbat samân.
 Jo ho parbat samân ; Nâth, main albat jogî hoṅgâ.
 Ai Gur Deo, kirpâ karo : main charan kaṁwal chit dūṅgâ.
 Jaun sîkh batlâo mujh ko, wahî sîkh main lūṅgâ.
 120 Bhasham ramâe, kânôn meṁ mundrâ, tumharî ṭahil
 karūṅgâ !”

Showeth it to be very knowledge ! Firstly, thou art
 in the bloom of youth !
 And the path of devotion is very rough, why be involved
 in it uselessly ?
 Be a king and go home : *this* way is very rough !
 Truly thou canst not perform devotion ; very steep is
this road !”

Râjâ Gopî Chand.

- 115 “ O my Lord, hear me, I am altogether unlearned.
 I will not deviate from (the path of) the saintship, be it
 as difficult as a mountain.
 Be it as difficult as a mountain : My Lord, I will surely
 be a *jogî*.
 O my Lord Gurû, have mercy : I will meditate at thy
 lotus feet.
 What thou teachest, even that will I learn.
 120 Rubbing on ashes, putting the rings in my ears, will I
 do thee service.”

Jalandhar Nâth.

"Hai kaun 'umar, Râjâ, teri ? Kiâ jog kâ khiyâl ?

Jâo, kahûn, ghar âpne, chalo nît kî châl.

Chalo nît kî châl, Râojî : tum âpne ghar jâo.

Chhattis bhanjan chhor, Kanwar, kyûn jog panth
meñ ao ?

125 Hamrâ dîth nahîn partâ hai ; ghar apne ko jâo.

Râj nît kâ dhyân lagâkar baiṭhe râj kamâo."

Râjâ Gopî Chand.

"Nâ jânûn main nît ko, lagâ jigar meñ gyân.

Ab gadî baiṭhûn nahîn, tere charan se dhyân.

Tere charan se dhyân, Nâthjî : nâ mujh ko bharmâo.

130 Kân chîrke mundrâ dâlo, jogî bhekh banâo.

Ai Gur Deo, karo kirpâ ; ab zarâ der na lâo.

Bhasham ramâke, gal mân selî, yehî gyân kî pâo."

Jalandhar Nâth.

"What is thy age, Râjâ ? Hast ever thought on devotion ?

Go home, I tell thee, and bear thyself straightly.

Bear thyself straightly, Sir King : get thee home.

Giving up the thirty-six dishes, my Prince, why enter
the sauntship ?

125 I will not see thee : get thee home.

Bend thy mind to thy royal duties and be a king."

Râjâ Gopî Chand.

"I know nothing of polity, (celestial) knowledge is my
heart's (desire).

I will not now sit on the throne, I am bent on (sitting
at) thy feet.

I am bent on (sitting at) thy feet, my Lord ; deceive
me not.

130 Bore my ears, put in the rings, turn me into a *jogî*.

O my Lord Gurû, have mercy : delay not now at all.

Rub on the ashes, put the necklace* round my neck,
and give me of this knowledge."

* The *selî* is the black necklace peculiar to mendicants or devotees.

Jalandhar Nâth.

- “Jo tum jogî hot ho suno gyân kâ tant.
 Pânchoñ indrî bas karo, jab jân jog panth.
 135 Jab jân jog panth, Râo, tum tez krodh ko mâro.
 Mân ko mâr, gaû ko mâr, jab jân jog sidhâro.
 Jog panth kâ jûâ khelo hai rûj nît ko hâro.
 Itnâ kâm karo, re bachchâ, jog matâ jab dhâro.”

Râjâ Gopî Chand.

- “Ai Mantrî, inhoñ kyâ kahâ is jogî no gyân ?
 140 Hukte phir sunâo de, mujhe pa-e nahiñ jân.
 Mujhe pa-e nahiñ jân. Nâthjî, kyâ kuchh gyân sunâyâ ?
 Ai Mantrî, batlâ de mujh ko, tere samajh meñ âyâ ?

Jalandhar Nâth.

- “If thou wilt be a *jogî*, listen to the teachings of
 knowledge.
 By subduing the five passions wilt thou know the saint-
 ship.
 135 Thou wilt know the saintship, my king, by subduing
 thy hot temper.
 Destroy thy self-conceit, destroy thy pride,* then know
 that thou hast encompassed the saintship.
 In playing at the game of devotion thou must lose
 (the game of) royal polity.
 Do this much, my son, and then understand the saint-
 ship.”

Râjâ Gopî Chand.

- “O my minister, what saith this *jogî* of knowledge ?
 140 Tell it me again, I did not understand.
 I did not understand. My Lord, what knowledge didst
 thou teach ?
 O my minister, tell me ; didst thou understand ?

There is a play here on the meaning of the words *mân* and *gaû*,
 and the Râjâ is made to misunderstand them : see below line 148.

Mukh se bāt kahī kuchh khoṭī? Merā jī larjāyā!
Is jogī kī bāt karan se merā kalījā khāyā.”

Mantrī.

- 145 “Ai Rājā, sun lījiye, man chit karo bichār.
Hai yeh jogī koī bāwarā, nahīn bolā bachan sambhār.
Bolā bachan sambhar, Rājā; yeh jogī bharmāyā.
‘Mān ko mār, gaū ko mār,’ aisā bachan sunāyā?
Yeh bātān to sunke, Rājā, hamrā jī lalchāyā.
150 Khoṭī bāt kahī, khoṭī ne sunke mainī ghabarāyā?”

Rājā Gopī Chand.

“Jaise jogī aise kaho khotī mukh se bain.
Jald kueñ meñ dāl do, jabhī paregī chain!
Jabhī paregī chain hamārī! Is jogī ko mār!
Ger kūñ meñ! Nām na lījo! Upar silā utār!”

Spake he not evil words with his lips? My heart is
beating!

The words of this *jogī* have pierced my heart!”

Minister.

- 145 “O Rājā, hear me, ponder it in thy heart.
This *jogī* is a fool and speaketh not words polite.
Speaketh not words polite, Sir King; this *jogī* deceiveth.
‘Slay thy mother, kill thy cow!’* this is what he said.
Hearing these words, Rājā, my heart grieveth.
150 Evil words spake he: evil I hear and am astonished.”

Rājā Gopī Chand.

“What *jogī* is this that saith such evil words?
Throw him quickly into a well and then shall I have
peace!
Then shall I have peace! Kill this *jogī*!
Throw him into a well! Take not his name! Put a stone
over it!

* The two greatest crimes an orthodox Hindū can commit; but see line 136.

- 155 Kankar, pathar, retâ, miṭṭi, lîd, bahot se dâro !
Yeh jogî kahîñ jâne na pâve ! Yeh man bîch bichâro ! ”

Gorakh jogî â gayâ, ang babhûṭ ramâe.
Kânîpâ ke sâmhne ðere ðie lagâe.
Gorakh kahe :

Gurî Gorakh Nâth.

“ Suno, ɾe chelâ, kand mol tum lâo.

- 160 Kânîpâ kî gai maṇḍalî, unhn ke sang jâo.
Bhâjî sâg banâke achhâ, khûb tarah se khâo.
Pahile karo âtmâ ṭhaṇḍî, pîchhe dhyân lagâo.
Yeh hai Kartâ kî mâyâ.
Bahot sukh men phal pâyâ.

- 155 Rocks and stones and sand and earth and filth heap
over it !

Let not this *jogî* escape ! Ponder this in thy mind ! ”*

(Gurî) Gorakh (Nâth) came with ashes rubbed on his
body.

And took up his abode opposite Kânîpâ.†

Gorakh (Nâth) said :

Gurî Gorakh Nâth.‡

“ Hear, my disciple, buy thou some herbs.

- 160 Kânîpâ's party hath gone (to cook), do thou join them.
Cook thy herbs well and eat thy fill.
First make thy mind (to be) at peace and then meditate.
This is the mystery of God.
I have enjoyed its fruit greatly.

* The story breaks off here and is taken up again at line 224. The intervening lines relate incidents to show how the saint's followers came to hear of his mishap, so as to get him out of his trouble.

† Follower of Jalandhar Nâth, and therefore an opponent of Gorakh Nâth.

‡ To his own follower.

- 165 Is jangal ke bîch.
 Âj jogî jan âyâ.”

Chelâ.

- “Yeh bhâjî sab dâl, Jogîjî, jitnî tumhare pāsâ.
 Kutko mâre angint kare badan kâ nûsâ !
 Yeh sansâ man uṭhî, Gurûjî ; kahûn tumhare pāsâ.
 170 Tum pûre sat gur ho, Swâmi, meṭ shakal man sânsâ.”

Ân Gurû po rowan lâge bahot machâyâ shor.

Chelâ.

“He, mere Gur Deo Niranjan, nâhaqq kînâ jor.
 Ham sang kureñ gharab kî bâṭân, bahot machâveñ shor.
 Yâ to us ko âp barjalo, nahîn, bano aur se aur.”

- 165 Into this forest
 Hath a *jogî* come to-day.”

*Disciple.**

- “Throw away all these herbs, Sir *Jogî*, all that thou
 hast.
 Be thy body destroyed by countless blows !
 A doubt hath arisen in my mind, Sir Gurû ; I tell it
 thee.
 170 If thou be a real and true teacher, my Lord, blot out
 all my doubt.”

He came back to Gurû (Gorakh Nâth) raising a great
 cry.

Disciple.

“Ho, my Lord, my godlike† Gurû, they used force to
 me without reason.
 They used harsh words to me and made a great noise.
 Either do thou punish, or I will devise some other
 (punishment).”

* To Kânpâ.

† The extravagance of the epithet *Niranjan*, a specific attribute of
 the deity, is noteworthy.

Gurû Gorakh Nâth.

- 175 "Jão, re chelâ, is waqt meñ lăgî surt hamârî.
Aise bachan kaho mukh setî phûtê ðibiyâ thârî.
Un ke phor, chahîâu apnî, khûb karo tarkârî :
Wâ dekhenge, tum khûoge; rudan parêgâ bhârî."

Chelâ.

- "He Gurû, Deo bidyâ ke, apne chîtak hî dikhlâî.
180 ðibiyâ chhîn lîc hai mhârî, tan men agan lagâî.
Us jogî pe, Gurû, hamâro kuchh nâ par basâî.
Aisâ kirpâ karo, Nâth, woh dete phireñ dohâî."

Gurû Gorakh Nâth.

- "Mâno, chele, bachan hamârû, nâ dil men ghabarâo.
Phûtêñ ðibiyâ sabhî unhon kî aisâ sabd sunâo.
185 Un kî phoro, aur pare bîjâo, apne ân chahîâu."

Gorakh kahe :

Gurû Gorakh Nâth.

- 175 "Go, my disciple, this is the time for my meditation.
Speak such words as these with thy lips and thy box'
will break.
Break up their (cooking vessels), put thy own on (the
fire) and cook well thy herbs :
They will understand (then) and do thou eat : and there
will be much wailing."

Disciple.

- "O Gurû, Lord of knowledge, he showed me his magic.
180 He snatched away my box and set fire to my body.
I have no power, Gurû, over this jogî.
Have mercy, my Lord, that he may cry 'mercy.'"

Gurû Gorakh Nâth.

- "My disciple, hear my words and be not agitated.
Speak such (magic) words that all their boxes break.
185 Break their (vessels), blow them away and put on thy own."

Saith (Gurû) Gorakh (Nâth) :

* * Of sacred ointment : a dreadful misfortune to an ascetic.

Gurû Gorakh Nâth.

“ Suno, re chelâ, tum man bharke khâo.”

Hukm diâ sabhî cheloû ko Gorakh chîtak dikhlâî.
 Kânîpâ ke lashkar andar gahrî agan lagâî.
 Lagî ânch, tan jalno lâge, dete phireû dohâî.
 190 Hâhâ kâran kareû mukh setî, tin pe parî tabâhî.

Kânîpâ.

“ Sun, re Gorakh chîtkî, tû hai nipat nâdân.
 Maiû khûtir tumharî nâ karûn : apnâ dharm pachhân.
 Apnâ dharin pachhâû, re Gorakh ; kyûn chîtak dikhlâve ?
 Gurû tumhârâ Sanglâ Dîp meû baijhâ rîj kamâvo.

Gurû Gorakh Nâth.

“ Hear, my disciplo, eat at thy ease.”

Gorakh (Nâth) thus ordered all his disciples and showed
 a miracle.
 Within the camp of Kânîpâ he lighted a huge fire.
 The fire caught them, their bodies burned and they ran
 about (crying) “ mercy.”
 190 They cried out with their mouths on whom the sore
 trouble came.

Kânîpâ.

“ Hear, Gorakh (Nâth) thou magician, thou art alto-
 gether a fool !
 I flatter thee not : know thy own faith.
 Know thy own faith, O Gorakh (Nâth) : why showest
 us magic ?
 Thy Gurû in Sanglâ Islo hath become a king.*

* i.e., Maachhandar Nâth in Ceylon is acting like a king, raising a family, attending dances, listening to secular music, and so on. a truly dreadful falling away from the path of devotion and virtue! •

- 195 Tere hâth kâ jal nâ piûn : kaisâ sidh kahâve ?
Hai, nirlâj, sharm nahîn tujh ko, duniyâ ko bharmâve.”

Gurû Gorakh Nâth.

- “Jo tû jâne, ‘jagat meñ lîâ janam main jît,’
Gurû tumhârâ kûne meñ gire bahot din gae bît !
Bahot din gae bît kûne meñ pare, khabar nahîn pât !
200 Gopî Chand Râjâ ne dârâ, òpar silâ ðalâî.
Main le âûn gur apne ko le us se kaphâe,
Nahîn, to kahegâ, ‘Sidh Gurû ko denâ kûân girâe !’”

“Sangal Dip suhâunâ kis bidh pahunchûn jâo ?”

Nâth Machhandar Sidh ne chankî ðie biñhâî :

- 195 I will not drink water from thy hand :* how canst thou
call thyself a saint ?

Shameless, thou hast no shame and deccivest the
world !”

Gurû Gorakh Nâth.†

“Though thou thinkest that thou hast conquered birth,‡
Thy Gurû§ hath been thrown into a well these many
days !

Many days hath he passed in the well and thou
knewest not !

- 200 Râjâ Gopî Chand threw him in and put a stone over it.
I should (if I were you) bring up my own Gurû (out of
the well),
Lest (men) should say I had let my Saintly Gurû be
thrown into a well !”

“How shall I get to the glorious Sanglâ Isle ?”||

Machhandar Nâth, the Saint, had set guards :

* i.e., I put thee out of caste, because of the wicked and unworthy
doings of thy teacher Machhandar Nâth.

† This is his counterblast.

‡ i.e., been so holy as to have escaped the transmigration of thy soul.

§ Jalandhar Nâth.

|| Change of scene : Gorakh Nâth now goes after Machhandar Nâth.

- 205 Chaunki dīe biṭhāī, Nāth panth gher liā sārā.
 Rāsdhārī kī chālī maṇḍalī un hī ke sang sidhārā.
 Hūā nāch, jab tablā bāndhe, Gorakh Nāth pukārā.

Gurū Gorakh Nāth.

“Jāg, Machhandar, Gorakh āe !”

Aisā bachan uchārā.

Āwāz sunī, ānkhān khulī, man meṇ kiā bichār.

Machhandar Nāth.

- 210 “Gorakh āe nāch meṇ ! Larzā jiā hamār !
 Larzā jiā hamār ! Re chelā, praghaṭ kyūn nahīn āyā ?
 He bachchā Gorakh, nir-bānī kis ne tujhe sitāyā ?
 Ai Gorakh, taiṇ āke merā rāj takht chhurwāyā !
 Mukh se bachan sunā de sūche ; kis kāran taiṇ āyā ?”

- 205 Had set guards, and his own sect surrounded the Saint.
 A company of dancers started and he went off with them.

The dance went on and when the drums were beating
 Gorakh Nāth called out.

Gurū Gorakh Nāth.

“Awake, Machhandar (Nāth), Gorakh (Nāth) hath
 come !”

This is what he said.

(Machhandar Nāth) heard the voice, opened his eyes
 and was agitated.

Machhandar Nāth.

- 210 “Gorakh (Nāth) come to a dance ! My heart trembles !
 My heart trembles ! O my disciple, why didst thou not
 come publicly ?
 O my son Gorakh (Nāth), who hath spoken thee evil ?
 O Gorakh (Nāth), thy coming hath destroyed my king-
 dom !
 Tell me the truth with thy lips ; why hast thou come ?”

- 215 Bachan jab gur apne ke kîâ praghat rūp dikhâyâ.
Tîn âdes pîrthan hî kînî, charnoñ sis niwâyâ.

Gurû Gorakh Nâth.

“Sabhi bhokh hûâ wahân ikatthâ, tum ko wahân bulâyâ.
He Gur Deo, karo kirpâ, maiû saran tumhâre âyâ.”

Machhandar Nâth.

- “Gorakh bachchâ, bêt hamârî suniye man chit lâl.
220 Ab ham so jâyâ nahîn jâtâ, sardî kî rut âl.
Sang hamâre larke haiûgo, in meû prît lagâi :
Hem Nâth aur Khem Nâth, haiû yeh tero gur bhâi.”

Gorakh jogî sidh no dhârâ Gurû kâ dhyân.

Gopî Chand kî mân ko beg bulâ de ân :

- 215 When he heard the words of his Gurû he showed him-
self publicly.
First he made three salutations and bowed his head at
his feet.

Gurû Gorakh Nâth.

“All the mendicants are collected there* together and
call for thee.

O my Lord Gurû, have mercy, I am come to serve
thee.”†

Machhandar Nâth.

“My son Gorakh (Nâth), hear my words with heart and
soul.

- 220 Now I cannot go : it is the cold season.
I have sons with me that I love :
Hem Nâth and Khem Nâth, these are thy saintly
brethren.”

Gorakh (Nâth) the holy saint worshipped his Gurû.

He called the mother of Gopî Chand quickly,

At Ujjayinî.

† Observe the truly oriental delicacy of this reproof.

225 Beg bulâ de ân.

Gurû Gorakh Nâth.

“ Rî mâtâ, suniye bachan hamâre.
Zulm kîa bete tero ne, Nâth kîn meñ dâre.
Putr tere kâ jînâ nâhîn, sir par kâl pukâre.
Nikusat sâr bhasham ker degâ.”

Aisâ bachan uchâre.

Râni Mainâmantî.

“ Ai mere Gur Deojî ; suniye, Gorakh Nâth ;
230 Mere putr kâ jîwanâ haigâ tumhare hâth.
Haigâ tumhare hâth, Nâth ; main dukh bhar-bharke pâlâ.
Tum bin âj jagat ko andar nâ koî thâmanwâlâ.
Iklotî kâ hai ik putr, karo is kî prît pâlâ.”

225 Called her quickly.*

Gurû Gorakh Nâth.†

“ O mother, hear my words.
Thy son hath been a tyrant and thrown the *jogî* into a well.
Thy son will not live, for he calls death on his head.
As soon as he gets out, he will turn him into ashes.”

This is what he said.

Râni Mainâwantî.

“ O my Lord Gurû ; hear me, Gorakh Nâth,
230 My son's life is in thy hands.
Is in thy hands, my Lord : with many a trouble I
brought him up.
Except thee to-day there is no protector in the world.
To her of one son there is but an only son, so do thou
lovingly protect him.”

* Scene changes completely, and the thread of the story is taken up from line 156.

† H¹ coming to the help of his opponent is curious and probably an error. Kânipâ would be the natural actor here.

Gopî Chand bulûe jalû se jabhî charan men dâlâ.

Gurû Gorakh Nâth.

- 235 "Jâ, re bachchâ, amar ho ; merâ yehî updes.
Chale Dhartarî Akâs sab, tûn nahîn chale, Nares. .
Tûn nahîn chale, Nares : bachan tum ko samjhâyâ.
Amar nâm ab hûâ jagat men, tain jas pâyâ."

- 240 Ho rahî jai-jai-kâr kûnen se bîch nikâlâ.
Jo kuchh likhâ kalâm nahîn koî metanhârâ !
Kard nikâlî Nâth ne chîran lâge kân.
Dhartî larzî pâs kî aur larzâ Âsmân.
Larzâ Âsmân, Nâth ne jab jân kard bagâî.
Hasthî aur turang, brichh, sab rootî, roen log lugâî.

She called Gopî Chand at once and placed him at the
(Gurû's) feet.

Gurû Gorakh Nâth.

- 235 "Go, my son, live for ever : this is my blessing.
The Earth and the Heaven will go, but thou wilt not
go, thou Lord of men.
Thou wilt not go, thou Lord of men : understand my
words.
Now is thy name immortal in the world and thou hast
won glory."

There were rejoicings when (the Saint) was taken out
of the well.

- 240 The words written (by Fate) none can blot out !
The Saint took a knife and bored (Gopî Chand's) ears.
The Earth and the Heavens trembled.
The Heavens trembled when the Saint plied the knife.
The elephants and the horses and the (very) trees all
wept, and wept men and women.

- 245 Sab ranwās ron lāgā hai, ik na Maināwantī māi.
 Kān chīrke mundrā gerī, selī gal men pāi.
 Ang bhasham, selī gale, dī Jalandhar Nāth.
 Kānon mundrā ānke, jholī khappar hāth ;
 Jholī khappar hāth un ke mahilon 'alakh' jagāyā.
 250 Bhichhā bhojō, rang mahilon so gur kā sabd sunāyā.
 Motū bhīkh mile mahilon se loke gur pe āyā :
 Hath jorke kharā āgārī charnon sīs niwāyā.

Jalandhar Nāth.

- "He Gopī Chand bāware, kyūn kartā bad nām ?
 Ab tak lobh nā tain tājā ! Jog lā kis kām ?
 255 Jog lā kis kām ? Re bachchā, māyā men bharmāyā.

- 245 All the palace began weeping, except mother Mainā-
 wantī.
 He bored his ears, he put in the rings and threw the
 necklace round his neck.
 Ashes to his body and necklaco to his neck gave
 Jalandhar Nāth.
 With the rings in his ears, wallet and bowl in his hands.
 Wallet and bowl in his hands he went into (his own)
 palace, and cried 'alakh.*'
 250 'Give me alms' (said he) in the palace, obeying his
 Gurā's orders.
 He received pearls as alms from the palace and took
 them to his Gurā :
 Standing with joined hands before him he bowed his
 head at his feet.

Jalandhar Nāth.

- "Ho, Gopī Chand, thou fool, why givest us a bad name ?
 Even now thou hast not put away thy avarice ! Why
 didst thou take the saintship ?
 255 Why didst thou take the saintship ? O my son, thou
 art deceived by an illusion.

* The mendicant's cry when begging.

Kankar pathar sab tyâgî the, ab leke kyûn âyâ ?
 Hatke phir mahilon meñ jâo : bhojan kyûn nahîn lâyâ ?
 'Mâi' kahke bhichhâ lâo ; gurû ne gyân batâyâ !"

'Alakh' jagâe mahil meñ phirke dûjî bâr.

Râjâ Gopî Chand.

- 260 " Mâi, bhichhâ dijiye, Nâth kha e darbâr :
 Nâth khare darbâr, ân deodhî pe 'âlakh' jagâyâ.
 'Bhîk bhîk' main kharâ pukârûn ; den koi nahîn âyâ !
 Ab to âsan lagâ hamârâ : Adh Purush kî mâyâ.
 Binâ lone talne kâ nahîn, Gur kâ dhyân lagâyâ."

Thou didst forswear rocks and stones, why bring them
 now ?

Go back to the palace : why didst thou not bring food ?
 Call (thy wife) 'mother'* and bring alms : this thy
 Gurû teacheth !"

He called 'âlakh' a second time in the palace.

Râjâ Gopî Chand.

- 260 " Mother, give me alms, the Saint standeth at the door :
 The Saint standeth at the door, calling 'âlakh' at the
 gate.
 'Alms, alms' do I stand and cry, and none cometh to
 give.
 Now have I taken up my seat here (to meditate) on the
 mystery of the Primeval Beng.
 Without taking alms I move not, but will meditate on
 my Gurû."

By calling her mother she could not longer be his wife : the mean-
 ing is 'separate from thy wife.' The expression runs through many
 verses.

- 265 Itnî Pâṭam Dai sunî 'âlakḥ, âlakḥ' bhankâr.
 Bândî bog bulâoke, tan bahot badâ hankâr.
 Tan bahot badâ hankâr.

Rânî Pâṭam Dai.

"Rî bandî, thamtâ nahîu thamâyâ.

Is jogî ne râj bigârâ bhîk māngne âyâ.

Dar par bâhir kharâ dēodhî ke; zarâ khauf nahîu khâyâ.

- 270 Bânson mârô, bâhir nikâlo; tum ko yeh farmâyâ."

Sunat sâr bândî uṭhî, tan moñ ghussâ khâe.

Mâran chalî faqîr ko, lînâ bânis uṭhâe.

Lînâ bânis uṭhâe bândî chal dēodhî pe âyâ.

Bândî.

"Are phakandî, jâ mahilon se, kyân martâ bin âe?

- 275 Mârûn bânis, girâ dîn mundrâ: kyâ bijyâ tain khâî?

Pâṭam Dai kâ ḥukm, jogî; main mârân ko âî."

- 265 Meanwhile Pâṭam Dai* heard the cry of 'âlakḥ, âlakḥ.'
 She called her maid quickly in great wrath.
 Great was her wrath.

Rânî Pâṭam Dai.

"My maid, I cannot keep down my wrath.

This jogî will ruin my kingdom with his begging.

He stands outside the door at the gate and has no fear.

- 270 Strike him with a cane, turn him out; this I tell thee."

As soon as she heard this the maid was up in anger.

She went out to beat the beggar, taking up a long cane.

Taking up a long cane the maid went to the gate.

Maid.

"Thou cheat, leave the palace, why court thy death?

- 275 I will beat thee with a cane, I will throw down thy
 (mendicant's) earrings: what drug hast thou
 taken?

By (Rânî) Pâṭam Dai's order, jogî, am I come to beat
 thee."

* Râjâ Gopî Chand's wife.

Râjâ Gopî Chand.

- “ Kyûn, Bândî, dhamkâutî ? kyûn kartî yeh shor ?
 Karam hamâre kâ likhâ ; terâ nahîn kuchh zor.
 Terâ nahîn kuchh zor ; rî bândî, dhan dhan yeh amar âî !
 280 Ik din bândî tãhil karî thir palangon sej bichhâî.
 Khapî âgûrî pawan karî thî : kis ne tujhe bharunâî ?
 Woh din, Bândî, bhûl gae, yeh bânîs marne âî ? ”

Bândî.

- “ Arc jogî, sun joganâ, main pûchhâû hûn toe.
 Kis din terâ râj thâ ? sach batâ de moe.
 285 Sach batâ de moe ; arc jogî, kyûn tû hûâ saudâî ?
 Kis din terî tãhil karî thî ? kis din sej bichhâî ?
 Arc phakandî, phire doltâ chhalke duniyâ khâî !
 Pãtam Dai kâ hukm, joganâ, main mârâu ko âî.”

Râjâ Gopî Chand.

- “ Why threaten me, my maid ? why make this noise ?
 It is written in my fate : thou can'st do nothing !
 Thou can'st do nothing : my maid, immortal is my fate !
 280 There was a day when a maid served me and made my
 bed :
 Stood before me and fanned me : who hath deceived
 thee ?
 Hast forgotten that day, my maid, that thou hast come
 to beat me with a cane ? ”

Maid.

- “ Ah, jogî, hear, my would-be jogî, I ask thee.
 When didst thou rule ? tell me truly.
 285 Tell me truly : jogî, where are thy senses ?
 When did I serve thee ? when did I make thy bed ?
 Thou cheat, thou dost wander about deceiving the
 * world with thy tricks !
 It is (Rânî) Pãtam Dai's order, my would-be jogî, that
 I beat thee ? ”

Râjâ Gopî Chand.

- “ Jis din râj kamâven the hukm hazâron kos ;
 290 Us din fahil karî thî ; sun, Bândî behosh !
 Sun, Bândî behosh, tû karî bhalâ hamârû âsâ :
 Rahne kâ tujhe hukm diâ thâ Pâtam Dai ke pâsâ.
 Jog lû, tan bhasham ramâî, sabhî tajû ranwâsâ.
 Woh Gopî Chand Râo kahâwan, kû khûk meû bâsâ.”
- 295 Dûran dukh ab jân hûâ : linâ râp pahchân.
 Gîrî dharan bhû meû, parî marî dehî kî mân.
 Marî dehî kî mân ; bândî jhapat chali dharâlâ,
 Sir kî keshû phâr bagâî, lagû jigar meû bhâlâ.
 Rudan kare tan khûk ramâî, chit hûâ behâlâ.

Râjâ Gopî Chand.

- “ When I was the ruler over thousands of miles :
 290 Then wast thou my servant : listen, thou senseless
 maid.
 Listen, thou senseless maid, that raisest my hopes now :
 It was I that sent thee to (Rânî) Pâtam Dai.
 I took on the saintship, rubbed on the ashes and gave
 up my household.
 He is called Gopî Chand the King, that dwelleth now
 in the dust ! ”
- 295 Great was her sorrow now, for she recognized him.
 She fell to the earth, fell like a lifeless body :
 Like a lifeless body ; quickly was the maid bewildered.
 She tore off her locks, the lance (of grief) pierced her
 heart.
 Weeping she rubbed ashes on her body, and her hear
 was very grieved.

- 300 Pâtam Daî ke pās jūeko bāns hāth se ḍālā.

Muktāl.

Bāndī.

“ Main bāndī sarkārī.
Hukm mujh ko hai bhārī !
Woh Gopī Chand Rāo.
Kharā deoḥī par mahārī ! ”

Rānī Pātam Daî.

- 305 “ Ai bāndī, kyūn rotī ? kyūn ho rahī bohāl ?
kyūn tan khāk ramāutī ? kyūn phāre sir bāl ?
Kyūn phāre sir bāl, rī bāndī, dil mein ghabarāo ?
Mārau gaī koṭal jogī ko rudan kartī āī !
Kyā jogī ne apne mukh se khoḥī bāt sunāī ?
310 Kāran kaun batā de, bāndī, ? ’aql kahān bharmāī ? ”

- 300 She went to Rānī Pātam Daî and threw down the cane
from her hand.

Refrain.

Maid.

“ I am the Queen’s maid,
Terrible was the order given me !
It is Gopī Chand the King
That stands at our door ! ”

Rānī Pātam Daî.

- 305 “ Why weepest, my maid ? why art distressed ?
Why hast dust upon thee ? why art tearing thy hair ?
Why art tearing thy hair, my maid, in such misery of
heart ?
Thou wentest to beat that evil *jogī* and thou hast come
back weeping !
Hath the *jogī* said any evil words to thee ?
370 What is the reason (of all this), my maid ? where are
thy senses ? ”

Bândî.

- “ Ai Rânî, sun lîjîye, ham se kahâ na jâe !
 Jâ dekhâ Mahârâj ko chit gayâ kamlâc !
 Chit gayâ kamlâc, arî, main phâr bagâi keshâ.
 Kis ko mârûn ? kis se nikâlûn ? karan lagî lauleshâ.
 315 Kânôn mundrâ, gall bich self, kar jogî kâ bhesâ,
 Dar par thâre bhîk mângte Gopî Chand Naresâ !”

Rânî Pâtam Dai.

- “ Ai Bândî, bâtân terî gai hâd tan chîr.
 Jâ dekhûn Mahârâj ko, kis bidh hûe faqîr.
 Kis bidh hûe faqîr ? Abhî main darshan karne jâtî.
 320 Hîre, motî, la'l, jawâhir, swarran thâl sajâtî.
 Brahrûp tan upjâ merâ.”

Maid.

- “ O Queen, hearken, I can hardly say it !
 I went and saw the saint and my heart is grieved !
 My heart is grieved and I tear my hair.
 Whom was I to strike ? whom was I to turn out ?
 Great is my fear !
 315 Rings in his ears, necklace round his neck, in the clothing
 of a *jogî*,
 At thy door begging alms, is Gopî Chand, the Lord of
 men !”

Rânî Pâtam Dai.

- “ O my maid, thy words pierce my flesh and bones.
 I will go and see the saint, (to see) how he became a
 mendicant.
 How became he a mendicant ? I will go and see him at
 once.
 320 Bring diamonds, pearls, rubies and jewels (for me) on
 a golden platter :
 My heart yearns on account of separation from him.”

Chal deoṛhī pe ātī.

Sab ranwās jharoko lāgā pardā chhuṭī banāti.

Rānī Pātām Daī.

“Main Pātām Daī nārī:

Rāp mujh ko hai bhārī.

325

Bhichhā lo, Mahārāj;

Nāth, main kharī āgārī!”

Rājā Gopī Chand.

“Garj nahīn is bhīk ko, rāj hamen taj dīn.

Yeh pathar ham kyā karen ? Sun, Rānī parbīn.

Sun Rānī parbīn, hamāre kisī kām nahīn āven.

330

Bhojan hai to hāzir de do. Kyā is men se khāven ?

Aise bhīk nahīn lene kā : sat ke bachan sunāven.

Bār bār samjhā chukā hūn, bhīk de, ham jāven.”

She went to the gate,

And all the palace (ladies) parting the screens peeped
out from the windows.

Rānī Pātām Daī.

“I am Rānī Pātām Daī :

Great is my beauty.

325

Take the alms, Mahārāj*;

My Lord I stand before thee.”

Rājā Gopī Chand.

“I want not such alms ; I have given up my kingdom.

What should I do with these stones ? Hear, my wise
Queen.

Hear, my wise Queen ; they would be of no use to me.

330

If any food be ready give it me. What could I eat
among these ?

I cannot take such alms : it is truth that I tell thee.

Again and again have I said, give me alms (of food)
and I go.”

* The form of address usual towards *rajās*.

Râni Pâtam Dai.

- “ Kyûn, Râjâ, bharmâ gae ? Ham ko karat birân ?
 Kaun bât mukh se kaho ? kyûn ho gae nipat nâdân ?
 335 Ho gae nipat nâdân, Râojî ? kaisî bât sunâî ?
 Pân khâeke sej ram lî, ab kahte mukh se ‘ Mâî ’ !
 Khâe katârî jauhar karûngî, ho jâ jagat hansâî.
 Solâh sau Pâtam Dai Râni kâheko parnâî ?

Ham solâh sau Râni.

- 340 Tajenge ab zindagânî !
 Ham ko karat birân,
 Kahi mâû kî mâni !”

Râjâ Gopî Chand.

“ Ai Râni, tum se kahûn ; suniyo man chit lâe.
 Jog lâ ; jab garhist, kyû lenâ jog kamâe ?

Râni Pâtam Dai.

- “ O Râjâ, why hast been deceived ? Why ruin us ?
 What is this thou sayest with thy lips ? Why has
 become altogether foolish ?
 335 Become altogether foolish, Sir King ? What is it that
 thou sayest ?
 Eating *pân*,* thou didst enjoy my bed, and now thou art
 saying ‘ Mother ! ’
 I will stab myself with a dagger and become a sacrifice,
 for the whole world will jeer.
 Why then didst thou marry the sixteen hundred
 (Queens) and Râni Pâtam Dai ?
 We sixteen hundred Rânîs
 340 Will now give up our lives !
 He hath ruined us,
 Obeying his mother’s words ! ”

Râjâ Gopî Chand.

“ O Râni, I tell thee : hearken with heart and soul.
 I have taken the saintship : if I remain married how
 can my saintship prosper ?

* Figurative expression meaning the same as what follows. •

- 345 Lenâ jog kamâo ? Apnî mâta kî kahî mânî.
 Gadî baiṭhe rûj kareû theû jab thî apnî Rânî.
 Jog lîâ mukh setî bolûn 'âlah, âlah' kî bânî.
 Ab tû mâta lagî dharm kî ! Gyân diâ Gur gyânî !”

Rânî Pâṭam Daî.

- “ Ai piyâ, ham mareng, tan bich khâe kaṭâr.
 350 ‘Putr’ mukh se nâ kahî ; larzâ jîâ hamâr.
 Larzâ jîâ hamâr, Râojî : kaisî bāt sunâi ?
 Hamre sang kînâ thâ bhogâ, ab kyûn mât thairâi ?
 Bare pâp bhogo, Mahârâjâ ; jog panth nahîn pâi !
 Yeh prâchhat sir se nahîn utare, Nark kuṇḍ ko jâo !”

Râjâ Gopî Chand.

- 355 “ Ai Rânî, tû anant gunî ; kyûn kartî hankâr ?
 Karam rekh ṭalte nahîu ; kyûn tan khâe kaṭâr ?

- 345 How can my saintship prosper ? I obeyed my mother's
 words.
 When I sat on my throne and was a king, then wast
 thou my Queen.
 (Now) having taken the saintship I call 'âlah, âlah'
 with my lips.
 Now thou art my sworn mother ! The wise Gurû hath
 given me knowledge !”

Rânî Pâṭam Daî.

- “ O my beloved, I die, stabbing myself with a dagger.
 350 I will not call thee 'son' : my heart trembles.
 My heart trembles, Sir King : what hast thou said ?
 Thou wast happy with me, why hold me mother now ?
 This great sin shall hold thee, Mahârâjâ : thou shalt not
 win (the reward of) the saintship !
 This sin shall ever be upon thy head, and thou wilt go
 down into Hell !”

Râjâ Gopî Chand.

- 355 “ O Rânî of boundless excellence, why art vexed ?
 The lines of fate are not (to be) blotted out : why stab
 thyself with a dagger ?

Kyûn tan khâe kaṭâr, Rânjî? Kyûn man rudan lagâi ?
Jo mar jâegî prân ghâtkar, degâ jagat burâi.

Ab mahilon meû yeh solâh sau lagen dharm kî mâi !
360 'Putr' kahke bhichhâ lâ do, âsan ko phir jâeû."

Rânî Pâtam Daî.

"Ai Râjâ, tum dekhîyo, idhar karo tum dhyân.
Tum to jogî ho gayâ, ham ko karat birân.
Ham ko karat biran, Râojî; tum ne kyâ farmâo ?
Sab ranwâs jharoke lâgâ kunjân sî kurlâo !
365 Jo tum ko jogî honâ thâ, kyûn sir mor bāndhâi ?
Solah sau sabar parogî hamrâ jî tarsâi."

Râjâ Gopî Chand.

"Ai Rânî, tu sochtî: kyûn hotî dilgîr ?
Mohan sejoû soe the, ab hoe dâran pîr.

Why stab thyself with a dagger, my Lady Queen ?
Why grieve in thy heart ?

If thou die destroying thy own life, the world will
blame thee.

Now are all the sixteen hundred queens of the palace
my sworn mothers.

360 Call me 'son,' and give me the alms, and I will go back
to my seat."

Rânî Pâtam Daî.

"O Râjâ, see: pay attention to me.
Thou hast become a *jogî*, ruining us.

Ruining us, Sir King: what hast thou said ?

(Look) all the palace (women) at the windows are
wailing like wild geese !

365 If (thy intention) was to become a *jogî*, why didst thou
(ever) bind thy crest upon thy head (as a king) ?

The curse of the sixteen hundred be upon thee that
hast wounded their hearts."

Râjâ Gopî Chand.

"O Queen, thou dost brood: why art sad at heart ?

I (once) slept on pleasant beds, now am I in great
trouble.

- Jab se dâran pîr, Rânjî, kyûn dil men ghabarâi ?
 370 Likhâ karm kâ nahîn mittâ hai : samâjh soch man mâhî.
 Jab ham râj karen the yehân se, jab tum ko parnâi.
 Ab to chhor dîâ sab dhandâ tan men bhasham ramâe.
 Alakh Purakh kî yeh mâyâ, na kinî jag men pâi.
 Itnâ hî sanjog likhâ thâ ; Bidhnâ bât banâi."

Rânî Pâtam Daî.

- 375 " Main Râjâ bintî karûn gall bich pallô dâr.
 Honhâr so ho chukî, ab man karo bichâr.
 Ab man karo bichâr, Râojî, râj pât sab tyâgi.
 Solâh sau bilagti chhorî, kis bidh hûe birâgi ?

Since I am in great trouble, my Lady Queen, why art
 distracted in thy heart ?

- 370 The lines of fate are not to be blotted out : ponder it
 in thy heart.

When I was a King here, then I married thee.

Now have I given up all (wordly) affairs and rubbed
 ashes on my body.

This is the mystery of the Immortal Being ; no one in
 the world hath fathomed it.

So much companionship was written (in our fate) ; Fate
 hath done this."

Rânî Pâtam Daî.

- 375 " I beseech thee, Râjâ, with my kerchief round my
 neck.*

What was to be has been, but bethink thee now.

Bethink thee now, Sir King, giving up (thus) thy king-
 dom and thy power.

How canst thou be a mendicant and leave thy sixteen
 hundred queens ?

* In great humility.

- Jâ din dekhûn râp tumhârâ prem râp meñ pâgî.
 380 Ab chhorûn kit jân, Mahârâjâ ? terî hî sang lûgî."

Râjâ Gopî Chand.

- " Ai Rânî, kyûn sochtî ? kyûn hotî behâl ?
 Râj karo, khushîûn karo, sab kuchh chhorâ mâl.
 Sab kuchh chhorâ mâl, mulk meñ râj karo sab nârî.
 Ai Pâtam Daî, ham nirbhâgî, mat kar hâus hamârî.
 385 Jis din mahârâ janam hûâ thâ un meñ kyûn nahîn
 bichârî ?
 'Tum kâheko man apne ko rudan karâutî, piyârî ? "

Rânî Pâtam Daî.

- " Ai Râjâ, hamrî bithû sunîyo man chit lâe.
 From the day that I saw thy beauty I have been
 entranced with the love of it.
 380 How can I go and leave thee now, Mahârâjâ ? I go with
 thee ! "

Râjâ Gopî Chand.

- " O Rânî, why art sad ? Why art miserable ?
 Rule and rejoice, for I have left thee all things.
 I have left thee all things ; let all the women* rule
 the country.
 O Pâtam Daî, I am unfortunate ; make me not a laugh-
 ing stock.
 385 Why did they not ponder over this on the day I was
 born ?†
 Why art thou then grieving thus in thy heart, my
 beloved ? "

Rânî Pâtam Daî.

- " O Râjâ, hearken to my wailing with heart and soul.

* i.e., his 1,600 Queens.

† And destroy me and so prevent it.

- Âg lagûn is rāj ko, marûn zahar bis khâe.
 Marûn zahar bis khâe, Râojî: kâl hamârâ âyâ.
 390 Mainâwantî apne kâran tum ko jog diwâyâ.
 Âp baithke rāj karegî apnâ matâ upâyâ.
 Solah sau kâ sabar paṛegâ: hamrâ jî tarsâyâ."

Rājâ Gopî Chand.

- "Mâtâ ne ham ko dîâ jog singâsan gyân.
 Jo us ko main tyâg dîn, hot dharm kî hân.
 395 Hot dharm kî hân, hamârâ jîwan kaise hoî?
 Ai Pâtam Daî, prem 'ishq meñ surt dî main ne daboi.
 Mohe rūp kâ bâgh ujârâ prem bel ab boî.
 Phal aur phûl rahâ Qismat kâ; Râm kare so hoî."

I will set this kingdom ablaze;* I will take poison and die.

I will take poison and die, Sir King: (the time of) my death hath come.

- 390 Mainâwantî hath made thee a *jogî* to gain her own ends.

She hath made a design to rule (the Kingdom) herself.
 The curse of (us) sixteen hundred queens will fall upon
 her: she hath wounded our hearts."

Rājâ Gopî Chand.


"My mother hath given me the highest knowledge (that comes) of devotion.

If I foreswear that, my virtue will be ruined.

- 395 My virtue will be ruined, and how shall I live (in the next world) ?

O Pâtam Daî, I am given up to the contemplation of the love (of God).

I have uprooted the garden of lust and pleasure and have planted the (creeping) plant of the love (of God).

-  The blossom and the fruit rest with Fate: it will be as God wills."

* i.e., destroy it.

Rânî Pâṭam Daī.

- “Tum to jāno ho, piyâ, jog panth kâ gyân.
 400 Hamrâ madh kyûn toriâ ? Is kâ karo bikhân.
 Is kâ karo bikhân, Râojî ; ham kaisî kar jiven ?
 Jogan banko sang chalenge, zahar piyâlâ piven !
 Hâi karat hirdâ pâṭī hai ; ab kaisî kar seven ?
 Hâth bândhke kharî âgâī ; charan tumhâre neven.”

Râjâ Gopî Chand.

- 405 “Pâṭam Daī, sun lîjo ; hamrâ yehi updes.
 Jo tum ko sang le chalûn, kar jogan kâ bhes :
 Kar jogan kâ bhes, piyârî, tum ko sang le jâûn,
 Tab tû hai Pâṭam Daī nârî, jog panth nahîn pâûn.

Rânî Pâṭam Daī.

- “If thou know, my love, the knowledge of the way of
 devotion,
 400 Why hast thou torn away the bloom of my (youth) ?
 Explain this.
 Explain this, Sir King: how am I to live ?
 I go with thee as a *jogan*,* (or) I drink a cup of poison !
 My heart breaks with my wailing: how shall I serve
 thee now ?
 With joined hands I stand before thee, bowing to thy
 feet.”

Râjâ Gopî Chand.

- 405 “Pâṭam Daī, hear me ; this is my admonition.
 If I take thee with me, turning thee into a *jogan* :
 Turning thee into a *jogan*, my beloved, if I take thee
 with me,
 Then wouldst thou be Pâṭam Daī my wife, and my
 saintship would not profit me.†

* Female devotee.

† It being necessary that he should be celibate.

Nindiyâ kare jagat hî sârâ, jîtâ hî mar jâññ.

- 410 Karke sabr baiṭh mabiloñ meñ : bâr bâr samjhâññ."

Râñî Pâtam Dai.

"Sabr kyâ man apne ? Suno, Râo Mahârâj.

Ham ko chhor nirâs, jâ, nâ sidh rahe kuchh kâj.

Ai Râjâ, jabhî nâ sidh rahe kuchh kâj ; janam bithâ
kyûn khoyâ ?

Ham ko karat bilâp, chain se kaise soyâ ?

- 415 Jauhar karenge mahil sarb solah sau Râñî,

Jaise tarphe mîn pare jal bin pâñî.

Hirdâ kyâ kaṭhor ? nahîñ pichhlâ neh jânâ !

Ham ko kar barbâd, kahâ mâtâ kâ mânâ !

Tum to ho gae âj shakal bhûpan men bhârî !

- 420 Kyûn hûe nâdân ? mân lo sîkh hauârî !"

The whole world would blame me and I should live a
living death.

- 410 Be patient and dwell in this palace : over and over
again do I exhort thee."

Râñî Pâtam Dai.

"What patience is there in my heart ? Hear, my Lord
Mahârâjâ.

Leave me without hope, go and prosper in nothing.

O Râjâ, let nothing then prosper (with thee) : why
lose a life uselessly ?

Making me miserable, how shalt thou sleep at thy ease ?

- 415 All the sixteen hundred queens of the palace will sacri-
fice themselves,

As fish are restless out of the water.

How hard is thy heart, that hast forgotten thy old love !

Ruining me to obey the mother's whims !

(Even) to-day is thy mien mighty and majestic !

- 420 Why be (so) foolish ? Harken to my admonition !"

Râjâ Gopî Chand.

- “ Ai Râñi, ánant guni, bolo imrat bain.
 Jagat bích, sun lîjo, supnâ hai din rain.
 He Rânijî, supnâ hai din rain ; nahîn rahtî thir kâyâ.
 Chhin meñ bí ur jâe, jaisi brichh kî ohlâyâ.
 425 He Rânijî, rûj, pâñ, dhan, mâl gae sab râje tyâgî.
 Brahmâ se chal base gae sanyâsî birâgî.
 He Rânijî, Dasrath se chal baso, putr jin ke Bhagwânâ.
 Kitnî dhartî guî ? Gae kitne asmân jahânâ ?
 He Rânijî, gae bahot se sidh ! gae asmân ghanero !
 430 Itne târe gae ? gae sassî bhûn bahotero !
 He Rânijî, tû birhe meñ pañ, dûr kîjo chitrâñ.
 Main kahî samjhâe, suno tû man chit lîe.”

Râjâ Gopî Chand.

- “ O Râñi, of infinite excellence, thou sayest sweet words.
 Hear me : day and night is this world a dream.
 O my Lady Râñi, it is a dream day and night ; nor
 does thy body remain here.
 In a moment it flies away as the shadow of a tree.
 425 O my Lady Râñi, rule and power and wealth and goods
 have all kings resigned.
 Mendicants and devotees have resigned Brahmâ.*
 O my Lady Râñi, Dasrath hath gone, whose son was
 God.†
 How many earths have gone ? How many heavens and
 worlds ?
 O my Lady Râñi, many saints have gone and many a
 heaven !
 430 Many a star, and many a sun and moon !
 O my Lady Râñi, a separation hath come to thee ; put
 away thy sorrow.
 I exhort thee, hear thou with heart and soul.”

* i.e., worldly pleasures.

† Dasaratha, usually now-a-days Jaserath, was the father of Râmâ Chandra or Râm, now-a-days God.

Râni Pâtam Daî.

- “Hamen bilaktî chhorke tan mârâ birhe kâ tîr.
 Nâ jog suphal ho, Râojî, jo tum hûe faqîr.
 435 He Râjâjî, jo tum hûe faqîr, chhor dînî umrâî.
 Durlab hai râj, nahîn phir miltâ yehân hû.
 Durlab hai sansâr, baîf durlab hai Rânî.
 Durlab hai yeh sej ; tumheñ man meñ kyâ jânî ?
 He Râjâjî, durlab hai sab jagat, aur sab durlab bhogâ.
 440 Tum to jogî hûe, mero ko lagâ birogâ !”

Râjâ Gopî Chand.

“He Rânî, is jagat meñ, jhûthî jagat prît.
 Jhûthî haiñ chhiplâñ, jhûthî prem prît.

Râni Pâtam Daî.

- “Leaving me wailing thou hast pierced my heart with
 the arrow (of separation).
 May thy saintship not profit thee, Sir King, that hast
 become a devotee.
 435 That hast become a devotee, O my Lord Râjâ, giving
 up thy nobility.
 A precious thing is monarchy, you will not obtain it
 again here.
 (The possession of) the world is precious, and a very
 precious thing is a Queen.
 A precious thing is the (royal) bed : what art thinking
 in thy mind.
 O my Lord Râjâ, the whole world is a precious thing
 and a precious thing is happiness.
 440 Thou hast become a *jogî* and separation hath come
 upon me !”

Râjâ Gopî Chand.

“O Rânî, false is earthly love in this world.
 False the flatteries, false the love and affection.

- Ho Rânjî, jhûthî prem prît, jaisî tarwar kî chhâyâ.
 Jhûthî muntâ mohô ; jagat supnâ kî mâyâ.
 445 Ho Rânjî, kâmrûp bhamang chhûwat hî bikh charh
 jâe :
 Main jogî, abdhûp jâe sau kos parîe.
 Ho Rânjî, man châhe bairâg, bhog kaise kar lîje ?
 Deh mûe mar jâe. Kaho, ab kaisî kîjo ?”

Rânî Pûtam Dâi.

- “ Ho Râjâ, bintî karûn, charan tumhâre lûg.
 450 Jab lag jîûngî, piyâ, nahîn mitegâ dâg.
 Ho Râjâjî, nahîn mitegâ dâg, lagâ hîrde ke mâhîn !
 Kis par karûn pukâr ? Bith suntâ koî nâhîn.
 Kalpenge din rain rudan apne kar mâhîn.
 Ger chale andher, piyâ, ang bhasham ramâo.

- O my Lady Rânî, false the love and affection as the
 shadow of a tree.
 False the desire and the lust : the world is the illusion
 of a dream.
 445 O my Lady Rânî, the poison of lust works by contami-
 nation :
 I am a *jogî*, I must go from it a hundred miles away.
 O my Lady Rânî, I am bent on mendicancy, how can I
 : partake of pleasures ?
 My body is dead (to them). Say, how could I do it ? ”

Rânî Pûtam Dâi.

- “ O Râjâ, I beseech thee, falling at thy feet.
 450 As long as I live, my beloved, the stain of this will
 not be blotted out.
 O my Lord Râjâ, the stain will not be blotted out, it is
 deep down in my heart !
 On whom shall I call ? None heareth my wailing.
 I shall pass the days and nights in weeping.
 Thou hast thrown a darkness round me, my beloved, in
 rubbing (those) ashes on thy body.

- 455 He Râjâjî, nâ âge koî putr, sabr man kaise kîje ?
Yeh dukh sahâ na jâe, kâñhan jî hamrâ lîje !”

Râjâ Gopî Chand.

- “ He Rânî, tû dekh le, kar hirde meñ gyân.
Ab tum ko to par gao Râm bhajan kî bân :
He Rânjî, Râm bhajan kî bân ; aur kâraj nahîñ koî.
460 Kabhî na tyâgûñ jog ; param dukh ham ko hûc.
He Rânjî, Gangâ Jamnâ do ulaṭ parbat jâveñ ;
Chând, sñrij rath phire ulaṭ Pachham ko jâve ;
Ho Rânjî, ulṭî pirthî hove, tale ho jâ asmânâ :
Sîlwant sat chhâṛ kare piyâ kâ bânâ ;

- 455 O my Lord Râjâ, I have no son, how then can I have
patience in my heart ?
This pain is not bearable, bitterness is in my heart !”

Râjâ Gopî Chand.

- “ Look you, O Rânî, take knowledge into thy heart.
Now on thee is fallen (the duty of) singing the praises
of God :
O my Lady Rânî, of singing the praises of God : there
is no other duty.
460 I will never give up the saintship ; great troubles have
I suffered.
O my Lady Rânî, Gangâ and Jamnâ may both flow back
to the hills ;
The chariot of the sun and moon may travel crookedly
to the West ;
O my Lady Rânî, the earth may turn over and the
heavens fall ;
* A woman that hath given up modesty and virtue may
wear the garb of a beloved (wife) ;*

* Bear herself as a true wife.

- 465 Ai Rânjî, itnî kâraj hove ; jog main kabhî na tyâgûn !
Dhyân dharûn ; Gur Deo parûn charon : chit lâgûn."

An pitâ ke god meñ baith gal dur hâl ;
Rove putrî boltî karke hâl behâl.

Râj Kânôûrî.

- "He Bâbaljî, karko hâl behal hamen kit chhorûn jâe ?
470 Kaun kare mahârâ piyâr ? Nahîn koî sang kâ bhâî !
He Bâbaljî, kaun kare mahârâ biyâh ? Kaun karegâ
mahârî sagûî ?
Kaun hamen de bhej ? Kaun phiro logâ mangûî ?
Khâo katârâ marûn ; anant tumhare gall dâlûn !
Kabhî nâ deûngî jân, bhekh jogî kâ târûn.*

- 465 O my Lady Rânî, all these may be ; but I never give
up the saintship !
I meditate : I fall at the feet of the holy Gurû : I in-
cline my heart (to him)."

Coming into her father's lap and sitting down in
wretched plight,
His weeping daughter spake (to him) wailing.

The Princess.

- "O father, why leavest thou me, making me wretched ?
470 Who will love me now ? I have no brother with me !
O father, who will arrange my marriage ?† Also my
betrothal ?
Who will send me (to the bridegroom's house) ? Who
will call me (home) again ?‡
I will stab myself and die ; I will ever keep (my arms
round) thy neck !
I will never let thee go, I will take off thy jogî's garb.

* For *utârûn*.

† An absolute necessity to a Hindu girl.

‡ Ceremonies connected with marriages.

- 475 Yeh solah sau nâr umang joban ras bhînf,
Un se chhor prît, jog chint âman hñî!"
Râjâ Gopî Chand.
"Ham, beñî, jogî hûe, ang babhût ramâe.
Ab tumharî mumtâ nahîñ: kin dîñî bharmâî ?
Kyûñ dîñî bharmâî ? Panth hamrâ kyûñ ghorâ ?
480 Nahîñ mujh ko pahchân, nâm nahîñ jânûñ terâ.
He beñî rî, kyûñ roe ? Kyûñ jhure samajh apno man
mâhîñ ?
Yeh Gopî Chand Râo âj tera bâbal nahîñ!
He beñî rî, *tum* jâno, 'mahârû pitâ lîa bisyar ne khâe.'
Main jânûñ ghar bich nahîñ kaniyâñ janmâî !
485 Wahî kare thârâ biyâh âp Chandrâwal Rânî.
Wahî tumhen de bhej, wahî le beg bulâe."

- 475 These sixteen hundred queens in the full bloom of youth
and beauty ;
Rejecting their love thou hast given thy heart to devotion !"
Râjâ Gopî Chand.
" I have become a *jogî*, my daughter, rubbing ashes on
my body.
I have no love for thee now: who hath been deceiving thee ?
Why have they deceived thee ? Why have they sur-
rounded my path (with difficulties) ?
480 I remember thee not: I know not thy name.
My daughter, why weepest ? Why destroy the reason
(that is) in thy mind ?
This Râjâ Gopî Chand is not thy father to-day !
My daughter consider thou that a snake hath slain thy
father !
I do not know (now) that a girl was ever born in my house !
485 She will arrange thy marriage (thy mother) Rânî Chan-
drâwal.*
She will send thee (to the bridegroom's house) and
quickly call thee (home) again."

* This must be some other queen of Gopî Chand

Rāj Kanwārī.

- “ He more gyāñi pitā, kar hirde meñ gyāñ.
 Ang bhūkan utārke kyūñ chirwāe kāñ ?
 He Bābaljī, kyūñ chirwāe kāñ ? Kaho, kaise man ae ?
 490 Gahne basham utār, ang kyūñ bhasham ramāñ ?
 Gor chale andher bhī jāte nirdhārā.
 Tum bin hamrā kaun jagat meñ thūmbanhārā ?
 Bālī ’umar nādāñ man hamrā kyūñ torā ?
 Bin dekhe nahīñ rahūñ, chit ab kaise mārā ?”

Rājû Gopî Chand.

- 495 “ He beṭī, sachī kahūñ : apnā man samjhāo.
 Kyūñ rove man āpne ? Pathar chit banāo.
 Pathar chit banāo ; nahīñ rūwat banāī.

The Princess.

- “ O my wise father, take wisdom into thy mind.
 Why hast taken the jewels off thy body and bored thy
 ears ?
 O father, why hast bored thy ears ? Say, what came into
 thy mind ?
 490 Why hast taken off thy jewels and thy clothes and
 rubbed on the ashes on thy body ?
 Why hast cast darkness round us in the midst of the
 stream (of life) ?
 Except thee who is our supporter in this world ?
 Why break my heart in this my early youth ?
 I will not live except I see thee, how shall my heart
 turn back from thee now ?”

Rājû Gopî Chand.

- 495 “ O my daughter, I tell thee truth : teach thou thy
 heart :
 Why weep in thy heart ? Make thy heart a stone.
 Make thy heart a stone and weep not.

- Kabhî nâ metâ jâe karm jo ank likhai.
 Kachâ bartan hove, jidhar phere phir jâe :
 500 Ham to jogî hûe ; Gurû ne die pakâe."

Râj Kanwârî.

- " He Râjâ, hamro pitâ, tyâg chale sab bhog.
 Putrî kâ yeh bachan hai : suphal tumhârâ jog !
 Suphal tumhârâ jog, pitâjî ! Suphal tumhârî bânî !
 Suphal tumhârî barî tapashiyâ ! Suphal Nâth gur gyânî !
 505 Lâkh dafa, samjhâyâ tum ko : mahârî sikh nâ mânî !
 Chhâr chalo kalar moñ kâniyân yeh solah sau Rânî !
 'Ham man sabar karenge pitâ bin' ; yeh kyâ tum no
 thânî ?
 Karke jauhar, prân taj denge : yâ le nischâ jânî !"

- The lines that fate hath written can never be blotted out.
 If the platter be unbaked it can be turned (as the
 potter listeth) :
 500 (But) I have become a *jogî* ; the Gurû hath baked (the
 platter)."

The Princess.

- " O Râjâ, my father, thou hast (indeed) renounced all
 pleasures.
 This is thy daughter's blessing : blessed be thy saint-
 ship !
 Blessed be thy saintship, my father ! Blessed thy words !
 Blessed thy great asceticism ! Blessed the Saint, thy
 wise Gurû !
 505 A thousand times I exhorted thee and thou wouldst
 not hearken !
 Thou hast left thy daughter and the sixteen hundred
 queens in the desert (of despair) !
 That we shall have patience in our hearts without thee !
 What is it thou hast thought ?
 Sacrificing ourselves we will give up our lives : know
 this for certain."

Râjâ Gopī Chand.

- “ He beṭī, jākar kaho, main samjhāñ toe.
 510 Mukh se ‘putr’ kahāke bhīk diwā de moe.
 Bhīk diwā de moe, rī, mukh se ‘putr’ kahāe.
 Mahil qila rahne ke chhoṛe ban khaṇḍ surt lagāe.
 Der hūī, Gur ham ko māre, ablag bhīk nāī.
 ‘Putr’ kahke bhīk diwā de, jog suphal ho jāī.
 515 Main hūñ jogī kā chelā.
 Girhist se rahūñ akelā.
 Rāj pāt diā chhoṛ,
 Bauā faqīr albelā.”

Rāj Kañwārī.

- “ Ho mātā, biutī karūñ gall bich pallū dār.
 520 Honhār so ho gaī, ab man karo bichār.
 Ab man karo bichār : pitā ne taj dī sab umrāī.

Râjâ Gopī Chand.

- “ O my daughter, go and tell them, I beseech thee.
 510 (Tell them to) call me ‘son’ and give me alms.
 (To) give me alms, dear, and call me ‘son.’
 I have left my palace and fort and my desire is (to go
 into) the forests.
 It is late, the Gurū will beat me and till now the alms
 have not come.
 Call me ‘son’ and give me alms that my saintsship may
 prosper.
 515 I am the *Jogī’s* disciple,
 I live apart from my family,
 I have given up rule and power,
 And become a simple mendicant.”

The Princess.

- “ O mother, I beseech thee with my kerchief round my
 neck.
 520 What was to be has been, ponder it now in thy mind.
 • Ponder it now in thy mind; my father hath given up
 his high station.

Kân phâhke mundrâ dâli, ang babhûr ramâi.
 Jo un kê tum jog chhurâo, degâ jagat burâi.
 'Putr' kahke bhik dâl do, jog suphal ho jâi!"

Râmî Pâtam Dâi.

- 525 "He beṭi, kaisi kahûn main hûn sîl satîs ?
 Mukh 'putr' kaisi kahûn, wo haiñ, prân patîs ?
 We haiñ prân patîs, rî beṭi ; kyûn sar pap chaṛhâve ?
 Kaun jagat 'putr' kahe ? Ham to bhar bhar chhâti âve !
 Bhog kyâ jâko sang soî, ab kyûn pâp lagâve ?
 530 Nark kûṇḍh ko jâ, haṭiyârî, khoṭi bîṭ sunâve."

Râj Kaurâvî.

"He mâtî, man samjhe ; bhali karen Jâgdîs.
 Jitnî tumhâro pâs haiñ chaṛho hamâre sis.

Boring his ears he hath put in the rings and rubbed
 ashes on his body.
 If thou take away his saintship, the world will blame
 thee.
 Call him 'son' and give him alms, that his saintship
 prosper."

Râmî Pâtam Dâi.

- 525 "O my daughter, how shall I say it, I that am virtuous ?
 How shall I say 'son' with my lips to him that is the
 lord of my life ?
 He is the lord of my life, my daughter : why place this
 sin upon my head ?
 What (wife) saith 'son' in the world ? my heart is full !
 Why then did he enjoy me, that putteth this sin upon
 me ?
 530 Go thou to hell, thou wretch, that said such evil to me."

The Princess.

"O mother, think of it : The Lord* will reward thee.
 Put all thy sins upon my head.

Jagdis, the Lord of the world, i e., Siva, God.

- Chaho hamâre sis, rî mâtâ, jitnî prâchhit bhârî.
 Burâ bhalâ sab ham ko kahe, nis din dîjo gârî.
 535 Ab tum ko to yeh hî suphal hai jitnî ho tum nârî :
 Mukh se 'putr' kaho pitâ ko : mâno bât hamârî."

Putrî ke mâne bachân, hâa chit behâl.
 Châr padârath pûrke lâa hâth men thâl.
 Lâa hâth men thâl.

Rânî Pâtam Dâi.

- " Râo, main tere sâmhne âi.
 540 Bhichhâ lijo ; kanth hamâre, châr padârath lâi.
 Yeh hî hamrî asîs, piyâjî, suphal terî sidh âi !
 Ik bar kahtî, lakh bar kah dîn, ' tû putr, main mâtî' "

- Put on my head, mother, all the weight of thy sins.
 Say all things good and bad to me, call me evil names
 day and night.
 535 Now this will prosper thee and all of you queens,
 That you call my father ' son ' with your lips : hearken
 to my words."

She obeyed the girl and was wretched in her heart.
 She filled a platter with four delicacies and took it in
 her hand.
 She took the platter in her hand.

Rânî Pâtam Dâi.

- " King, I am come before thee :
 540 Take the alms ; my husband, I have brought thee four
 delicacies.
 This is my blessing, my beloved, that thy saintship
 prosper !
 •I say it once, I say it a thousand times, ' thou art my
 son and I thy mother. ' "

Lekar bhichhâ chal paro ; bhalî karî Jagdîs !
Gur apne pe ânke charan niwâio sîs.

545 Charan niwâio sîs.

Râjâ Gopî Chand.

“ Gurûji, tumharâ hukm bajâyâ.

Solâh sai mukh ‘ putr ’ kahâo jabhî bhîk maiû lâyâ.
Bârân baras kî sutâ kauwârî tin sai phand chhutâyâ.
Ai Gur Deo, karo gat merî ; tum se dhyân lagâyâ !”

Jalandhar Nâth.

“ Gopî Chand, tum ye suno ; bhojan jîmo sang.
550 Phir judâ âsan karo ; yeh hî faqîrî rang.
Yeh hî faqîrî rang : hamen se âsan judâ banâo.
Gur kâ nâm japo hirde meû, Har se dhyân lagâo.

He took the alms and went away : well hath the Lord
done !

He came to his Gurû and bowed his head at his feet,
545 Bowed his head at his feet.

Râjâ Gopî Chand.

“ Sir Gurû, I obeyed thy order,
I made the sixteen hundred (queens) call me ‘ son ’ and
then took the alms.
My maiden daughter of twelve years played three
hundred tricks on me.
O my Lord Gurû, prosper my work ; I meditate on
thee !”

Jalandhar Nâth.

“ Gopî Chand, listen to this : cook the food with me.
550 Afterwards take up thy abode apart ; this is the way of
devotees.
This is the way of devotees ; have a separate abode
from me.
Repeat the name of thy Gurû in thy heart and medi-
tate upon Harî*

* Vishnu, God.

Ālakh Nām jī se nā hāro, Rām Nām gur gāo.
Jog līe kâ yeh hī mazâ, Baikunṭh dahâm ko jāo.”

Râni Pâtam Daī.

- 555 “Sās hamārī, jân kâ tujh pe paṛo srāp !
Putr ko jogī kiâ, rûj karoge āp !
Rāj karoge āp : hamen dāran dukh dīnā !
Solâḥ sau kâ sabār jân apne pe līnā !
Jo karnâ chāho rāj, nahīn ham karne deṅge.
560 Aglâ pichhlâ kiâ āj sārâ bhar leṅge.
Nā bilse, nā khâo, nahīn gat hogī terī.
Kariye Narkoṅ bās, pīṛ tujhe hove ghanere !”

Râni Mainâwantī.

“Ai rī Pâtam Daī bahû, tum ho surgyân.
Putr mainu jogī kiâ, apnâ dharm pahchân.

Forget not the Imperishable Name in thy heart and
praise the name of God.

This is the fruit of devotion that thou go to Heaven.”

*Râni Pâtam Daī.**

- 555 “Mother-in-law,† the curse of my life be upon thee !
Thou hast made thy son a *jogī*, that thou mightest rule
thyself !
That thou mightest rule thyself thou hast brought me
to much trouble !
Thou hast taken on thyself the curse of the lives of the
sixteen hundred (queens) !
If thou wouldest rule I will not let thee.
560 I will take a full (revenge) for all thou hast done to-
day.
Nor in drinking, nor in eating shall ought prosper thee.
Go and dwell in Hell, where thy agonies shall be many !”

Râni Mainâwantī.

“O my daughter Pâtam Daī, take knowledge (of the
things of Heaven).

• I made my son a *jogī*, knowing my duty (to religion).

* Scene changes.

† Râni Mainâwantī.

- 565 Apnâ dharm pahchân, kiâ Gopî Chand jogî.
 Kâyâ un kî amar ant parlo mân hogî.
 He bahû rî nirmal, dekh sarûp karan kanchan sî kâyâ.
 Nirkhat suphal so, bahû, kañwar ko jog diwâyâ ?
 Apnâ suwâd bigâr kiâ putr nistârâ.
 570 Kyûn socho din rain, rudan kartî har bârâ ?
 Udar pasâre pair, pîr mujh ko hai bhârî !
Tum kyûn hot udâs sâth pherôn kî nârî ?

Rânî Pâtam Dâî.

- “ Sâs hamâri, kyûn kiâ putr ko yeh saqîr ?
 Tû sukhiyâ ab nâ rahe, ham ko dâran pîr !
 575 Ham ko dâran pîr, dhîr man kaise lâveâ ?
 Mahilon paîâ andher, chit kaise samjhâve ?
 Joban lahar samundar dekh jî dar pe hamârâ :

- 565 Knowing my duty I made Gopî Chand a *jogî*.
 His body shall be immortal and his glory endless in the
 world to come.
 O my pure daughter, behold his golden body.
 Faultless and fruitful, I made my son a *jogî*, my
 daughter.
 Destroying my own desires I gave benefits to my son.
 570 Why grieve day and night, weeping every moment ?
 He kicked in my womb and great was my pain !
 Why then art thou sad, that art (but) a wedded wife ?”

Rânî Pâtam Dâî.

- “ Mother-in-law, why didst thou thus make thy son a
 devotee ?
 Mayst thou know no joys that hast given me great
 griefs !
 575 Great is my pain, how then shall I be patient ?
 A darkness hath fallen on the palace, how shall I teach
 my heart (not to grieve) ?
 Youth sees the waves of the ocean (of life) and is afraid
 at heart.

Kis bidh utaren pār, kaṭhan biṛhe kī dhārā ?
 Ai sasurjī, hirdiyā kīā kathor : pīṛ tujh ko nahin āi !
 580 Putr kân chirâo, hamen kârâ raṇḍ biṭhâi !”

Râni Mainâwantī.

“ Ai rī Pāṭam Daī bahû, kyûn man kīā udâs ?
 Bhajan karo us Râm kâ, ho Surgoñ men bās !
 He bahû rī, ho Surgoñ men bās, bart pī kâran kījo.
 Râm bhajan ke het apnâ man tan dījo.
 585 He bahû rī, karo dîn aur pun, mukat apnī kar dījo.
 Main kahtī har bâr, dharin apnâ mat chhījo !”

“ Bithâ merī sun lījo, betâ Gopī Chand,
 Sukh âsan ko chhorke paṛe mohe ke phand.

How shall I cross over (plunged) in the bitter current
 of separation ?
 O mother-in-law, thou hast hardened thy heart: thou
 hast had no pity !
 580 In that thou hast bored thy son's ears and made me a
 widow ! ”

Râni Mainâwantī.

“ O my daughter Pāṭam Daī, why grieve in thy heart ?
 Sing the praises of God and go to dwell in Heaven.
 My daughter, go to dwell in Heaven, and fast for thy
 love's sake.
 Deliver up thy body and soul to the praise of God.
 585 My daughter, do charity and good works and earn thy
 salvation.
 I tell thee never forsake thy duties ! ”

“ Hear my complaint, O my son Gopī Chand.*
 Giving up thy pleasures, thou art fallen into the snares
 of lust.

* Change of scene : Mainâwantī is now addressing Gopī Chand, re-
 penting of her former action.

- He betâ re, paṛe mohe ke phand; Indar ne bād lagâyâ.
 590 Pawan chalat hai, q̄her bahot hî jal barsâyâ.
 He betâ re, atlas makhmal sej bin kabhî nindra nahîñ âî.
 Ab pânî par let, putr; main kurlâî.
 He betâ re, mahil qilâ aur sukh chhorke rain kaṭâî.
 Kit gaio palang niwâr, sej phûloñ kî chhâo ?
 595 He betâ re, kit gai sagarî nâr, jinheñ tû par pawan
 jhulâo ?
 Yeh dukh rahâ bhog, kahe Mainâ Dai mâtî !”

Râjâ Gopî Chand.

- “ He mâtî, jangal to rahe hamre mahil aṭâr.
 Bhûn meñ sej komal banî, taj diç palang niwâr.
 He mâtî rî, taj diç palang niwâr, khâk meñ bûsâ lînâ.
 600 Param sukhî ham hûe, mohe sab hî taj diñâ.

- O my son, fallen into the snares of lust: this is the
 evil doing of Indar.*
 590 The winds blow and the rains fall heavily.
 O my son, thou didst never sleep but on a bed of satin
 and velvet.
 Now, my son, thou sleepest in the rain and I grieve.
 O my son, thou passest the night without palace and
 fort and comfort.
 Where has gone thy easy bed and thy couch of flowers ?
 595 O my son, where have gone all the women that fanned
 thee (while asleep) ?
 And this trouble is thy lot; saith thy mother Mainâ-
 wantî !”

Râjâ Gopî Chand.

- “ O mother, the forest is my lofty palace.
 The soft earth is my bed, giving up my easy couch.
 O mother, giving up my easy couch, I dwell in the dust.
 600 - Very happy am I, giving up all desires.

* The god of the heavens.

He mātā rī, rāj, pāt, dhan, māl, bojh main sar se tārā :
Ab soān sukh chain prītham, sab se hī niyārā."

Rānī Maindwanti.

"He betā, sun Mjo mujh janani kī bāt.

Is dukh mein, betā mere, kyūnkar kâte rāt ?

605 He betā, kyānkar kâte rāt ? Bara komal tan terā.

Dekh zamīn par bās, putr jī, larze merā.

He betā re, mahfal ke singār āp karo the chitrāt.

Ab kidhu saber,† Mantrī yād karāi.

He betā re, tyāg jog, chālō sang, baiṭhke rāj kamāo.

610 Mān hamārā kahā ; deh ko kyūn tarsāo ?"

Rājā Gopī Chand.

"He Mātā, sun lījīye ; jo prānī mar jāe,

Phir khor ke bich mein kaise parves ho jāe ?

O mother, I have put away rule and power and wealth
and goods and greed.

Now do I sleep at ease for the first time away from them
all."

Rānī Maindwanti.

"O my son, hear the words of thy bearing mother.

Why spend the nights in such trouble, my son ?

605 O my son, why spend the nights (thus) ? Very tender
is thy body.

Seeing thee dwell on the (bare) ground, my son, my
heart trembles.

O my son, thou didst rejoice as the ornament of the
Court :

Still there is time to call the Minister,

O my son, and give up the saintship and come to us
and sit on thy throne.

610 Harken to my prayer ; why destroy thy body ?"

Rājā Gopī Chand.

"O mother, hear me ; if a man's (soul) die,

How can it again enter his body ?

* For *utārd*.

† For *sawar*.

- Kaise parves ho jâe ? Kahûn, Mâtâ, sun lîje.
 Nikas bhanwar ur jâe, ang phir kaise chhîje ?
 615 Parî rahe hai khor, nahîn mamtâ kare koî.
 Tûn kyûn hûi hai nâdân ? 'aqal tumhare kyûn khoî ?
 Chhor dîâ sab râj, sarb solâh sau Rânî.
 Ab aisî mat kaho : bol mukh imrat bânî !"

Rânî Mainâwantî.

- "Châr Khûnt ramte phiro, karo des kî sair.
 620 Bangâlâ mat jâyo, jo tû châhe khair.
 Châho tum khair, terî barje hai mâi.
 Bangâlâ ke des matî jânâ, re bhâi.
 Dekhegî rûp terâ bhagwâ, jî, bânâ,
 Bahinâ taj degî prân ; hûâ kis bidh ânâ ?
 625 Chandan rukh chhor, matî lâr, jî, berî.
 Bigare parlok ; kahî mân le merî."

- How can it re-enter ? I tell thee, mother, hear me.
 When the soul has fled away, can the body be still alive ?
 615 The dead body remains and none cares for it.
 Why art thou then foolish ? Why hast parted with thy
 sense ?
 I have given up all rule and all my sixteen hundred
 queens :
 So speak not thus : say sweet words with thy lips."

Rânî Mainâwantî.

- "Wander over the Four Quarters, wander over the
 world.
 620 (But) go not to Bengal as thou desirest thy welfare.
 As thou desirest thy welfare, thy mother forbids thee.
 Go not to Bengal, O my beloved.
 She will see thy form and thy coloured (*jogî's*) dress,
 And thy sister will give up her life (even) before
 (enquiring) how thou camest !
 625 Do not sacrifice the sandal tree to plant the wild plum
 tree :
 O thou wilt lose the life to come : hear thou my prayer."

Râjâ Gopī Chand.

- "Jâ din se jogī bhae karko bhagwâ bhes,
 Ghar solâh sai nâr thî, sab taj dī hamesh.
 Sab taj dī hamesh, bahin kaisī mar jâgī?
 630' Yeh hī sūrat ko dekh, bahot sâ rudan karegī.
 He Mâtâ rī, âvenge samjhâe, dhîr man men dharegī.
 He Mâtâ rī, tum lîjo bulâe, phir kyûn rudan karegī?"

Rânî Mainâwantî.

- "Tu, beṭâ bholâ phire, main samjhâûn toe.
 Ghar kī tiriya hai bhalî, na ghar ghar dolat hoe.
 635 Na ghar ghar dolat hoe, turt prân gañwâve.
 Âp tire kul târ jagat nâm karwâve.
 Ab bichharoge putr, phir kaun milâve ?

Râjâ Gopī Chand.

- "Since the day that I became a *jogī* and put on the
 coloured dress,
 I gave up my house and the sixteen hundred queens
 and all for ever :
 All for ever ; (so) why should my sister die ?
 630 When she sees my plight she will (only) weep bitterly. '
 O my mother, she will be reasonable and have patience
 in her heart.
 O my mother, send for her (here) and then why should
 she grieve ?"

Rânî Mainâwantî.

- "Thou art a simple fool, my son, I tell thee.
 An honest wife is happy, she wanders not from house to
 house.
 635 She wanders not from house to house and quickly she
 dies.*
 She gains salvation for herself and her name in all the
 world.
 But if a son be separated who will call him back ? †

* After her husband by *sati*.

† i.e., a sister and a mother live on after separation.

Yeh chandâ tasvîr, mujhe phir nahîn pâve.
 Baitho ghar, râj karo, putr piyâre.

640 Main kahtî kar joṛ, bachan mân hamâre."

Râjâ Gopî Chand.

"Ham jogî abdhût haiñ, karen des kî sail.
 Mâtâ chhorî bilaktî, karen Gaur Bangâlû sail."

Râgnî.

"Sail hameñ mulk kî karnî.

Kahûñ kar joṛke, janani.

645 Des chal bahin ke âe,

Dhyân Gurû charan so lâe.

Bâgh bistar diû lâe.

Gagan men bûdalt chhâî.

Mîg barsan lage bhârî.

650 Bhûl sidh budh giâ sârî.

It is a horrible picture that I meet him no more.
 Come home (then) and be king, my beloved son.

640 I say it with joined hands; hear my prayer!"

Râjâ Gopî Chand.

"I am a holy jogî and I will wander the earth.

Leaving my mother weeping I will go to Gaur and
 Bengal."*

Song.

"I will wander the earth,

I tell thee my mother with joined hands."

645 He went to his sister's country,

And fell at his Gurû's† feet.

He brought his bed into the garden.

And clouds overshadowed the heavens.

The rain fell heavily,

And he lost his senses (for misery).

* Gaur, the old capital of Bengal.

† Jalandhar Nâth.

Bit rajni* gai sâri.

Prabhû, taiñ kyâ bipat dâri ?"

Râjâ Gopî Chand.

"Târe gin gin kâdhe main âj kî rain.

Utare, jî, kar bandagî Rabb thâre ke bain !

655 Rabb thâre ke bain ; utho, ab dhyân lagâûn.

Ab Râjâ ke mahil jâeke 'âlakh' jagâûn."

Khapar le lîâ hâth, Gurû kâ dhyân lagâyâ.

Jâ deorhî ke bîch nâth ne 'âlakh' jagâyâ.

Râjâ Gopî Chand.

"De bhichhâ mohe ân, der itnî kyûn lîî ?

660 Sun, bândî kamzât, der itnî kyûn lîî ?"

Champâ Daî Rânî kahî, bolî bachan sambhâr.

He spent the whole night thus,

(Saying) "God, what misery hast thou brought
upon me ?"

Râjâ Gopî Chand.

"Counting the stars† have I passed the night.

O my heart, devote thyself to the service of God and He
will save thee.

655 God will save thee ; I will up and meditate on Him,
Presently will I go to the king's palace and call 'âlakh.'"

He took his bowl in his hand and meditated on his Gurû.

Going to the gate the *jogî* called out 'âlakh.'

Râjâ Gopî Chand.

"Come and give me alms, why are ye delaying ?

660 Hear, thou wicked maid, why art thou delaying ?"

Said Rânî Champâ Daî using cautious words.

* The night.

† Metaphor ; with great impatience.

‡ Gopî Chand's sister.

Rânî Champâ Dâl.

- “ Bhichhâ lekar jâyo, nâth kharo darbâr.
 Partî hai dhûp, khu:â ang pasîje.
 Bhar motiôn kû thâl beg jogî ko dîje.
 665 Jo bhojan kî kâj take âke dwârâ:
 Woh khâve na âp us se dîje sârâ.
 Yeh jogî ab dhûp kabhî khâlî na jâve.
 Le bhichhâ de pâe, der pal kî na lâve.”
- Bhichhâ le bândî chalî Râjâ ko darbâr;
 670 Deorhî pahunchî, ânko bolî bachan sambhâr.
 Bolî bachan sambhâr.

Bândî.

- “ Bhîk main tum se lâe.
 Le, jogî ko lâl.”

Dûr se ’araz lagâe.

Rânî Champâ Dâl.

- “ Go to him with alms, for the saint stands at the door.
 Fierce is the sunshine, the sweat stands on his body.
 Go and fill a platter with pearls quickly and give it him.
 665 If he has come to our door for food,
 Give him all that we have not eaten.
 This *jogî* in the sun will never go away empty.
 Go and give him alms, delay not a moment.”
- Taking the alms the maid went to the Râjâ.*
 670 Reaching the gate she spake cautiously.
 She spake cautiously :

Maid.

- “ I bring thee alms :
 * Take it, my *jogî*.”

Standing apart she spake.

* Dressed up as a *faqîr*.

Bândî.

"He piyârâjî, terî sūrat ko dekh bahot man mân sharmâi.
Jis ghar janamen, Nâth, terî kyâ jîve mâi?"

Râjâ Gopî Chand.

- 675 "He bândî, tum se kahûn, sun lijô man lâe.
Tû bândî ranwâs kî, merâ jog akârat jâo;
Jog akârat jâo; tere nahîn bhichhâ leûn.
Hamen Gurû ke ân bhîk tum se nâ leûn.
He bândî rî, bole bachan khator : hiâ larzâ nahîn terâ ?
680 Dhârânagar kâ Râo, nâm Gopî Chand merâ."

Bândî.

"Kyûn, jogî, 'aqal gaî ? bolo bachan sambhâr.
Jholî lûngî chhîn ab, dhakke dûn do châr.

Maid.

"My friend, seeing thy beauty I am much grieved.
My Lord, can the mother that bore thee be living?"

Râjâ Gopî Chand.

- 675 "My maid, I say to thee, take it to heart.
Thou art a maid of the palace and my devotion will be
fruitless.*
My devotion will be fruitless : I cannot take thy alms.
I am (a disciple) of the Gurû, I cannot take alms from
thee.
My maid, thou speakest hard words : † doth not thy
heart tremble ?
680 I am the Lord of Dhârânagar and my name is Gopî
Chand."

Maid.

"Where is thy sense gone, jogî ? speak carefully.
I will seize thy wallet now and give thee two or three
slaps.

* If I take from thee.

† In asking me.

- Dhakke dūn do chār, jog men kaist bānī bole ?
 Tū jogī be-īmān hūā hai ghar ghar māngat ḍole.
 685 Aise kare jawāb, kharā ḍeophī mahārī bolī !
 Mārūngī main bāns tere sir dharan par ḍolī !”

Nainon bhar bhar rote sun bāndī kī bāt.

Rājā Gopī Chand.

- “ Ik lie hai mol tū, rākhī jī kī sāth.
 Rākhī jī kī sāth ; āj main lie hī faqīrī.
 690 Ai bāndī rī, tū māre mere bāns, hui dil kī dilgīrī.
 Rāj pāt diā chhor, tajā main takht amīrī :
 Yeh samjho man bīch : likhī mere karam faqīrī.”

- I will give thee two or three slaps : what is thy saint-
 ship saying ?
 Thou art a scoundrel of a *jogī* and beg from house to
 house as a pretence.
 685 Saying such things (to me) standing at our gate !
 I will strike thy head with a cane and throw thee in
 the dust !”

His eyes were full of tears when he heard the maid's
 words.

Rājā Gopī Chand.

- “ Firstly thou wert purchased and the favorite of our
 hearts :
 The favorite of our hearts : to-day am I a mendicant.
 690 O my maid, thou hast struck me with a cane and my
 heart is sad.
 I have given up my rule and my power and parted with
 the honour of my throne :
 Understand this in thy heart ; mendicancy was written
 in my fate.”

Bândī.

- “Jâ, jogī ke bâlke, jo tû chahe khair.
 Ghar ghar bhichhâ mângtâ kartâ ðole sair;
 695 Kartâ ðole sair, chhîn le nâr parâî.
 Yeh chhal kî bāt ang men bhasham ramâî.
 He jogī re, kab tain lînf mol? Hamen, bândî, batlâî!
 Jholî lûngî chhîn, kare tû bahot burâî!”

Râjâ Gopī Chand.

- “Dhârânagar asthân hai, kahûn tumhâre pās.
 700 Gangûjî kâ nahân hai; Gurû pîran kîjo âs!
 Pîran kîjo âs, Gurûjî; yeh kumbh kâ hai melâ!
 Sab parwâr chhorkar âyâ sab se bhalâ akolâ.
 Yeh duniyâ matlab kî garjî; nahîn gurû, nahîn chelâ!

Maid.

- “Go, thou *jogî's* spawn, if thou desire thy welfare.
 Thou wanderest from house to house begging under a
 pretence:
 695 Under a pretence, to steal wedded wives.
 It is all for deceit that thou hast rubbed ashes on thy
 body.
 O my *jogî*, when didst buy me? tell me, thy maid!
 I will snatch away thy wallet, thou hast put me to much
 shame!”

Râjâ Gopī Chand.

- “My home is Dhârânagar I tell thee.
 700 I am come to bathe in the Ganges: may the Gurû fulfil
 my hope!
 Fulfil my hope, O Gurû! this is a grand festival!*
 Leaving all my household I am come quite alone.
 This world is wrapt up in its own desires: none is
 teacher, none is disciple!

* The *kumbh melâ* is a fair held every twelve years while certain rivers are propitious. The scene shifts from time to time. Allahabad (Ilâhâbâd or Prâg) and Hardwâr have been the scenes of late of *kumbh melâs*.

Ab lijo âdes hamârî, mat na karo jhamelâ.

- 705 Ohhor dîâ sansâr âj main ; yeh jag darshan melâ !
Is mâyâ se koî bache : hai pakke gur kâ chelâ !”

Sûrat sohnî dekhke roî parî tat kâl.

Kûk mâr mukh ro parî ho gai hâl-behâl.

Ho gai hâl-behâl rudan kartî bhârî.

Bândî.

- 710 “Tû sunîye man lâe, tujhe kah de sârî :
‘ Champâ Daf bahîn mujhe jo mil jâe ;
Yeh kahtâ hûn âp khaîâ, mujhe dije batlâe.’
Khappar hai lâth, kân mundrâ dâlî,
Kharâ deorhî ke bâr, nîr nainon se jârî.”

- 715 Sunke bândî ke bachan man men hûâ sandes.

Take my blessing now and be not angry.

- 705 I give up the world to-day : this world is (transient as)
a fair.

A few escape the illusion, the real disciples of the Gurû.”

Seeing his beauty she began to weep.

Crying out and weeping she became very wretched.

She became very wretched weeping violently.

Maid.

- 710 “Listen with heart and soul and I will tell thee all.*
(Saith he) ‘I would meet my sister Champâ Daf ;
I tell thee standing here, show her to me.’
He hath a bowl in his hand and rings in his ears.
He standeth at the gate weeping.”

- 715 Hearing the maid’s words there was a doubt in her
heart.

* To Râni Champâ Daf.

Rānī Champā Dāī.

“ Ab darshan karūn, kaisā hai darvesh ?
Kaisā woh darvesh ?”

Jab hī chalke deorhī pe āī.

Rānī Champā Dāī.

- “ Lījo bhichhā, Nāth, ab kyūn itnī der lagāī ?
Kaun des se bhī āunā ? ham ko de batlāe.
720 Main pūchhūn hūn, Nāth : hamen ko dījo sach batlāe.
Karke bhagwe kapre bhar jogī kā bhekh.
Yo jogī kā rūp hai ! aise phiren anek.
Phirte hai anek rūp dharke mohen :
Koi māhīon ke bīch āp baithe soen.
725 Yeh duuiyā sansār phire matlab garjī ?
Kyā bolī mukh ān ? nahīn chhāthī larzī !
Sun, bāndī kainzāt ; kahūn tumharī tān.
De motīn kā thāl ; jāo bhichhā pāī !”
Le bhichhā bāndī chalī bhar motīn kā thāl.

Rānī Champā Dāī.

“ I will see him now, what kind of mendicant he is.
What kind of mendicant is he ?”

She went to the gate at once.

Rānī Champā Dāī.

- “ Take the alms, my saint, why delay so long ?
Whence comest thou ? tell me.
720 I ask thee, my saint : tell me truly.
With coloured robes and the garb of a *jogī*,
This is a true *jogī's* appearance ! many such wander.
Many wander about under various forms :
Some sleep in huts.
725 This world is ever taken up with its own desires.
What hast thou said ? doth not thy heart tremble !
Listen thou wicked maid, I tell thee.
Give him a platter of pearls : go and give him alms.
* The maid took the alms and the platter of pearls.

Bândl.

- 730 " Bhichhâ lîjo, Gur Nâthjî; kyûn ho rahe behâl ?
 Kyûn ho rahe behâl ? Nâthjî, main bhichhâ le âi.
 Hukm diâ Rânî ne mujh ko, bhîk den ko âi.
 Kyûn karte ho soch, Nâthjî ? kyûn man soch lagâe ?
 Lone ho, to leo, Nâthjî; nahî, yehân se ramjâe."

Râjâ Gopî Chand.

- 735 " In motî ko bhîk ke nahî mujhe darkâr.
 Kankar pathar sab taje chhor âyâ parwâr.
 Sab chhorâ parwar, rî bândî, kahî mukh se bânî,
 Yâ to merî bahin lagî hai jo mahilon meû Rânî.
 Main to faqîr hû, râj taj, bag gae qalam nishânî.
 740 Dîje darshan karâe bahin kâ, yeh main mantar thînî."
- Itnî sun bândî chalî, huâ chit behâl.

Maid.

- 730 " Take the alms, my Lord Gurû, ~~why~~ art sad ?
 Why art sad ? my Lord, take the alms.
 The Rânî gave me the order to give the alms.
 Why art grieved, my Lord ? why art sad at heart ?
 It is to be taken, so take it, my Lord, or go away from
 here."

Râjâ Gopî Chand.

- 735 " I want not alms of pearls.
 I have given up my household and rocks and stones.
 I have given up my household, my maid, I tell thee.
 It is my sister that is the Rânî of this palace.
 I am a mendicant, I have given up royalty, and blotted
 it out (of my life).
 740 Let me see my sister, this is my desire."

Hearing this the maid went sorrowfully.

Bândî.

“ Woh Gopi Chand Râo hai, ho rahâ hâl behâl !
 Ho rahâ hâl behâl ! Râo ne kânôn mundrâ pâî !
 Mukh de râj-somâj, Nâth kî nâ upmâ kahî jâî !
 742 ‘ Yeh Champâ Daf bahin hamârî mujh ko de milâî,
 Nahîn bhûlûngâ ahsân, rî Bândî ; tujh ko Râo dohâî ! ”

Itnî sunke bāt jabhî Rânî pe ân sunâî.

Bândî.

“ Is jogî ne apno mukh aisî bāt sunâî.”

Itnî sun Rânî chali, nahîn lagâî bâr.
 750 Jo dokhî hai ânke kharê Nâth darbâr.
 Kharê Nâth darbâr ; ânke charnôn sîs niwâyâ.
 Lînâ rūp pahchân Rânî ne, nainon nîr bharâyâ.

*Maid.**

“ He is Gopi Chand the king that is so wretched !
 That is so wretched ! The king hath put the (*jogî's*)
 rings into his ears !
 Right royal his face, the saint is beyond praise !
 745 (Said he) ‘ Permit me to see my sister Champâ Daf,
 And I will never forget the obligation, my maid : I
 adjure by God ! ’ ”

As soon as she heard it she went and told the Rânî.

Maid.

“ This is what the *jogî* said with his lips.”

Hearing this the Rânî went without any delay.
 750 When she came to the door she saw the saint standing
 there.
 The saint was standing in the door : she went and
 bowed her head at his feet.
 She recognized him and the Rânî's eyes filled with tears,

* A soliloquy apparently.

Rânî Champâ Daî.

"Kyâ tum ne kuchh bhîr pañ hai ? kyûn jogî banâyâ ?"

Itni kahke pañ dharan par, nahîn bol mukhâyâ.
755 Hâl behâl nahîn sūjî bisiyar dang lagâyâ.

Rânî Champâ Daî.

"Kaun kare Kartâr ân sukh mân dukh pâyâ ?"

Râjâ Gopî Chand.

"He bahinâ, sun lîje ; man men râkho dhîr.
Kyûn man rudan lagâutî ? kyûn sir phâre chîr ?
Kyûn sir phâre chîr ! rudan kyâ man men bhârî ?
760 Rowat zar bazâr, nîr nainon se jârî ?
Karam likhâ so hûâ, mân le 'araz hamârî.
Dasrath ne taj de prân Râm banoû bân sidhârâ.
Ai bahinâ rî, kyûn hûî nâdân, rudan kartî din râttî ?
Sun sun tere bain merî bharâve chhâtî !"

Rânî Champâ Daî.

"Hath any sorrow come upon thee ? why hast become
a jogî ?"

Saying this she fell to the earth and spake not with her lips.
755 She lay senseless as if a snake had bitten her.

Rânî Champâ Daî.

"What hast thou done, O God, bringing sorrow in the
midst of joy ?"

Râjâ Gopî Chand.

"My sister, hear me : have patience in thy heart.
Why art weeping ? why art tearing thy hair ?
Why art tearing thy hair ? why art weeping so bitterly ?
760 Weeping so bitterly with tears in thy eyes ?
What fate hath written hath been, hear my saying.
Dasrath gave up his life and Râm went to live in the
forests.*

¶ my sister, why art foolish, weeping day and night ?
My heart is full hearing thy words !"

* Allusion to the well known scene in the *Râmâyana*.

Râni Ohampâ Dai.

- 765 " Ai bhâi, sun lījīye, hûâ chit umang,
 Nahīn hosh tan kī rahī, uṛâ rūp aur rang.
 Uṛâ rūp aur rang, bīran mere, bhar-bharāve chhâtī.
 Dekh-dekhke rūp tumhārā, rahī tan kī sidh jāti.
 Wahī gharī mere hāth na āve, us din pahchātī,
 770 Mujh birhan ko dukh hai bhāri, dekh surt mar jāti."

Râjâ Gopī Chand.

- " Rudan kare mat, bāwarī ; kyūn hūi hāl beḥāl ?
 Dukh sukh hai sab Karam kā, kyūn phāre sir bāl ?
 Kyūn phāre sir kī bāl, bahin ? kyūn rudan lagāe ?
 Tum samjho man bīch bīran koī nāh'ū.
 775 Hai jhūṭhā sansār, banā supni kī mâyā.
 Chhorī māmṭā prīt, hāth kisī ke nahīn āyā.

Râni Champâ Dai.

- 765 " O brother, hear me ! my heart is sad.
 No pleasure is left in my body, flown are joy and
 delight.
 Flown are joy and delight, my brother ; my heart is full.
 Seeing thy state, the joy of my heart hath departed.
 Would that the hour had not come to me when I recog-
 nized thee !
 770 Heavy grief hath come upon me in seeing thee, quickly
 will I die."

Râjâ Gopī Chand.

- " Weep not, foolish one : why art sad ?
 Joy and sorrow are of Fate, so why tear thy hair ?
 Why tear thy hair, sister ? why weep ?
 Teach thy heart that I am no brother.
 775 It is a false world, the illusion of a dream.
 I have given my desire and love (for it) : it is not of
 use to any one.

Jo dharte Harî dhyân mukat un kî ho jâî.
Yeh jhûthî hai prît, nahîn bahin, nahîn bhâî !”

Rânî Champâ Dâî.

- “ Ai bhâî, sun lîje, man men karo bichâr.
780 Man dhîraj kaise dhare, roe zâr bazâr !
Roe zâr bazâr ? Bîran mere bharâ nain moi pâñî.
Kathan jog ; sadhne kâ nâhîn ; kyâ le nischâ, jâñî ?”

Itñî kahke mukh Rânî kâ nikasâ bhanîwar sîlânî.
Âp gai Baikuñth dhâm ko ‘ Râm, Râm,’ kahe bânî.

Râjâ Gopî Chand.

- 785 Gopî Chand Râjâ kahe, jo âgârî hâth.
Kâghaz ho jo metê dûñ, karam na metê jât.
Karam na metê jât, nain bhar bhar Gopî Chand roe.

Who meditate on Harî will obtain salvation.
It is a false love (here) : none is sister, none is brother !”

Rânî Champâ Dâî.

- “ O brother, listen : ponder it in thy heart.
780 How can I have patience in my heart, weeping bitterly ?
Weeping bitterly, my brother, my eyes are full of tears.
The saintship is difficult ; thou wilt not accomplish it :
why give up thy life uselessly ? ”

Saying this the noble soul of the Rânî took flight.
It went up to Heaven with ‘ Râm ! Râm !’* on her lips.

Râjâ Gopî Chand.†

- 785 “ Saith Râjâ Gopî Chand with joined hands before thee.
Paper can be blotted out, fate cannot be blotted out.
Fate cannot be blotted out, Gopî Chand’s eyes are
full of tears.

* ‘ God ! God !’

† A prayer.

- Bahin merī behāl paṛī hai ; jag mein ān daboe.
 Jis din se lā jāg hamēn nain nahīn nīnd bhar soe !
 790 Aī Prabhū, kyā karī ānke ? kūk mār mukh roe !*

Kān bhinak Gur ke paṛī, kānwar karē udās,
 Chhār gophā jogī chale, ān khare hūe pās.
 Ān khare hūe pās.

Jalandhar Nāth.

- “ Kānwar, tujh ko barje thī Māt,
 Kyūn thāre dilgīr hue ho ? Har chāhe, so hūī.
 795 Chalo maṛhī ke pās, aī bachchā ; ab kyūn der lagāī !
 Yeh jhūthā sansār, jagat mein nahīn koī kisī kā, bhāī !”

Rājā Gopī Chand.

“ Tum Gurū dīn diyāl, ho, lajjā tumhare hāth.

- My sister lies senseless ; I am destroyed in the world.
 From the day I became a *jogi* my eyes have known no
 sleep !
 790 O Lord, why hast done this ? I cry out with my lips
 and I weep !”

His cry reached the Gurū's* ears, (the cry of) the
 prince's prayer.
 The Gurū left his abode and stood beside him
 And stood beside him.

Jalandhar Nāth.

- “ O Prince, thy mother dissuaded thee.
 Why nurse thy sorrow ? It has been as God willed.
 795 Come to my hut, my son ; why delay now ?
 This is a false world, none careth for any in the world,
 friend !”

Rājā Gopī Chand.

“ Thou art a compassionate Gurū, my honor is in thy
 hands.

* Jalandhar Nāth.

- Yeh merî bahin jiwâe do ; nahîn, marûn bahin ke sâth.
 Marûn bahin ke sâth : jog kaṇḍak kyûn kînâ ?
 800 Nek dard nahîn toe, jagat meñ apjas kînâ ?
 Merî bahin jiwâe ; bachan tum se kah dînâ :
 Yâ tû aṭ srâp, nahîn jag meñ merâ jînâ !”

Hañske bachan sunâute ân Kañwar ke pàs.

Jalandhar Nâth.

- “ Jog jugat jāne nahîn ; ab kyûn bhae udâs ?
 805 Ab kyûn bhae udâs ? Re bachhâ, ab kyûn soch lagâo ?
 Bhaj Alakh kâ Nâm, re bachâ ; mat dil meñ ghabarâo.”

Râjâ Gopî Chand.

“ Apnî unglî chîr, Gurûjî, hamrâ sat rakhâo.

- Bring this, my sister, to life, or I will die with my sister.
 I will die with my sister : why hast disgraced my saint-
 ship ?
 800 Hast no pity that thou dost disgrace me in the world ?
 Bring my sister to life, I beseech thee :
 Or receive my curse, (for) I will not live on in the
 world !”

He smiled when he heard the words and came to the
 Prince.

Jalandhar Nâth.

- “ Thou knowest not the principles of devotion : why art
 sad now ?
 805 Why art sad now ? My son, why art grieving ?
 Repeat the Immortal Name, my son, and grieve not in
 thy heart.”

Râjâ Gopî Chand.

“ Cut thy finger,* Sir Gurû, and retrieve my honor.

* Allusion to the common notion that the blood of the little finger will bring the dead to life again under certain circumstances.

Champâ Daī kī prān phir ghaṭ bhītar ān bāsāo.”

‘Rām Rām’ karke ūṭhī donon bhūjā pasār.

Rānī Champā Daī.

810 “Ā bīran, mil līye ; ab kyūn kartā bār ?

Ab kyūn kartā bār, bīran ? ab kar milne kī tayyārī.

Ai Gopī Chand, bīr hamārō, nahīn hūngī tūn se niyārī.

Gur kū darshan kiā hai āke, ham ne yeh hī bichārī.

Man ke maṭ gaī soch hamārī ; khushī hūī nar nārī.”

Rājā Gopī Chand.

815 “Tum ghar rāj aur pāt hai ; ham jogī tere bīr.

Mere ang babhūṭ hai, aur bigare terā chīr.

Ai bahinā rī, bigare terā chīr, kahān se phir mangāven ?

Wahī kare terā piyār, wahī tujhe neot jamāven.”

Bring Champā Daī's life back into her body.”

Saying ‘Rām Rām’ she arose and stretched out her arms.

Rānī Champā Daī.

810 “My brother, come to me ; why delay now ?

Why delay now, my brother ? I am waiting to embrace thee.

O Gopī Chand, my brother, I will never be separate from thee.

I thought thee a follower of the Gurū.

(But) I have given up my anxieties : let men and women rejoice.”

Rājā Gopī Chand.

815 “Thine is rule and power : I am thy poor brother.

I am covered with ashes and thy clothes will be spoilt (by the embrace).

O my sister, thy clothes will be spoilt : whence will I obtain them again (for thee) ?

She (thy mother) will love thee, she will invite thee (home) in due time.”

Rânî Champâ Dâi.

- “ Âg lago is chîr ko : gerûn sir se târ.
 820 Phir, biran, tum se kabhî milûn na dûjî bâr.
 Milûn na dûjî bâr, bîran ? main terî sûrat pe wârî.
 Tumhen dîa updes : merî nâ Mainâwantî mâi !
 Ghar solâh sau nâr taje haiñ, rudan karen haiñ sâri.
 Nek na rakhâ mohe, bîran ; taiñ mujh bahinar âj bisârî.”

Râjâ Gopî Chand.

- 825 “ Bin Sâhib kî bandagî terî gat nahiñ hove.
 Ab yehân se thairî nahiñ, phir milue nahiñ hove.
 Milan nahiñ hove, bahin : mâno bachan hamârâ.
 Jun Gopî Chand milâ, bahin, miliyo jag sansâra.
 Bahin setî bhâi milâ hai bahot kiâ hit piyârâ.”

Rânî Champâ Dâi.

- “ Fire burn these clothes : I throw them from my head ?
 826 My brother, shall I never meet thee again ?
 Shall I never see thee again, my brother ? I am sacrificed
 to thy beauty.
 She gave thee this advice : let Mainâwantî be no mother
 of mine !
 All the sixteen hundred women thou hast deserted weep
 thee.
 Thou didst preserve thy love (for me), brother ; thou
 hast destroyed even me thy sister to-day.”

Râjâ Gopî Chand.

- 825 “ Without devotion to the Lord salvation cannot be to
 thee.
 I will not tarry here now, nor shall I meet thee again.
 I will not meet thee again, sister : mark my words.
 As thou hast met Gopî Chand again, sister, may this
 whole world meet.
 Sister and brother met and great love passed (between
 them).”

- 830 Itnī kahko chale Nāthjī, nain nīr chūe niyārā.
Ang bedhang kīā sab tan kâ, jab mahilon se pag dhārā.

Rājā Gopī Ohand.

“Hath jorke kahūn, Gurū, maini, kar merā nastārā !”

Jalandhar Nāth.

- “Ā bachchā, yehān se chalen, chhor jagat se prīt
Yehān apnā koī hai nahīn, jhūthī jag kī prīt.
835 Jhūthī jag kī prīt, re bachā; māno kahī hamārī.
Ā, Gangā ashnān karenge : jaldī karo tayyārī.
Gyān tat kī self leke wahī tere gal dārī.
Chalo bhekh kâ darshan kar lo : ho kâyā amar tumbhārī !”

- 830 Saying thus the Saint went away, dropping tears from
his eyes.
His body changed greatly, when he put his foot without
the palace.

Rājā Gopī Chand.

“I say to thee with joined hands, my Gurū, grant me
salvation !”

Jalandhar Nāth.

- “Come, my son, let us go from here, leaving the desire
of the world.
None is for us here, false is the love of the world.
835 False is the love of the world, my son : mark my words.
Come let us bathe in the Ganges : come make ready
quickly.
Taking the necklace of knowledge (unto salvation) I
place it round thy neck.
Come let us visit the saints, and be thy body im-
mortal !”

No. XIX.

THE STORY OF RÂJÂ CHANDARBHÂN' AND RÂNÎ CHAND KARAN.

AS SUNG BY A BARD FROM JÂLANDHAR.

[According to the bards this poetical legend belongs to the same cycle as the last and relates the loves of RÂjâ Chatrmukaṣ of Ujjayini, the grandson of the great Vikramâditya, being the son of that king's daughter, Chatrang Dai, and Chand Karan, the daughter of RÂjâ Chandarbhân. Chandarbhân himself is generally described as the nephew of Gupî Chand Bhartari, and so according to the usual legends he would belong to the same caste as Vikramâditya.]

[The legend, however, is pure folklore throughout, and for those ~~that~~ delight to see Solar Myths in such things, I would point out that the translated title of the tale would be "King Sun's-Rays and Princess Moonbeam," that Chatrmukaṣ means the Glorious Throne, and that his mother's name means the Lady of Glorious Form. The rest of the myth could be easily worked out.]

TEXT.

Qissa Râjâ Chandarbhân wa Rânî Chand Karan.

Jân jân châtâr hûi siyânî,

Mâi bâp ko chintâ thûnî :

"Pânch mohar, nûryul kâ golâ !

Le Bâhman terê godî men dâlâ. "

5 Tîn Kûnth Bâhman phirâe,
Chand Karan kâ bar na pûc.
Phir we Bâhman hûc udâs,
Hat Râjû ke âe pûs.

Nain bhare-bhar Rânî roî :

10 "Tere bag gai qalam na motê koî !"

"Kyûn janî thî, hamrî mâi ?

Hamrâ bar paidâ nâ lâc !"

"Jis Kartâ ne rūp diâ thâ,

Tumharâ bar paidâ kû thâ !"

15 "Is Rânî kî mahil banâo.

- Hirâ motî abaj* lagâo.
 Is tâpû meñ mahil chunâo.
 Bich bich murîân rakhwâo.
 Laundî bândî sabhî mangâo,
 20 Is Rânî kî tâba' karwâo."

- Chalat pawan, khil rahî chambelî :
 Mandar meñ dukh bhar rahî akeli.
 Pûrab des se hañsâ âe.
 Jhuk bâdal barsan ko âe.
 25 Uḍkar hañs mahil par âe.
 Tab Rânî ne sangâr lagâe.
 Bâl bâl motî pûrove.
 Chatr hañs dohrâ batlâve.
 Us Rânî ko kah samjhâve :
 30 " Hai koî dharmî dharm kamâve ?
 Mujh hañsâ ko pânî pilâve ?"
 Itnî bât Rânî sun pâve :
 Bhar gadwâ Rânî jal kû lâve.
 Dhanak bâl nainon kâ mâre.
 35 Uṭkar hañs jimmî† par âve.
 Jhâr jhapat chhâtî se lâve.
 " Tum âo, hañs, merî motî khâo.
 Main chun chun kalyân chhoj bichhâûn."
 " Rânî, chog chûn terâ kuchh nâ khâûn."
 40 Terî dekh sûrat uth kahûn na jâûn.
 Aisâ rūp diâ Kartâ ne,
 Urdî panchhî mar uthârî.
 Rânî, aise rūp kâ garab na karîye :
 Tû karanhâr Kartâ se dariye !
 45 Rânî, solâh baras kî 'umar tumhârî :
 Kis augan meñ rahî kanwârî ?"
 " Syâbas,‡ re mere hañsâ gyânî,
 Tain mere choṭ jigar kî jâñî."
 " Rânî, bar lâûn terâ Siyâm salonâ,

* For 'ajab.

† For samñ.

‡ For shâbdash.

- 50 Kâyâ dage jaisâ nirmal sonâ :
 Hor bât kahne kî bahoterî ;
 Main janam janam ke naukar tere.”
 Tîn bachan hansâ ne lîe ;
 Tîn bachan Rânî ko diô :
 55 “ Tere kâran, Rânî, chalâ samundar pâr.
 Jîwandâ rahâ â milûn, nahîn, Narwar* ko† jawâr.”

- Tab hansâ ne lîe udârî,
 Dhartî chho† agûs sambhâlî.
 Bhûkh lagî parbat se bhârî.
 60 Yâd kare Mahârâj dulârî,
 “ Isî waqt Rânî pe hotâ,
 Hirâ motî sab chug khâtâ !
 Kahân gai merî birho Rânî ?
 Chugâve chog, pilâve pâni ! ”
 65 Sîtal ped padam kî chhâyâ,
 Jahân hansâ ne ñerâ lâyâ.
 Jain† Shahr se phandî âyâ,
 Us phandî ne phand chalâyâ.
 Dênâ dhar pâni dikhlayâ.
 70 Bhûkhe piyâse haus kâ dil lalchâyâ.
 Ik chûnch pâni kî pîve.
 Dûsrî chûnch chogî kî khâve.
 Tîsrî chûnch bharnî nâ pâve,
 Jhatak jâl hansâ lîe ñabâve :
 75 “ Main kyâ jânûn, kap†î, terî hansî ?
 An parê mere gal meñ phânsî.
 Ai phandi, par merâ na tûte.
 Hamrâ mûl hameñ se chûko.”
 “ Main tang† torûn, phûkh marorûn.
 80 Tujh panchh† ko kadî na chho†ûn.”
 “ Main phans gîâ, phandî, terî jâlî.
 Mere bâ† dekh de, Chand Kanwârî.”
 Phandî khainch† âp ko, aur hansâ khainche âp.

* Explained as the Day of Judgment, *Qiyamat*.

† For Ujjain

- Kaho "Kartâ kaise bane jo din se ho gai rât !
- 85 Hai koi dharmî dharm kamâve ?
Is pâpî se jân chhurwâve ?"
Itni bāt mālan sun pāve ;
Bharî Kachahrî Râjâ pe âve.
Â Râjâ pe araj lagâve :
- 90 "Tere Shahr mein kaptî chorâ.
Us ne satâe jangal ke morâ."
Itni bāt Râjâ sun pāve :
Charh ghorâ ban khand ko lâve :
A phandî se araj lagâve :
- 95 "Phandî, ghar ghar terâ bakrâ bandhâûn ;
Jain Shahr mein hukûmat biñhâûn ;
Lâkh takâ swarran kâ leye ;
Is panchhî ko ham ko deye."
"Râjâ, pîlî sî damrî kyâ dikhlâve ?"
- 100 Yeh panchhî merî kurme kâ khâjâ."
Râj teg goh charh gîâ bhârî.
Sôt talwâr phandî kî mârî :
Donon hath qalam kar dîe :
"Ur jâ, ro jangal ke bâse."
- 105 Main kât deî tere gal kî phânsî."
Itni sun haûsâ ghabarûe ;
Chatr Râjâ ko dohrâ sunâî :
"Hor Râjâ sab râj karen, tu Râjâ sahbâj.
Panchhî kî band chhurâ dê ; terî hoîyo 'umar drâj !"
- 110 Râj, kahûn bāt tumhen lagî piyârî.
Mere mulk mein aisi Rânî,
Mirgâne taj dî ghâûs aur pânî !"
Itni sun Râjâ dôle,
Chatr haûsâ se mukh se bolo :
- 115 "Haûsâ, merî yehân haiñ solah sai Rânî,
Jin kî dekh sûrat jal pîûn pânî."
"Un Rânîân hamen dikhlâe,
Râj mulk sabhî chhurâve."
Apne mahil mein Râjâ hukm pahunchwâve ;
- 120 Sabhî Rânîân ko Râjâ bulwâve.

- Koî nâche, koî bhû batlâve :
 Chatr hañsâ ke man koî na bhâve :
 "Jaisî terî solah sai Rânî
 Merî Rânî kî bhase panihârf."
 125 "Hañsâ, apnî Rânî ko hamen dikhlâe :
 Râjâ mulk merâ sabhî chhudâe."
 Chândnî râf, tilak rahî târf.
 "Ab le chal, mere hañsâ pyâre."
 Chatr hañs ne pankh pasârf:
 130 Chatr-mukat ho lîe sawârf.
 Tab hañsâ ne lî udârf,
 Dharnî chhor agâs sambhâlf.
 Tîn roz urdî ko bîte.
 Jal aur thal nere na dîse.
 135 Jis waqt Râjâ mahil se chhûte,
 Sawâ man kanch mahil men phûte.
- Â Rânî ke bâgh men baithe,
 Urkar hañs mahil par âe.
 Tab Rânî ne sangâr lagâe :
 140 "Â jâ, re mero hañsâ gyânî:
 Kahân chhore piyâ, mere jânî ?"
 "Rânî, des mulk dhundâ jag sârâ,
 Tujh chandrf kû bar na pâyâ."
 "Khâ katâr, hañsâ, main marûngî :
 145 Dhan joban kâ dher karûngî:
 Us pardesî bin gharî na bachûngî !"
 "Rânî, bar lâyâ terâ Siyâm salonâ,
 Us kî kâyâ dage jaisî nirmal sonâ.
 Châr gharî tab rain bihâve,
 150 Wahî Kañwar tere mahilon âve.
 Rânî, rang rang kî banât banâo ;
 Apnî badan thorâ atar lagâo :
 Chatr hañse ke âge ko âo :
 Tîn sai sâth palang mahil men bichâo :
 155 Patilsoz tum sabhî jalâo ;
 Dîve setî araj lagâo :

- ‘Sun, Swarran ke Dîve, sun merfardâs :
 Âj milâwâ mere piyâ kâ, jaliyo samag-rât ! ’”
 Itnî sunâ hañsâ chal âe ;
- 160 Chatr-mukaṭ se araj lagâi :
 “ Chândnî rât jhamak rahe târe ;
 Ab le chal, tû hañsâ piyâre.”
 Chatr hañs ne pankh pasâri ;
 Chatr-mukaṭ ho lie sawârî.
- 165 Tab hañsâ ne lie udâri.
 Â baiṭhe Rânî kî atâri.
 Chalat pawan, khil rahî chambelî.
 Mandar meñ dukh bhar rahî akelî.
 “ Hañsâ, is Rânî kî tû kare baḍâi ?
- 170 Jis kâman ko nindrâ bhai !
 Rânî nahîn, koî hai panhârî !
 Jis kâman ko nindrâ bhai !
 Main yûñhîn chhoḍî solâh sai Rânî !
 Mere navve kañwar, mere râj-dhârî ! ”
- 175 Itnî sun hañsâ farmâven,
 Chatr-mukaṭ Râjâ ko samjhâven :
 “ He Râjâ, tum mat ḍolo.
 Is mukh se jarâ pallâ kholo :
 Hilîyon hilîyon hâth lagâo :
- 180 Rânî ke hâth kî chhallâ nikâlo.”
 Chatr chorî hañsâ karwâve :
 Râjâ kî gûñṭhî Rânî ko diwâve :
 Rânî kî chhallâ Râjâ ko diwâve !
 Baiṭh hañs par Râjâ bhâge.
- 185 Bhâgat bhâgat dohrâ banâve,
 Chand Rânî ko kah samjhâve.
 “ Ankhon dekhâ ghî bhalâ, khâyâ bhalâ na tel :
 Chatrâ se rû se bhale aur bhâṭ mukh kâ mel.”
 Bhawar bhai jab birhan jâgî.
- 190 Le gadwâ mukh dhowan lâgî.
 Sang kî sahelî sab charnon lâgîn :
 “ Bâṭ kahûn ik abaj anothî,
 Kis mard ke hâth kî gûñṭhî ?

- Le gayâ chhallî, de gayâ gûñthî !”
 195 Sab sakhiyon ne kar gayâ jhûñtî !
 “ Rânî, tere se pahile, ham par soñi,
 Ham kyâ jâneñ rât kyâ hoî ?”
 “ Hâî, jawâñî rang lî, jâ tûñ dî gaî pît,
 Rang rang merâ pi gayâ, galiyon rul gaî pîk.”
- 200 Itnî meñ hañsâ chal âe ;
 Â Rânî se araj lagâî :
 “ Main tujh kâ man kî karûñ badâî.
 Tujh chandî ko nindrâ âî.
 Main tere kâran mûñakh kahâyâ.
- 205 Main hîrâ janam apnâ yûñhîñ gâñwâyâ.
 Jo jangul meñ pânî pân.
 Dûb marûñ, muñh na dikhlûñ ”
 “ Hañsâ, ungî tarâchhûñ, namak rachhûñ ;
 Sûrî rât main jûg rahûngî ;
- 210 Apne chor ko pakar rahûngî.
 Apne apne chor ko sab koî dâre mâr :
 Hamrâ chor ham ko mile, jo main tan man wârûñ jân.”
 Itnî sun hañsâ chal âe.
 Â Râjâ se araj lagâî :
- 215 “ Râjâ, aise chhallî tum ne kaḍḍhî,
 Rânî kî bâth meñ chîre âî !”
 “ Ai hañsâ, us Rânî ko milâo :
 Hamrâ jîûrâ kyûñ tarpâo ?
 Chânduî rât tilak rahe tûre !
- 220 Ab le chal, mere hañsâ piyâre.”
 Châtr hañsâ ne pankh pasârî .
 Chatr-mukaṭ ho lîe sawârî.
 Â Rânî kî chhej utârî.
 Hillyon hillyon bâth lagâe.
- 225 “ Chor chor” kar Rânî jâgî :
 “ Ai chorâ, tum kaun hai ?
 Main badan ke bâth lagâo ?”
 “ Chor nahîñ, main chand hazârâ !
 Tere kâran ghar bâr bisârâ !

- 230 Main Bîr Bikarmâujît kâ potâ !
 Chatrâng Daf kâ betâ, Chatr-mukat hai nâm hamârâ."
 Itnî sun Rânî ghabarâî ;
 Chatr hañs kî jamphî pâi :
 " Syâbas, ro mere hañsâ gyânî !
- 235 Tain merî chot jigar kî jâni."
 Usî waqt khânâ pakâve :
 Chatr-mukat ko khânâ khilâve.
 Ânkhoñ kî karî koṭhrî ; paṭlî dî bichhât ;
 Palkân kî chik gerke ; sâjan lîc biṭhâe.
- 240 Râjâ Rânî khushî karen is mahiloñ ke mañh.

- Bhawar bahî jab mâlî âyâ,
 Le phûl Rânî pe âyâ.
 Un phûlon meñ tolan lagî thî,
 Rânî phûlon se badhan lagî thî
- 245 Itnî sun mâlî chal âyâ :
 Chandarbhân se aruj lagâyâ :
 " Ik chor tumhârî âve hawelî,
 Is Rânî ko kar lîû akelî ! "
- Itnî sun Râjâ ghabarâyâ ;
- 250 Us mâlî se araj farmâyâ :
 " Kaun chor âve merî hawelî ?
 Tumheñ na mârûñ : mujhe Râm dohâî ! "
 " Rât ko âve, rât ko jâve :
 Ik hañs Râjâ ko le âve.
- 255 Râjâ, gair samoñ dâ Phâg banâo,
 Rang ke botalân* Rânî pe pahunchâo,
 Usî chor ko pakar mangâo."

- Bolî Rânî, " sun, mere Râjâ,
 Mere pitâ ne Basant manâyâ :
- 260 Gair samoñ kâ Phâg rachâyâ :
 Rang ke botalân* mere pe pahunchwâî."
 Itnî sun Râjâ ghabarâyâ ;

* The English word 'bottle' : very remarkable here

- Us Rânî se araj lagâyâ :
 " Mere pakarne kî hikmat lâyâ."
 265 Itnî kah Râjâ ne mukhîâ moîâ ;
 Us Rânî ne rang Râjâ par dârâ ;
 Jâr-jârkar Râjâ royâ :
 Mahâ mahil meñ rudan machâyâ :
 " Is waqt na koî hamrâ,
 270 Apne mahil men tû kar rahi dâwâ."
 " Râjâ, dhobî ko hukm dâ ;
 Kapre dhulwâñ, rât rât tere gal meñ pawâñ."

 Le kapre dhobî ghar ko âyâ,
 Pahir kapre dhobî bajâr meñ âyâ.
 275 Nazarbâj ne pakar mangâyâ :
 Lath mukká dhobî par chalâyâ.
 Darde dhobî ne Râjâ batâyâ.
 Hâth bândh Râjâ latkâyâ.
 Dekhan âve nar nârî :
 280 Pakaranhâre ko deñ sab gârî.
 Pakar chor ko Râjâ pe lâe.
 Us Râjâ ne hukm lagâe.
 " Is ko ham pe mat lâo.
 Is chor ko phâñsî diwâo."
 285 Jâr-jârkar Râjâ royâ.
 Us hâñs ko dohrâ sunâyâ :
 " Kit merî solâh sai Rânî ? kit merâ Shahr Ujjain ?
 Chandar-karan, tere kârne yûñhîn ganwâñ jân !"
 Itnî sun hâñsâ chal âe.
 290 Â Rânî se araj lagâî :
 " Terâ bâp yeh zulm kamâve :
 Us Râjâ ko phâñsî diwâve."
 Itnî bāt Rânî sun pâve.
 Woh mahilon meñ rudan rachâve :
 295 Ho dilgîr zamîn par âve :
 Apnâ sis palang se märe.
 Laundî bândî Râjâ pe âve ;
 Us Râjâ se araj lagâve :

- 300 " Râjâ, tumharî putrî maran lagî hai.
 Apnî jindî khowan lagî hai."
 Itnî bâr Râjâ sun pâve ;
 Usî chor ko turt bulwâve :
 " Ai chorâ, tum kaun kahâo ?
 Merî betî ke mahilon âo ? "
 305 Itnî bâr Râjâ sun pâve :
 Râjâ Chandarbhân se faryâd lagâve :
 " Kit merî solâh sai Rânîyân ? kit merâ Shahr Ujjain ?
 Is Rânî ke kâran yûnhîn gañwâl jân."
 Itnî sun Râjâ khûsh hûe ; Rânî lî bulwâe :
 310 " Râjâ tumharâ â gayâ, aur khushî hûâ parwâe :
 Ghar kâ Bâbman bulwâe lo aur phere deo diwâe."
 Khushîân Râjâ kar rahe phere diwâe :
 Mahilon meñ rahine lag gae, hukm diê batâe.
 Râjâ Rânî do jane kar rahe man kî bâr :
 315 " Ab ure se chal paṛo, aur chalo apne ghar bâs."
 Rowan lag gai bândîyân aur rowan lage ranwâs :
 " Rânî thî, ab chal paṛî, phir kab milne kî âs ?"
 Dola kaswâkar chal pare lambe raste jâe.
 Haṁsâ Râjâ chal paṛe Jain Shahr ko jâe.
 320 Tâpû meñ dere lag gae, Rânî kare jawâb :
 " Ure baithe kyâ karen ? chalo apne ghar bâs."
 Itnî kahkar â gae Jain Shahr ke pâs :
 Jâ apne rang mahil meñ karan lage do bâr.
 Khushîân Shahr kar rahâ, " â gae hamâre bhartâr !
 325 Ghane dinoñ meñ ghar âe ; kirpâ karî Kartâr !"

TRANSLATION.

The Story of Râjâ Chandarbhân and Rânî Chand Karan.

As beauty grew

Her father and mother became anxious :

" These five gold pieces and the cocoanut,

Take, Brâhman, in thy arms."*

* It is usual for rich or great people to send a Brâhman, as described, to arrange a marriage.

- 5 To the Three Quarters the Brâhman went
And found no match for Chand Karan.
Then the Brâhman sorrowfully
Came back to the Râjâ.
The Râni was weeping her eyes out :
- 10 "What the pen (of fate) hath written for thee cannot
be blotted out (my daughter) !"
"Why (then) didst thou bear me, mother ?
He hath found no match for me !"
"The Creator hath endowed thee with beauty ;
He hath (surely) created thy match (also) !"
- 15 (The Râjâ ordered), "Build the Princess a palace.
Give endless pearls and diamonds.
Build her a palace on an island,*
Put windows into it.
Give her countless maids and attendants,
- 20 Under the orders of the Princess."

The breezes were blowing and the jasmines blooming,
She was sitting in her palace very sorrowfully.
A swan† flew up from the Eastern Land,
And the clouds gathered for rain.

- 25 The swan flew to the palace.
Then the Princess adorned herself
And decked her hair with pearls.
The wily swan sang to her,
And said to the Princess :
- 30 "Is there any righteous one to do a good work ?
And to give me a drink of water ?"
The Princess heard these words,
And filling a pitcher the Princess brought him water.
And shot him a glance from the bow of her eyes.
- 35 The swan fell backwards to the earth.

* Probable reference to the islands in the lakes about several of the principal Râjput cities on which palaces were built.

† It is usual to render *hamsâ* by swan, but in reality it is a fabulous bird of indeterminate character.

- She took him up and clasped him to her breast:
 "Come, my swan, and eat of my pearls; *
 I will pick blossoms (for thee) and make thee a bed!"[†]
 "Princess, I will not eat of thy food.
- 40 Seeing thy beauty, I depart no more.
 Such beauty has God given thee
 That it casts its glamour even over a bird.
 Princess, be not (too) proud of thy beauty,
 But fear the Creator that made it!
- 45 Princess, sixteen years is thy age:
 Whose fault is it that thou art not married?"
 "Well done, thou wise swan of mine,
 Thou hast guessed the sorrow of my heart."
 "Princess, I bring thee thy match, beautiful as Krishna,
- 50 With body shining like untarnished gold.
 To say more is to say too much;
 I am thy servant through all my life."
 The swan took an oath thrice; †
 Thrice he gave an oath to the Princess:
- 55 "It is for thy sake, Princess, that I go across the
 ocean.
 If I live, I return to meet thee, else I will meet thee at
 the Day of Judgment."[‡]

- Then the swan flew off,
 And leaving the earth went up into the heavens.
 A mighty hunger seized him.
- 60 He thought of the Râjâ's darling (Princess):
 "Were I now with the Princess,
 I should be eating diamonds and pearls!
 Where has my Princess gone in her separation?
 I would eat food and drink water!"
- 65 Cool was the lotus shade of the tree,
 Where the swan took up his abode.

* It is a common belief that swans live on pearls.

† See ante, Vol I., Legend of Niwal Dai, *passim*.

‡ Note the Musalmân notions here.

- There came a snarer from the City of Ujjain.
 And spread his net.
 He placed the food and showed the water.
- 70 Hungry and thirsty the swan had no control over his mind.
 He dipped his beak once into the water.
 A second time he put his beak into the food.
 The third time he could not fill his beak.
 The snarer jerked the net and entrapped him :
- 75 "How was I to know thy tricks, thou scoundrel ?
 The noose is round my neck.
 O snarer, break not my wings :
 I will settle my price myself."
 "I will break thy legs, I will ruffle thy feathers.
- 80 Never will I release thee, my bird."
 "I am caught, thou snarer, in thy net.
 Look my way, O my Princess Chand (Karan)."
 The snarer dragged towards himself and dragged the swan to him.
 Said (the swan) "What hast thou done, O God, that thou hast turned day into night !
- 85 Is there any righteous one to do a good deed ?
 And save my life from this sinner ?"
 A gardener's wife heard this,
 And went to Rājā as he was holding Court.
 She went up to Rājā and said :
- 90 "There is a rascally scoundrel in thy city,
 Who is worrying the peacocks* of the forest."
 The Rājā heard her.
 He mounted his horse and went to the forest,
 And said to the snarer.
- 95 "Snarer, I will order thee a goat from every house ;
 I will give thee authority in Ujjain City ;
 Take a *lākh* of pieces of gold,
 But give me this bird."

These being sacred.

- "Râja, why tempt me with golden coins ?
 100 This bird is for the food of my household."
 The Râja waxed furiously wrathful.
 He struck the snarer with his drawn sword
 And cut off both his hands.
 "Fly, thou dweller of the forest,*
 105 I have cut the noose from round thy neck."
 Hearing this the swan was astonished,
 And spake unto Râjâ Chatr(-mukaṭ) :
 "Other kings rule, but thou art a king beyond kings.†
 Thou hast released the bird : may thy life be long !
 110 Râjâ, I tell thee a pleasant thing.
 In my country is a Princess so (beautiful) that
 The deer have given up grazing and drinking (for love
 of her) !"
 Hearing this the Râjâ grieved,
 And said to the wily swan with his lips :
 115 "Swan, I have here sixteen hundred queens,
 Without gazing on whom (first) I cannot drink water."
 (Said the swan), "Show me those queens,
 I have no care for any rule or empire."
 The Râjâ sent an order to the palace,
 120 And called all the queens.
 Some danced, some showed their charms,
 But the wily swan's heart was not taken with any.
 "Women, like thy sixteen hundred queens,
 Are drawers of water for my Princess."
 125 "Swan, show me thy Princess,
 I care no more for all my rule and empire."
 Moonlit was the night and the stars were shining.
 (Said he), "Take me now, my beloved swan."
 The wily swan spread his wings,
 130 And Chatr-mukaṭ rode upon them.
 Then the swan flew up,

* To the swan.

† Apparently a pun on the word *sahbâṭj* = *shâhbâs*, a hawk, and also *shâh bâḡh* as translated.

- And leaving the earth soared to the heavens.
 Three days passed in flight.
 The waters and the lands appeared afar.
- 135 (But) when the Râjâ left the palace
 A man and a quarter* of bracelets were broken in the
 palace.†
- They rested in the Princess' garden,
 And the swan flew up into the palace.
 Then the Princess adorned herself.
- 140 "Come, O my wise swan :
 Where hast left my love, my darling ?"
 "Princess, I searched the countries of all the earth,
 And I found no match for thy beauty."
 "I will stab myself, O swan, and die :
- 145 I will put an end to my wealth of youth :
 Without my stranger I will not survive an hour !"
 "Princess, I have brought thee a match, beautiful as
 Kṛishṇa,
 Whose body shines like unalloyed gold.
 When two hours‡ of the night have passed "
- 150 The Prince will come to thy palace.
 Princess, don robes of every hue :
 Throw a little scent over thy body :
 Come to the wily swan (when he calls) :
 Have three hundred and sixty beds laid in the palace :§
- 155 Light up all the candles,
 And pray to the (gods of the) lamps, (saying),
 'Hear, Golden Lamps, hear my prayer,
 To-day I meet my love, burn (then) all the night !'"
- 160 And told Chatr-mukṭḥ : (said he :)
 "Moonlit is the night, shining are stars,
 Take me now, my beloved swan."

* 1 lb. weight.

‡ Lit., 4 ghayṭas : i.e., 96 minutes.

† In grief.

§ To make a fine show.

- The wily swan spread his wings,
And Chatr-mukaṭ rode upon them.
- 165 Then the swan took flight
And alighted in the Princess' lofty chamber.
The breezes were blowing and the jasmines were
blooming,
Only she was full of grief in the palace.
(Said the Prince), "Swan, is this the Princess thou
didst praise?
- 170 The beauty that is sleeping!
This is no Princess, it is some water-bearer;
This beauty, that is sleeping!*"
 For this have I forsaken my sixteen hundred queens!
My ninety sons and my kingdom!"
- 175 Hearing this said the swan,
Adjuring Chatr-mukaṭ :
"O Râjâ, grieve not.
Open the veil of her face a little,
Touch her with gentle hand,
- 180 And draw the ring off the Princess' finger."
The swan committed a wily theft.
He gave the Prince's ring to the Princess,
And the Princess' ring he gave to the Prince!
The Râjâ mounted the swan and fled.
- 185 As he flew (the swan) made a proverb,
And spake to Princess Chand (Karan in a dream):
"It is better to look at butter than to eat oil:
It is better to look at the wise than to keep company
with fools."
It was morning and the lovely (Princess) awoke.
- 190 She took up a pitcher to wash her face.
The maiden with her fell at her feet:
"I would speak to thee of a wonderful curious thing:
What man's ring is that?
He hath taken thy ring and given thee his ring!"

* The meaning is, a true princess would be awake to receive her lover.

- 195 All the maidens spake a false (charge) !
 "Princess, we slept before thee,
 What do we know of what passed in the night ?"
 (Said she), "Alas ! thou hast taken the bloom of my
 youth and given me sorrow.
 Thou hast destroyed my charms, and taken away the
 bloom of my beauty."
- 200 Meanwhile the swan returned,
 And spake to the Princess :
 "I praised thy beauty,
 And, thou fool, thou didst fall asleep.
 And for thy sake was I made a fool,
 205 And thus have I lost the virtue of my life.
 If I find water in the forests
 I will drown myself and see thee no more."
 "My swan, I will cut my finger and rub in salt,
 And will remain awake the whole night,
 210 And I will catch the thief (of my ring) myself.
 Every one beats the thief of his (goods, but)
 If I meet my thief I will sacrifice my life for him."
 Hearing this the swan went away,
 And spake to the Râjâ:
 215 "Râjâ, thou didst so tear off the ring,
 That thou hast torn the Princess' finger !"
 (Said he), "O swan, take me to the Princess :
 Why (thus) make my life miserable ?
 Moonlit is the night, shining are the stars !
 220 Take me now, my beloved swan."
 The wily swan spread his wings,
 And Chatr-mukat rode upon them.
 And (the swan) laid him at the Princess' bed.
 Gently he touched her with his hand,
 225 "Thief, thief," (said) the Princess waking.
 "O thief, who art thou ?
 That thou touchest my body with thy hand ?"
 I am no thief, but the lord of many thousands !

- For thy sake have forsaken home and family !
 230 I am the grandson of the warrior Vikramâditya !
 The son of (his daughter) Chatrang Dai, and my name
 is Chatr-mukâṭ."
- Hearing this the Princess was astonished,
 And caressed the swan : (saying),
 "Well done, my wise swan !
 235 Thou hast fathomed the wound in my heart."
 She cooked some food at once,
 And gave Chatr-mukâṭ to eat.
 She made a chamber of her eyes, and opened her pupils ;
 She drew down the curtain of her lashes, and seated her
 love within.
- 240 And the Prince and Princess were happy in the palace.
- In the morning the gardener came,
 And brought flowers to the Princess,
 And began to weigh her against them,
 And the Princess outweighed the flowers.*
- 215 Finding this the gardener went
 And spake to (Râjâ) Chandarbhân :
 "There is a thief in thy palace,
 That hath taken the Princess apart !"
 Hearing this the Râjâ was confounded
- 250 And spake to the gardener :
 "What thief hath come into my palace ?
 I will not harm thee,† as God is my protector !"
 "Comes in the night, goes in the night :
 It is a swan that is the (thief) Râjâ.
- 255 Râjâ, fix the Holi at the wrong time,
 Send bottles of pigment to the Princess,
 And you will catch the thief."‡

* Allusion to the well-known tale of Panjphûlârâni or Princess Five-flowers, who weighed only five flowers as long as she was chaste, but outweighed them at once on getting a lover. † If thou tell

‡ At the Holi festival (*Phag*) in the Spring the custom is for Hindus to throw a crimson powder over each other, hence if the Princess were to throw the Holi powder over the Prince at the wrong season his clothes would betray him at once.

- Said the Princess, "Hear, my Rājā,
 My father is worshipping the Spring :
 260 He hath fixed the Holī at the wrong season,
 And hath sent me bottles of pigment."
 Hearing this the Prince was confounded,
 And said to the Princess :
 "It is a trick to catch me."
 265 Saying this the Prince turned away his face,
 But the Princess threw the powder over him.
 Bitterly wept the Prince,
 Raising a cry of weeping through all the palace :
 "Now is none my friend,
 270 Thou art the ruler of thy own palace."
 "Rājā, I will call the washerman,
 And have thy clothes washed, and in the night shalt
 thou wear them."

- The washerman took the clothes and went home,
 Putting on the clothes* he went into the market.
 275 The spics seized him,
 And beat him with fists and clubs.
 In his fear the washerman betrayed the Prince,
 So they bound the Prince's hands and hanged him up
 (by them).
 Men and women came to see him,
 280 And abused his captors.
 They took the thief (Prince) to the Rājā,
 And the Rājā ordered :
 "Bring him not before me, (but)
 Hang this thief."
 285 Bitterly wept the Prince,
 And spake unto the swan :
 "Where are my sixteen hundred queens ? where my
 City of Ujjain ?
 O Chand Karan, for thy sake is my life thus lost !"

* Such borrowed plumes are very common in India among washermen.

- Hearing this the swan went,
 290 And spake unto the Princess :
 " Thy father hath done this wickedness,
 That he hath hanged thy Prince."
 The Princess hearing this
 Raised a cry in the palace ;
 295 And fell in her sorrow to the ground,
 Beating her head against her couch.
 The maids and attendants came to the Râjâ
 And spake unto the Râjâ ;
 " Râjâ, thy daughter is dying,
 300 And throwing away her life."
 When the Râjâ heard this
 He sent for the thief at once : (saying),
 " O thief, what art thou called ?
 That camest into my daughter's palace."
 305 Hearing this the Prince
 Spake unto Râjâ Chandarbhân :
 " Where are my sixteen hundred queens ? where my
 City of Ujjain ?
 For this Princess' sake have I lost my life."
 When he heard this, Râjâ Chandarbhân was pleased and
 called the Princess at once : (saying),
 310 " Thy Prince hath come and thy household rejoiceth.
 Send for the house priest and perform thy marriage."
 With rejoicings the Prince performed the marriage,
 Dwelt in the palace and began to rule.
 The Prince and Princess, the pair had their hearts'
 desire.
 315 (Said she), " Let us depart hence now and go to thy
 home."
 All the maids began to weep and all the palace wailed :
 " A Princess there was that hath fled now, when shall
 we meet her again ?"
 Preparing a palanquin they commenced the long road.
 The swan and the Râjâ went to Ujjain City.
 320 They dwelt in an island and the Princess said :

“What shall we do dwelling here? let us go to thy home.”

Saying this they went to Ujjain City,

And going into the palace they began dwelling together.

All the city rejoiced, saying, “Our lord hath come”:

325 Coming home in these great days: for the Lord hath
had mercy!”

No. XX.

TWO SONGS ABOUT NÂMDEV,

AS SUNG BY TWO BARDS FROM AMRITSAR.

[These are two well known songs about the celebrated Bhagat and Marâthī poet Nāmdev or Nāmā. They are sung constantly in the Darbār Sāhib or Golden Temple at Amṛtsar, and are known to every Sikh.]

[Nāmdev flourished in the time of the Emperor Bahlol Lodī, 1488-1512 A.D., and evidently vastly influenced the founder of the Sikh Religion, for we find whole poems of his incorporated into the *Ādi Granth*. These particular legends are not in the *Ādi Granth*, but in the *Granth* (as I am told) that Gurū Gobind Singh started in opposition to it. They are therefore very likely to be apocryphal.]

I.

TEXT.

Sat Gur Parshād. Sabd Nāmā, Rag Bhairon: Ghar Do.

Sultān pūchhe, "Sun, be Nāmā,
Dekhūn Rām, tumhāre kāmā."
Nāmā Sultān ne bādḥ lā;
"Dekhūn terā Har baḥīlā.
5 Bismal goū deo jiwāe,
Nā, tirū gardan mārūn ṭhūe?"
"Pādshāḥ, aisi kyūn hoe?
Bismal kī na jīve koe.
Merā kī kuchh na hoe:
10 Kare Rām hoe hai soe."
Pādshāḥ chaḥīo hankār.
"Gaj hastī dīnūn chamkār."
Rudan kare Nāme kī mā:
"Ohhoḍ Rām ke, bhajan Khudā."
15 "Nā hūn terā pūnghṛā, nā tū merī mā:
Pipḍ paṛe to Har gun gā."
Kare Gajend sūḍ kī chot:

- Nâmâ ubre Har kî oṭ.
Qâzî mullân kare salâm :
20 " In Hindû merâ maliyâ mân.
Pâdshâh, bentî suniyo,
Nâmâ sar bhar sonâ leiyo."
" Mâl leûn tâ Dozakh paṛhûn.
Dîn chhoḍ duniyâ kon bharûn ? "
25 Pâwon berî, hâthon tâl ;
Nâmâ gâve gun Gopâl.
" Gang Jaman jo ultî bahe,
Tâ Nâmâ ' Har Har' kardâ rahe."
Sât gharî jab bîtî sunî :
30 Aj hûn na âio Tirbhawan Dhanî.
Pâ kanthan, bâj bajâelâ,
Garur charhe Govind âelâ,
Apne bhagat par kî prit-pâl.
Garur charhe âe Gopâl :
35 " Kaheñ, tâ Dharan akodî karûn !
Kaheñ, tâ le kar ûpar dharûn !
Kaheñ, tâ mûî goû deûn jiwâe,
Sab koî dekhe patiyâî !"
Nâmâ parnâve sîl masail :
40 Goû duhâî, bachhrâ mel.
Dûdh-doh jab maṭkî bharî,
Le, Pâdshâh ke âge dharî.
Pâdshâh mahil meñ jâe :
Aughaṭ kî ghaṭ lâgî âe.
45 Qâzî Mullân bentî farmâî :
" Bakhsh, Hindû, main terî gâî !
Nâmâ kahe, " suno, Pâdshâhe !
Eho kuchh patiyâ mujhe dikhâî.
Is patiyâ rahe parwân,
50 Sâch sîl châlo, Sultân !"
Nâmdev sab rahiâ samâe.
Mil Hindû Nâm pe jâe :
" Jo ab kî bâr na jîve gâî.
Tâ Nâmdev kâ patiyâ jâe."

55 Nâme kî kîrat rahe sansâr,
 Bhagat janân le udhâre Apâr.
 Sagal kalis nindak bahîâ khed.
 Nâme Nârâyan nahîn bhed !

II.

TEXT.

Tuk.

“ Rukhrî na khâiyo, Swâmî merâ ! Rukhrî na khâiyo !
 Hâth hamare ghirat katorâ, apnâ bânṭâ lekar jāiyo.
 Daure daure jât, Swâmî, roṭ lie mukh mâhîn.
 Tum bhâge, ham pahunch na sâke, mel leīyo, Gosâin !
 Ghaṭ ghaṭ ke Prabh antar-jâmî !” Pal meñ rūp baṭâyâ.
 Kûkar se Ṭhâkur ban baiṭhe : Nâmdev darshan pâyâ.

I.

TRANSLATION.

By the favor of the Holy Gurû : The Song of Nâmd, in the
 Râg Bhairon : Part Two.†*

Said the Sultân,‡ “ Hear, O Nâmâ,
 I would see (this) Râm,§ thy servant.”
 The Sultan bound Râmâ.
 Saying, “ I would see Hari,§ thy patron.
 5 Raise this dead cow to life,
 Or I will cut off thy head !”
 “ King, why should this be ?
 None hath ever raised the dead to life.
 My deed will perform nothing :
 10 It is as Râm (God) wills.”
 The king waxed wrathful, (saying)
 “ I will rouse my elephant to fury.”
 Nâmâ's mother began to weep :

* Gobind Singh.

† Allusion to the part of Gurû Gobind Singh's *Granth* in which the text is said to be found.

‡ Probably Bahlol Lodi.

§ God according to the *Hindûs*.

- (And said),* "Leave Râm's praises for God's (Khudâ)."[†]
- 15 (Said he), "I am no son of thine, thou no mother to me :
If my body perish (still) will I sing of Hari."
The chief of the elephants thrust at him with his trunk,
But Nâmâ was safe by Hari's protection.
The Qâzis and Mulla's saluted (the king, saying),
- 20 "This Hindû hath slighted our (Musalmân) faith.
O king, hear our prayer :
Take our gold and give us Nâmâ's head."
"If I take the gold I shall go to Hell.
Who will enjoy the earth, if he give up his faith?"
- 25 (He put) shackles on his feet and fetters on his feet,
But Nâmâ sang the praises of Gopâl.[‡]
"Gangâ and Jamnâ may flow backwards,
But Nâmâ still sings, 'Hari, Hari.'"
Seven hours passed away,
- 30 But still the Lord of the Three Worlds§ came not.
Wearing a (holy) necklace and with songs and rejoicings,
Govind|| came mounted upon Garuḍ,[¶]
The protector of his own votary.
Mounted on Garuḍ came Gopâl, (and said)
- 35 "Say, and I will upset the world !
Say, and I will raise it on my hand !
Say, and I will raise the dead cow to life,
That all may see the miracle !"
Nâmâ prostrated himself
- 40 And made the cow suckle her calf.
He then milked and filled a pail,
And took and laid it before the king.
The king went into his palace
And his heart was very sore.
- 45 The Qâzis and Mullas besought (Nâmâ) :

* To her son.

† God according to the *Musalmâns*.

‡ = Kṛishṇa = God.

§ God.

|| = Kṛishṇa = God.

¶ Garuda, the miraculous bird and vehicle of Kṛishṇa.

- "Hindû, forgive us; we are thy cow's!"*
 Said Nâmâ, "Hear, O King!
 Thus much miracle have I performed.
 Let the miracle remain proved.
 50 "Do thou dwell in truth and virtue, O King!"
 Nâmdev's honor was greatly increased.
 All the Hindûs went to Nâmâ:
 (Saying), "Had he not restored her this time,
 The virtue of Nâmdev had gone."
 55 Nâmâ's glory shall remain in the world.
 God ever protecteth his saints.
 May the backbiters suffer all troubles.
 There is no secret (difference) betwixt Nâmâ and
 Nârâyan †

II.

TRANSLATION.

Refrain.

"Eat not dry bread, my Master! eat not dry bread!
 The plate of butter is in my hand, take thy share.
 Running away, my Master, with the bread in thy
 mouth.
 Thou runnest, and I cannot reach thee, I would meet
 thee, my Holy One!
 Thou art the Lord that knowest the heart!" In a
 moment the body changed.
 The dog became the Lord, and Nâmdev beheld him.‡

* Conventional phrase: the cow being the most sacred of all things in the Hindû's eyes, to be treated as his cows is to be well treated by him.

† God.

‡ The point of this is that a dog ran away with Nâmdev's food, and instead of beating him the saint addressed him as above. Thereon the dog turned into God and so Nâmdev beheld God. The moral is obvious.

No. XXI.

SAKHÎ SARWAR AND JÂTÎ, AS RECORDED BY A MUNSHI IN THE LÂHOR DISTRICT FOR MRS. F. A. STEEL.

[This story relates a miracle performed by Sakhi Sarwar for a Brâhman follower in the Gujrânwâlâ District. The scene is laid at Emanâbâd near the town of Gujrânwâlâ, and in the tale the Brâhman, Pherû, the son of Jâtî, is made governor of that place in the time of Akbar (1556-1605 A.D.)]

[Emanâbâd is an old town in the district, said to have been a hunting ground of Śâlivahāṇa. The present town was founded by one Emana, a nurse of the Emperor Firoz Shâh Khiljî (1282-1296 A.D.) Under the Musalmân rulers and before the Sikh times (say up to 1750 A.D.) it was a very important place and the headquarters of a *mahâl*. The legend here recorded may possibly relate the temporary possession of power by some local Brâhman, whose name has not been preserved in general history.]

[The prose portions of the legend being in ordinary Urdû have not been given in the original.]

Sakhî Sarwar and Jâtî.

Sâîn Sachhe ! yâ Rabb !

*Terî dhano pârijâ !**

Jat thal Maullâ tûî hai !

Rabb, tero nâm dhiâîye !

5 *Kiâ kiâ qudrâtî thâpdâ ?*

Berangî Sâhib jâpdâ !

Sâje Dhartî te âsmân !

Bâjh thamân kalâ fikâie !

Dhartî dâ kitâ joṛ hai,

10 *Unwajâ lâkh karor hai.*

Aṭhârâ bhawan banâs, jî,

Rabb qudrat bâgh banâie !

Bhawan te bishrâmî,

Râm Chand, Kishn jawânî.

* For upârijâ.

- 15 *Nawān Budh laṭakdā,*
 Phir dase autār khidāie.
Bhagat pare to pare, jī !
Terā nām jape so tare, jī !
 Kughrā painḍā bhagat dā,
 20 *Gur bardīān ho vikāīye !*
Pīr Bāī nūn gūwandā,
Nit eho kār kamāwandā.
 Dāyam dīve bāldā,
 Nit ghare salām karāie.
 25 *Jātī kardā seo, jī ;*
 “ Sarwar, miṭṭhā meo deo, jī !
 Miṭṭhā meo deo, jī ! ”
 Mūnh mangīā dān diwāie !
 Jātī de ghar jamdā,
 30 *Pherū, bahote karm-jaram dā ;*
Sayyidpurā saloia,
Jithe Pherū paidā hoīā,
 Chākar Bāī Lanj dā,
 Nit ghare salām karāie !
 O True Lord ! O God !
 Blessed be thy creation !
 Thou art Lord of the land and sea !
 O God, let us meditate on thy Name !
 5 What wonders hast thou performed ?
 O Lord, appearing in many forms !
 Thou hast ordered the Earth and Sky,
 Upraising the sky* without pillars !
 He hath reckoned up (all) the Earth,
 10 Forty-nine *lākhs* of *karors* (of miles in area) !†
 The eighteen loads of herbage
 Made God into a garden of his power !
 The dwellers in ease in heaven,
 Rāma Chandra and Kṛishṇa the youth,

* *Lit.*, the machine.

† 49 billions.

- 15 And the nine *Buddhas* flourished,
 And then He made the ten incarnations.*
 The saintship is unfathomable, Sir!†
 (Only) he that worships Thy Name shall be saved, Sir!
 Steep is the path of the saintship,
 20 Let us become servants to our teachers.
 (Jâtî) sang of the Saint and Bâi,‡
 This duty did he perform,
 Keeping the lamps ever lighted,
 Ever worshipping them at home.
 25 Jâtî did service: (saying)
 "Sarwar, grant me sweet fruit|| (of my prayer),
 Sweet fruit grant me!"
 (Sarwar) gave him his desire in charity.
 In Jâtî's house is born
 30 Pherû, the most fortunate.
 In beautiful Sayyidpurâ,¶
 Where Pherû was born,
 The servants of Bâi and Lanjâ (Sarwar),
 Worship them every hour!

When Jâtî was at the point of death he admonished his son Pherû, saying, "My son, you were born to me solely through the favor of Sakhî Sarwar, therefore it is incumbent on you to ever worship at his shrine." So Pherû in obedience to his father's behest attended regularly at Sakhî Sarwar's shrine and worshipped him, and although at one time he became very poor he never failed in his devotion. One day he said to himself that if Sakhî Sarwar give me the government of Emanâbâd I will build him a splendid shrine, whereupon the holy Bhairon** was ordered by Sakhî Sarwar to appear to the Emperor Akbar in a dream and frighten him. Bhairon accord-

* The modern Brahmanical mythology is referred to here!

† Addressing the audience.

‡ Sarwar and his wife: see *ante*, Vol. I., p. 96.

§ i.e., of the shrine.

|| The invariable form of prayer for a son.

¶ Sayyidpurâ Salônâ is the old name of Emanâbâd.

** See Vol. I., p. 75.

ingly did so and Akbar asked him what he wanted. Bhairon replied, "Make my freind Pherû governor of Emanâbâd to-morrow, or I will worry you." To this Akbar agreed, and in order to refresh his memory he made a knot in his coat. Accordingly, next day, when sitting in his Court, the knot reminded him of his promise, and he issued orders through his minister appointing Pherû the Brâhman governor of Emanâbâd.

A horseman was therefore sent with the order and suitable robes who arrived in due time at Emanâbâd and made enquiries after Pherû. But he, fearing that the man had come about the recovery of certain debts of his father, hid himself in the house of one Mâtî, an old woman. At last, however, thinking it over in his mind that there is no escape from the will of gods or of kings, and that if he escaped for to-day the horseman would catch him to-morrow, he gave himself up. To his astonishment the horseman (according to orders) treated him with the greatest respect, bathed him, dressed him up in the robes of honor and gave him the letters patent (*parwânâ*) investing him with the power of a governor of Emanâbâd. After which the horseman went away.

- 35 *Jo kuchh Pherû lor dâ ;*
 Lâkh miliâ mulk karor dâ,
 Pattâ, ra'iyat, parganâ :
 Mur ghare salâm karâie.
 Ghore charhke chaldâ,
 40 *Pherû jâ Kachahrî maldâ.*
 Qâbû pâve hukm dâ
 Phir iksî mat dahâie.
 Îlâkim nâl chabûtre
 Pherû bahke majlis lâie.
 45 *Lashkar kaṭak barâmî,*
 Naqqâre nâl nishûnî.
 35 Whatsoever Pherû desired
 He obtained, a land of boundless wealth,*
 Title-deeds, tenants and lands :

* *Lit.*, worth of a billion of rupees.

Going home he gave thanks (to Sarwar).

Riding on his horse

40 Pherû went frequently to Court.

Taking the opportunity of power

He made (every one) of his faith.

With nobles in his Palace.

Pherû sat and held his Court.

45 Splendid his cavalcade and retinue

With drums and standards.

Now since Pherû was a Brâhman and Sakhi Sarwar was a Muhammadan the people of Emanâbâd were much displeased at his following Sarwar, and once it so happened that one of his own caste brethren refused to permit him to attend at a marriage, because of his being Sarwar's disciple. Finding at last that it was a question of losing the fellowship of his caste or of giving up Sakhi Sarwar, he deserted the latter and joined his caste.

" Air chele ditiâ,

Phir chele hoe mitthiâ!

Gurân Pirân to mukarê

50 *Sidh âpi âp saddiye!"*

"I gave my disciple a flock,

And my disciple hath become faithless!

Denying his Saint and Teacher,

50 He hath made himself into a saint!"

(Spake Sarwar) and was very much enraged against Pherû, for whose punishment he sent the holy Bhairon.*

Bhairon qamchi mârdâ,

Brâhman nûn jhuthiârdâ!

Oh dî dehâ rang wiâdiâ,

Adh vichon hî laikâie!

55 *Dard kâijâ pharkdâ*

Pherû tangân bâhwân kharkdâ.

Chhâlê bhîme pai gac,

Dehâ dâ rang wiâdie:

Kul qabilâ tarkdâ,

* See Legends about Sarwar, ante, *passim*.

- 60 *" Ih nūn thāon dīwāo faraq dā.
 Jis dā sidqa bhog de,
 Mur use to sukhāiye."
 Rang mahlānwālā,
 Phir kakkhān vich sowā lā.
 65 Phir jhuṅgī vich bahā lā,
 Phir istar heḥ vichluāie.
 Pūndā dudh pīdālān,
 Phir pānī ṭiṇḍ sawālān,
 Chatṭī bhojan jīwanlā.
 70 Phir tukre nūn tarsāie.*

- Bhairon struck him with his club,
 Calling the Brāhman a liar.
 He changed the color of his body.*
 And hanged him by his waist (to the roof).†
- 55 Pain tore his heart,
 Pherū (hanging) kicked about his arms and legs.
 Great blotches came over his body.
 And the color of his body changed.
 (Said) his family trembling,
- 60 " Let us give him a place apart ;
 Whose favor he enjoyed
 Let him again relieve him."
 From a gorgeous palace
 They made him sleep in a hut.
- 65 They made him dwell in the hut,
 And spread a bed of straw beneath him.
 He that drank milk from (brass) cups,
 Drank water from earthen cups.
 The liver on sumptuous food
- 70 Craved for crumbs.

When Pherū the Brāhman got leprosy and his brethren gave him a detached hut to live in, one day everybody forgot him except an old female servant, who recollected that no one had

i.e., made him a leper.

i.e., severely punished him; allusion to a favorite Sikh punishment.

sent him any food since the previous day, and thinking that if he was neglected much longer he would soon die, she made up her mind to supply him daily with four loaves out of her own allowance of food. That very day she went to Pherû with the bread and an ewer of water, who ate two of the loaves and gave the remainder to the birds. Finding that he only ate two loaves she restricted his allowance to that number and kept the rest for herself. She went to him daily before eating any food herself, because she was obliged to bathe after coming in contact with a leper and also, by the custom of the Hindûs, before breaking her fast. In this way some time passed.

Now Sakhî Sarwar had made Pherû a leper in order to force his relatives to desert him, so that when he felt the pangs of hunger he might return to his old allegiance. But finding that that the old woman kept him well fed, he ordered Bhairon to prevent her. Accordingly, next day Bhairon met her on the road to Pherû's hut and asked her who she was and where she was going. She replied "For the grace of God and out of pity for my old master I give him daily two out of my allowance of four loaves and I am taking them to him now." "But," said Bhairon, "when your master is so bad with Leprosy that none of his own relatives will go near him, why do you go? Suppose you got the disease: who would look after you, when even so great a man as Pherû is totally neglected? If you must look after your master take my advice and tie the bread to the end of a bamboo and throw it to him from a distance." Next day the woman took his advice, and when Pherû saw what she was doing he was vexed and told her that she had served him well enough so far, but that if she meant to treat him like this in future she had better cease bringing him food. Being thus rebuffed the woman stopped bringing him food.

So Pherû began to starve and in the misery of his heart he remembered Sakhî Sarwar and said :

*"Sab jag bhulanhâr : bhuliân Sîtâ jehiân Rântân, Sultânâ,
Bhûle Râm te Lachhman Deote, Sultânâ.*

*Main tere dîve bâlsân,
Main tere nâm chitârsân.*

75

*Bahare, Sarwar Aulā,
Dukh merā dard gawāīye !”*

“All the world errs: even as the Queen Sītā erred, O
Sultān (Sarwar),

Errod also Rām and Lachhman, O Sultān.*

I will light thy lamps,

I will call on thy name.

75

Come, O Saintly Sarwar,

Relieve me of my agony and pain.”

When Pherū began to cry out and acknowledged his guilt Sakhi Sarwar had pity on him. So mounting his mare and taking Bhairon with him he went to Pherū's hut and asked the road to Kābul. “What do you want in Kābul?” said Pherū. “We are physicians from Dehlī,” said they, “sent to teach the king of Kābul medicine.” “If you will but treat me,” said the leper, “I will remember you all my days.” “But if we treat you, what will you give us?” said the physicians. “Alas!” said he, “I have nothing to give!” “Something we must have,” returned the physicians, “at any rate a pound of flour for our horses.” Pherū promised anything in his power if they would only cure him. Whereupon

*Chashmā† kaḍḍh nikālīā,
Pherū Bāhman nūn ghol pīā līā.*

“Sītāl jhole, Sāhibā,

80

Dehī nūn ṭhaṇḍ pawāīye !”

They took out some of the holy soil,

And mixing it (in a cup of water) they gave it to Pherū
the Brāhman.

(Said Pherū), “O Lord, as a breath of cool air,

80

Hast thou cooled my (burning) body !”

As soon as Pherū had drunk up the dissolved earth he was cured at once. The rapid cure made him doubt the real character of the physician, and so he laid hold of Sarwar's

* Allusion to the well known story in the *Rāmāyana* of Sītā's disobedience of Rāma's instructions not to go out of the charmed circle (*kīr*), while their error was in leaving her alone.

† Sacred soil from Makkā, but here from Nigāhā, the shrine of Sakhi Sarwar.

mare and said, "You are concealing yourselves, you are not physicians. You are Sakhi Sarwar and Bhairon, the holy."

"We are indeed physicians," replied they, "it is your will to call us Sarwar and Bhairon. However, bring us the grain you agreed to give us."

"I will not move a yard" replied he, "for you may gallop off, while I go for the grain."

At last finding that he would not leave them they dropped their whips and asked him to pick them up, and as he stooped to do so, they galloped off, leaving him staring after them.

Changā karke ghaliā,

Pherū Bāhman ghar nuñ chaliā.

Bahutā sukh ānand nāl,

Ghar sukhī sādī jāie.

85 *Pahilān warē muqām, jī :*

Phir nuñ-nuñ kare salām, jī :

Haṭhīn būhā kholke

Jā andar pairī pāie.

Roshan hūe chirāgh, jī.

90 *Bāhman de waḍḍe bhāg, jī.*

Pairīn paindī Lachhmī,

Man andar khushī wadhāie.

Having cured him they sent him away,

And Pherū, the Brāhman set out for home.

With great rejoicings

He reached home safe and sound.

85 First he went to the shrine, sir :

And made his lowly salutations, sir :

Opening the door with his own hands

And prostrating himself within.

There was a lighting of the lamps, sir.

90 Very fortunate was the Brāhman, sir.

Lachhmī* fell at his feet,

Happy in her heart.

Returning home Pherū went on to serve Sakhi Sarwar as heretofore. After a while it occurred to him that he should

* His wife.

go to Nigāhā and be fed from the hands of the revered Bāī* and obtain some boon from Sarwar. So he went towards Nigāhā and getting as far as the Trimmūt† ferry he sat down by the banks of the Rāvi. Here Bhairon appeared to him in the form of a groom and asked Pherū why he was there. Pherū replied that he was going to Nigāhā.

"But who goes to Nigāhā at this season," said the groom, "when the river is so swollen? It is no easy matter to cross at this season. Better go back and come again with the regular company of pilgrims (*sang*)."

"I will never go back," replied Pherū, "I have made my vow and go I will."

On this the groom was very pleased and said, "Very well, if you must go across, sit on this grass mat and shut your eyes."

Pherū did so and immediately found himself across the river, but neither the mat or its owner could he see anywhere.

When he reached the Satluj, Bhairon the holy visited him in the form of a shepherd and told him that if he wanted to cross he could take him over on a reed mat. Pherū sat on it and was taken across in a moment, but the shepherd disappeared. Then Pherū knew that it was the same man that had helped him over the Rāvi.

At length he reached Nigāhā and there Sakhī Sarwar visited him assuming the form of an Aroṇ and asked him to take food in his house, saying that there were no Brāhmans in the village. He offered him eleven gold pieces in return for the honour. Pherū could not resist the temptation, saying to himself that he would visit the shrine afterwards. So he accompanied the sham Aroṇ to his house.

*Līlā Bāī rang vitāiā ;
Kar chaukī bhāṇṇā pāiā ;*

95 *Kar bhojan bhalā jīmāiā.*

*Prān ditti dakhnā,
Jyūn dharm sahāie.*

* Sakhī Sarwar's wife.

† Towards Multān.

The Lady Bâi changed her form,*

She made a cooking place and placed the vessels,

95 Preparing the food in plenty.

The Saint gave him his (Brâhman's) fee,

As though bound by religion.

After Pherû had been fed by Bâi, whom he supposed to be the wife of the Aroṛâ, and had received the customary present from the sham Aroṛâ, he returned to the shrine, buried the remainder of the food and sat down expecting that Bâi would give him bread with her own hands and Sakhi Sarwar himself the usual present. Knowing this Sakhi Sarwar appeared to the shrine attendant, Chhattâ, in a dream and told him to ask Pherû why he was sitting there, for that what he wanted had been accomplished. "If he says he has received nothing, then tell him that the supposed Aroṛâ was Sakhi Sarwar, and that the food he had eaten was prepared by Bâi. If he does not believe you then tell him to put his little finger to his chest and the food that he ate will come out of his mouth and the food that he buried in golden utensils will be found to be in brass ones, and that the gold pieces he had as a present will be turned into brass also. So Chhattâ, the shrine attendant, went to Pherû and said, "Why don't you go home since you have got what you came for?" But Pherû rejoined, "I have got nothing as yet." On this the attendant told him that the food he had eaten had been prepared by Bâi and that the present he had received was from the hands of Sarwar himself. But the Brâhman would not believe him. So then the attendant prayed that the gold pieces presented him might turn to brass, that the golden utensils might also become brass, and that the food he had eaten might come out of his mouth. All this came literally to pass. On seeing this the Brâhman was very much ashamed and cried out to Sakhi Sarwar, "I cannot return home disgraced in this wise." Then a voice called out, "Let the vessels and gold pieces become golden," and behold! it was so, and the Brâhman took them home.

* i.e., became an Aroṛâ's wife.

- Changâ karke ghallîd ;*
Pherû Bâhman ghar nuîn chaliâ,
 100 *Bahutâ sukh ânand nâl*
 Ghar sukhi samî jâie.
Majlis tambî tânadî,
Phîr oh khushiân mânadâ.
 Jedâ agge tul sî, nur
 105 *Osî tul charhaie.*
 Curing him they sent him (home) ;
 Pherû the Brâhman went home,
 100 With great rejoicings
 Reaching his home safe and sound.
 They pitched his camp in the Court,
 And then rejoiced.
 Even as he was before, again
 105 They placed him in his former state.
-

No. XXII.

THE MARRIAGE OF SAKHÍ SARWAR, AS RECORDED BY A MUNSHI OF THE LAHORE DISTRICT FOR MRS. F. A. STEEL.

[This legend gives in detail what has been already alluded to in previous ones about Sakhi Sarwar. It is valuable as showing his thoroughly Indian character and descent. The purely Hindú cast given to all the ceremonies connected with the marriage is remarkable.]

[It should be noted that the governor of Multán marries his daughter to an ordinary *faqir*. Though there is no evidence, as far as I know, to show that there ever was such a governor as that mentioned in this legend, such marriages were by no means unknown in former days: e.g., the marriage of the daughter of the Emperor Bahlol Lodí, in 1452 A.D., to Shekh Sadar Jahán of Kotlá-Máler.]

[The prose parts, being in ordinary Urdú, have not been given in original.]

Jal thal ik Alláh, jî !

Rabb qudrat dá Bâdsháh, jî !

Terá, Alláh, Nabbí gaváh, jî !

Lená nám Rasûl dá,

5 *Phir ummat de Sarband dá.*

Dhol Dharti dhárdí ;

Rabb Chaudân Tabaq sawârdá ;

Pání pave jhalár dá ;

Ashtam táre laṭakde ;

10 *Chánan bále chand dá.*

Álam Hawwá paindá,

Rabb duniyá sishṭ wadhaindá,*

Rabb sir sir dhande laindá.

Jo jo hukm, Niháliá,

15 *Karo kamáo dhand dá.*

Sat Jugí Multání ;

Kóí Shahr bhalá pírání ;

Shahr 'ajab sohná ; mán

Sakhí, 'Álam Nau Khanḍ dá.

* For *sarishṭ*, creation. .

- 20 *Piú Zainu'l-'ábadín nit nám*
Láye khair wand dá.
Ghar Sayyidán de jammián,
Sultáná, púr karamián,
Díwáná ubbhíán lammíán.
- 25 *Dhan jane Máí 'Aeshán,*
Wadháwá wají anand dá.
Sarwar, 'ajab jáwání,
Nál bhái Dhoḍá Khání,
Piú Zainu 'l-'ábadín, nit nám
- 30 *Láye khair wand dá.*
 One God of the land and sea!
 God is the king of power!
 The Prophet (Muḥammad) is thy witness, O God!
 First call on the name of the Prophet,
- 5 Then on the Leader of the Sect.*
 Dhavala† supports the earth;
 God has created the Fourteen Regions,‡
 Water He gives to the wells;
 The stars He hangs in the sky; §
- 10 He lights up the glory of the moon.
 He produced Adam and Hawwá (Eve);
 God gave increase to the creatures of the world;
 Appointed his place unto each.
 O Nihálá,|| whatever be His order,
- 15 Do thou perform thy duty.
 Multán belongs to the Golden Age,¶
 A city blessed by the Saints,**

* i.e., Sakhí Sarwar.

† Explained to be a cow - but was there ever any such Hindu notion?

‡ Musalmán notion

§ *Ashṭam*, apparently a pure misapprehension of the word *asṭán* or *akṣa*

|| The composer of the poem.

¶ i.e., is a very old city.

** Allusion to the descendants of 'Abdu'l-Qádir Jilání, Shams Tahres and other very celebrated saints, still found in large numbers in Multán.

A city very beautiful ; believe

In Sakhî (Sarwar), Lord of the Nine Quarters.

20 Ever the name of his father Zainu'l'-âbadîn,

Full of virtue, take.

Born in the house of Sayyids,

Was Sultân (Sarwar), full of good fortune,

Lord of the East and West :

25 Happily did Mother 'Aeshân† bring forth,

When the drums of rejoicing were sounded.

Sarwar, the glorious youth,

With his brother Dhoḍā Khân,

And Zainu'l'-âbadîn ; ever their names,

30 Full of virtue, take !

Now Sakhî Sarwar while grazing goats in the pastures had read the Qurân from his childhood. He had four brothers, of whom three were the sons of Rustam Khâtun,† his stepmother, viz., Sayyid Dâûd, Sayyid Maḥmûd and Sayyid Sahrâ. His father Zainu'l'-âbadîn dwelt at Garh Kot§ about twelve miles from Multân, and after Rustam Khâtun's death he married 'Aeshân|| there. She bore him two sons, Sayyid Ḥamad (Sakhî Sarwar) and Khân Jafî or Dhoḍā Khân. The saint's grandmother's name was Sâhibzâdi, who had a sister married to one Râibâ of the Rihânâ Tribe, by whom she had five sons, viz., Âbû, Dâdhâ, Saban, Makkû, and Abu'l-khair. But the saint had no maternal uncle.¶

When his mother's father died his brethren came and wanted him to divide the land owned by the grandfather among themselves, to which partition Sakhî Sarwar agreed, but they took all the good land and gave him only the bad. However, as he had paid no attention to agriculture, he was none the wiser, and taking his share proceeded to cultivate it. So he

* *Hindû* belief.

† Mother of Sarwar.

‡ Observe the Mughal form of the name.

§ Sakhkot, 12 miles from Multân according to the usual account.

|| She was a Khokhar.

¶ To perform the marriage for him. *Hindû*-custom.

sowed it with seed and prayed to God, and by the blessing of the Almighty his fields flourished and were ten-fold better than his brethren's, and they, being astonished, took counsel among themselves. So they went to him and told him there must have been a mistake in the partition and wanted to set up the pillars afresh. "Never mind about altering the pillars," said he, "you collect the whole harvest and give me my share." So the brethren collected the harvest and winnowed the grain, and when it was ready for distribution, they sent round to all the beggars of the neighbourhood to beg alms of grain from Sarwar so as to ruin him, and gave them instructions that if he refused them in any way they were to give him a bad name in all the villages round. Accordingly, when the division commenced, they all crowded round Sakhî Sarwar and begged grain of him in the name of God. Before long he had given all his own grain and commenced distributing that of the fields adjoining. His brethren, however, were quite pleased, "for," said they, "now that he has given away all his grain how will he pay the land revenue? As soon as the tax collector comes he will run away and we shall be rid of him and get all the land." With these notions in their heads they suggested his accompanying them to the Governor to pay the revenue, and his father, too, asked him to go in his place, as he was getting too old to walk. So all the brothers went off to Ghanû, the Pathân,* the ruler of Multân. On the road, being entirely innocent of such matters, the saint asked what land revenue was and they explained it to him. "But," said he, "I have nothing to pay with." "You must take your chance," said they, "the Governor may remit, or he may punish." Sakhî Sarwar felt very frightened on hearing this, for who could tell what the Governor would do to him, and so he determined to show him a miracle.

No sooner had he determined on this, when behold he was joined by a huge multitude which filled Multân, till there was hardly standing space. Seeing this vast concourse the Pathân

* A name apparently not known to history.

asked his minister to go and enquire about them. The minister came and saw that it was a saint on a mare that had come. So he reported that it was only a *fagîr* and no enemy that had come, and that the concourse had been created by him merely for his own amusement. This made the Governor feel very uneasy. But to try the saint's powers he sent him an empty tray and a pitcher, to see if he had miraculous power enough to fill them, and asked for food and water. The servant, who carried them, however, became afraid that if the saint should find them empty he would think that he himself had done it for a joke and would be wrath with him. So on the road he prayed to God not to disgrace him in the eyes of the saint, and God heard the prayer and filled the tray with rice and milk and the pitcher with water. Now Sakhî Sarwar knew by his miraculous knowledge what had happened, and said to his friend Faqîr Hussain Ghâî,* "look, the Governor wants me to show him a miracle." So when the servant came they both partook of some of the food and drink, but left some in the vessels to show the Governor that food had been put miraculously into them. When the Governor saw this, he became sure of the miraculous power of Sakhî Sarwar and, being afraid of what he had done, made up his mind to apologize. But Faqîr Hussain Ghâî told him that there was no need to do that, as he was justified in testing the power of a saint, and that Sakhî Sarwar would pardon him if he would behave himself in future!

The Governor, in his gratitude, gave Sakhî Sarwar a fine horse, a dress of honor and a *lâkk* and a quarter of rupees† but he imprisoned his five brethren for having forced him to come to Multân. Sakhî Sarwar took his presents and went straight to the Jail. On seeing him there the Governor of the Jail asked him why he came there, and Sarwar replied he was there because of his brethren, who were imprisoned. The Governor of the Jail asked him which among the prisoners

* *Ghâî*, apparently a tribal name: but habitat and origin unknown.

† Rupees 1,25,000.

were his brethren. "Every man in the Jail is my brother, and I have no intention of moving until they are all released," replied the saint. So the poor Governor went to Ghanû, the Pathân, who had perforce to release all the prisoners.

After this Sakhí Sarwar spent his *lâkh* and quarter of rupees in shaving and dressing decently all the beggars in Multân, for the large numbers of which the place has always been famous, and then he proceeded on his way home to Garh Kot riding on his horse in his new clothes. On the road he met 360 *faqirs* who begged for food, as they had been starving for twelve years. So the saint, having nothing else, gave them his horse and his clothes to buy food with in Multân. But no one would buy either horse or clothes for fear of incurring Ghanû's displeasure. The *faqirs*, therefore, returned disappointed to Sakhí Sarwar. The saint asked them which they really wanted, money or food. "Food is all we want," said the *faqirs*. "Then slaughter the horse and eat it," said Sarwar, "and make up the clothes into breeches and necessary clothing." So the *faqirs* did accordingly.

Now the saint's brethren still nourished great enmity against him, and when they saw this they rejoiced greatly, as they thought that when the Governor of Multân heard of it he would surely punish the saint. So they filled pitchers with the blood of the horse and took them to Ghanû, the Pathân.

Khorân dî pakkî wâdî !

Khor já karan faryâdî ;

Khale kúkan Bâdshâh te :

" Kyûn nahîn niyân karandâ ? "

It is always the way of the wicked !

The wicked went and complained ;

And stood crying out to the Governor :

" Why dost thou not do justice ? "

When Sakhí Sarwar's brethren showed the pitchers full of blood and explained how the present had been treated, Ghanû, the Pathân, became furiously angry and ordered his messengers to demand the horse and clothes from the saint. With great

fear and trembling the order was carried out. The messengers went to Garh Kot and sat down in Sakhi Sarwar's house, but said never a word. At last Zainu'l-'âbadin asked them what they wanted, to whom they replied that they were very perplexed; the order they had received was a very shameful one, but as it was the Governor's they felt obliged to carry it out. "The fact is," said they, "the Governor wants back the horse and clothes he presented to Sakhi Sarwar, and has sent us for it." Sakhi Sarwar and his friends heard of this and said naturally, "If the Governor be an honest man, how can he possibly want back what he has given away?" However, they went off to where the bones of the horse lay to see if God would help them by a miracle out of their dilemma. There were the Governor's messengers and some fifty other persons present. On reaching the bones Sakhi Sarwar desired the messengers to stand aside, as the miracle to be performed was one of God's mysteries and not fit for vulgar eyes. So they went aside and then Sarwar's friends and the *faqirs* present threw a sheet over the bones and prayed—

35 *Ralke Sayyid karan pukârâ ;*

"*Suneñ, Muhammad, Châre Yârâ !*

Kamm sawâreñ, Parwardigârû !

Oho ghorâ âve sârû !"

* *'Ibrîl ne ândî jindî,*

40 *Sâbit ghorâ turiâ.*

Sarwar âkhe, "wâh, wâh, Sainiâ !

Ghanû Pathân kare anîâin !"

35 Together the Sayyids prayed ;

"Hear us O Muhammad and the Four Companions.†

Perform our desire, O Cherisher of the Poor (God)!

May the horse become whole!"

Jibrâil brought him to life,

40 And the horse stood up whole.

Said Sarwar: "Hail, hail, Lord!

Ghanû the Pathân hath done injustice!"

* For Jibrâil = Gabriel.

† These are Abu Bakr, Umar, 'Usmân and 'Ali.

When the horse was restored to life and the clothes resuscitated Sarwar proceeded with them to the Governor. Ghanū saw him coming from his window and was much astonished and fully convinced that Sakhī Sarwar was a great saint. It followed that he himself was a very foolish man and a great sinner, as he had thwarted and worried Sarwar, so he became very much afraid of what he had done. Seeing that Sarwar was fast approaching he took his minister aside, explained to him all that had happened and asked his advice. The minister suggested that the best way out of the difficulty was to offer the saint a daughter in marriage. To this the Governor agreed, and when Sarwar came into the presence, Ghanū, the Pathān, very humbly begged forgiveness for his roughness and disbelief, and offered him his daughter as an atonement. Sakhī Sarwar replied that it was a very wicked act to annoy *faqīrs*, but that as far as he himself was concerned he would overlook everything, except that he would not now accept either the horse or the clothes. As for the girl he himself thought he ought not to marry her, being only a poor *faqīr*, while her father was a great Governor, but he would be guided by his own father's wishes entirely. And so Sakhī Sarwar went away home.

In a few days Ghanū, the Pathān, sent a Brāhman, a Dom, and a Barber in the regular (Hindū!) fashion to Zainu'l-'ābadīn with a proposal for Sakhī Sarwar's betrothal to his daughter and many apologies for his conduct.

Bhānā hoīā Rabb dā

Ghore de sabab dā!

45

Bibī Bāī, Ghanū dī dhī,

Bādshāh Pirān thīn mangdā.

Glory was to God

On account of the horse!

45

The Lady Bāī, Ghanū's daughter,

The Governor betrothed to the saint.

When the three messengers told Zainu'l-'ābadīn what the Governor proposed, he replied that it was not a correct thing for a *faqīr* to marry a Governor's daughter, but that as the

proposal had been made it could not be well refused. So the proposal was accepted and Zainu'l-'Ābadīn sent back by the hands of the servants a magnificent present of pearls, a horse and splendid robes to the Governor, such as he could accept. He found no difficulty about this, as the great Saint Sakhī Sarwar always found whatever he wanted on his praying carpet (*musallā*).

Ralke gaṇḍhī pāwande,
Pīrān nūn pīr sadāwande.

As Pīr samāule,

50 *Dīwānā, khūsh rang dā.*

Gandhī leke chaliā wadhāwā,
*Ghar Sayyidān waje wadhāwā.**

Mele āwan Pīr Farīdā,

Tere utte karam Nabī dā !

55 *Pīr Bannōī diēn dhōī,*
Pīr Sunnāmōn charhiā.

Degī khāne pakile

Masāle aṇab mahkde :

Lungriān te chhanīān

60 *Pīrjī thāl bharandā.*

Nafar khā uṭhāiōn,

Sab hove kamm anand dā.

Neūn de moharān paīndiān

Zar, sonā, anand dā !

65 *Satrān andar sawāniān*

Ral gāwan bīlīān rāniān :

Tāiān, phuphiān, māsīān,

Sab hove kamm anand dā.

Sarwar Sayyid nahāwandā ;

70 *Awwal tahmat chaukī āwandā.*

(Nihālā bahār ban gāwandā,

Kahinā kahe Rasūl dā.)

Kuppar wal pahindā.

Dhōḍā Khān nahwālie,

* There is a pun here—*wadhāwā* is a hanger on, a servant, and also a drum.

- 75 *Pahin, bághán vich bahálie.*
 Donoñ bhái baiñhde
 Sarbálá takht buland dá,
 Zuinu'l-'ábadín naháwandá ;
 Kuppar rang saháwandá,
 80 *Bahishtí joñá'pahinke,*
 Á beñián kol bahandá.
 Janj charhí Sultán dí :
 Kul joñ zamín asmán dí.
 Ziárat kare juhán, jí ;
 85 *Viyáh si adambar rang ba-rang dá.*
 Bhairon Deví nál hai,
 Nál mohar nuqáru hamb dá.
 Together they tied the marriage knots,
 Saints calling Saints.
 Glorious Saints came there,
 50 Careless and happy.
 The servants took the marriage knots,
 And drums were beaten in the Sayyid's house.
 Shekh Faríd* joined the marriage party.
 The blessing of the prophet is on thy (Sarwar's) head †
 55 Pír Bannoi gave thee protection,
 Coming from Sunnám.‡
 Food was cooked in the caldrons,
 With savoury spices ;
 With small cups and saucers
 60 The Saint filled a platter.
 The servants ate it up
 And were all pleased.
 (The Saint) obtained the marriage presents ;
 The golden coins of delight !
 65 Behind the curtain were the matrons
 Singing with the ladies and maidens :

* The celebrated Saint of Pákrattan.

† That such great men should be present.

‡ A well known Saint from Sunnám, near Pañiálá.

Aunts and cousins

All rejoiced.

Sarwar the Sayyid was bathed ;

70 First they brought him towel and stool.

(Nihâlâ sings it beautifully,

Giving the praise to the Prophet.)

They clothed him splendidly.

Dhoda Khân bathed (Sarwar) ;

75 Dressed and seated him in a garden ;

Both brothers were sitting

On a lofty throne.

Zainu'l-'âbadîn (also) bathed (Sarwar) ;

Clothes of beautiful colours

80 And heavenly raiment wearing,

He sat down beside his sons.

Sultân's (Sarwar's) marriage procession started,

And the earth and heavens were lighted up.

The whole world came to see, sir ;

85 For the marriage was a scene of beautiful
colours.

Bhairon and Devî were present

With drums beaten before them.*

A *lâkh* and a quarter of visible and a *lâkh* and a quarter of invisible *faqîrs* attended Sakhî Sarwar's wedding procession. The Governor was afraid that, as he was marrying his daughter to a *faqîr*, the bridegroom's procession would consist of ragged beggars, and would be a source of permanent annoyance to him, so he sent his minister out to see what kind of procession it really was, that he might have time, if necessary, to arrange something suitable. Expecting to see something very mean the minister was astonished at finding a most magnificent procession approaching, attracting enormous crowds to itself, and so he went and reported that the procession was so large that there would be no finding food and drink for them. When it

* These verses apparently refer to the well known *Hindû* sacred song (*rdg*) of the marriage of Śiva and Pārbati, in which Bhairon and Sanichar are made to play a prominent part in this manner.

arrived it had to be accommodated outside the city, and when all the tents and canopies were pitched the space covered was found to measure twelve *kos* (miles) round the town.

Now the Governor had ordered the confectioners not to charge anything for their supplies, which he engaged to pay for on the completion of the marriage. Bhairon the Holy and Devī, who had accompanied the procession, had a mind to view the city. As they were wandering about they saw a confectioner giving a farmer a large quantity of sweets for nothing and asked him why he did so. He replied that it was the Governor's orders to supply whatever the procession wanted without payment. When they heard this they were very pleased.

It so happened that the Governor's invitation to the marriage feast fell on the day that was a fast both to Hindūs and Musalmāns, so the Hindū Gods and Muhammadan Saints refused to attend.* Consequently there was a very large quantity of food wasted; however, as Bhairon the Holy and Hanwant (Hanumān) the Holy were mere children† and not affected by the fast, they were requested to eat some of the food. So they began and very soon ate it all up and asked for more! Thus it turned out to be quite true as the minister had said, the procession was so great that there would not be enough food and drink for them. The Governor asked the gods to forgive him, as it was not his fault that there was not sufficient food. On this Bhairon the Holy and Hanwant the Holy took their departure.

Now the Governor erected a long bamboo on the top of which he placed six more and the top of all he put a brass cup (*kaṭorā*) and asked Sakhī Sarwar to see if he could hit it with an arrow, saying that it was a necessary ceremony in his family, before giving away a daughter.

* The marriage feast fell on the fast of Ramzān which also happened to be an *ekādahī*, or turn of the moon, occurring every 15 days and is a fast with Hindūs.

† A mythological point probably worth following up.

- Ghanû kuppî uḡwāwandā,*
Sultān Sayyid azmāwandā :
- 90 *Pahlā wār Paṭhān dā*
 Tīr jāndā pās ghūmdā.
Pher wār āiā Pīrūn dā :
Jor Kakkī, azmat khān dā,
Pīr māre tīr kumān dā ;
- 95 *Soñ kaṭorī jhaṭ pāe ;*
 Pīr pahlī chot urandā.
Sayyidān kī maidānī :
Shakr hoīā nūrānī :
- 100 *Pīr hawelī utare,*
 Pachkūrā kare anand dā.
Qāzī Ghanū sadāwandā ;
Rāt Juma' dī āwandā :
 Bībī Bāī nūn samjhāiā,
 Paṭhiā 'aman to bi'llah' khush rang dā.
- 105 *Qāzī paṛhe nikāh, jī,*
Kol saddio vakīl gawāh, jī :
 Sabhī shartān kētīān :
 Paṭhiā 'aman to bi'llah' khush rang dā.
Zainat Khātun boldī
Sandūk lakkhān de kholdī :
- 110 *Bībī Bāī nūn pahnāwandī,*
 Kappaṛ man pasand dā.
Pippal patrewāliān,
Phūl kaṛiān te ḡaṇḡiān,
- 115 *Chhalle, munde, āre,*
 Vich phumman bāzūband dā.
Lāl samundaron dī,
Hīrā chaunk purāiā,
 Jorī jāre jāwāhīrān,
- 120 *Koī lāl matthe dhalkdā.*
Pahin nath sohāg dī,
Putreṭī waddhī bhāg dī ;
 Do motī vich lābrī
 Pāṭī sone tand dā.
- 125 *Sarwar le salāmidān*
 Sauhre thīn widiā mang dā.

- Niyat khar parhan jawān, jī,*
Khās Musalmān, jī,
Wāja wajje nihāliā,
 130 *Pīr dharan mohānā piṇḍ dā,*
Māī 'Aashān pānī pherdā,
Kīṭā nūh sas piyār chum dā.
Lassī mūndrī pāwand,
Sarīwar te Bāī khakhwānā
 135 *Donon barābar khakhle,*
Kīā sar pāsā panch rang dā.
Dām jo āe chalke,
Darwāzā bahandē malke :
"Deīn, Sarwar Sayyidā,
 140 *Pher jī asādā mang dā."*
Kanak jawār ubālde,
Bāī te Lang sambhālde :
Ghughhanān thanḍelke
Chādar pallā pāwandle
 145 *Dhādī mangan doā, jī ;*
"Pālūn kare Khudā, jī."
Pālūn āin, Nihāliā,
Kīā sawāl ik rang dā.
Pher jo āiā chalke,
 150 *Darwāzā bahandā malke,*
"Deīn, Sarwar Sayyidā,
Jī asādā mang dā"
"Is khiyāl nā pāo, jī
Joṛe ghore le jāo, jī"
 155 *"Bharle thailī asān dē"*
Jehṛā lāiā kīyā.
Wan hoe hariāule,
(Khudā kākān āe hūn)
Wan tan pilān logiān ;
 160 *Chun khā padānon pand dā.*
Git hai aḡab khiyāl dā,
Hire, motī, lāl dā.
Mere Rabb, namāne Pāliā,
Teriān tūī jānā hai,
 165 *Terā pūr nu wāṛā pāiā.*

- Ghanû made (him) shoot down the cup,
 To test Sultân the Sayyid :
 90 First (Ghanû) the Paṭhân's
 Arrow flew past it.
 Next came the Saint's turn ;
 Placing Kakkî,* the Lord of power,
 The Saint shot an arrow from his bow ;
 95 The golden cup fell down ;
 The Saint shot it down at the first shot.
 The Sayyid won the field :
 The City was lighted up :
 The Saints went to his (Ghanû's) home
 100 And alighted with joy.
 The Qâzî sent for Ghanû ;
 Friday night came†
 They taught the Lady Bâî,
 And she repeated ' God's peace on thee'‡
 with joy.
 105 The Qâzî performed the marriage,
 And summoned the representatives and witnesses:
 Made all the settlements :
 And they repeated : ' God's peace on thee'
 with joy.
 Zainat Khâtun§
 110 Opened the chest of a *lâkh's* worth (of clothes),
 And put on the Lady Bâî
 Garments that she desired.
 Earrings like *pîpal* leaves,
 Flower-like rings and earrings,
 115 Rings and mirrored rings,
 And tasseled armlets,
 Rubies from the sea,||
 Diamonds set for the hair,
 Jewelled bracelets,

* His mare † The marriage day amongst Mussalmâns.

‡ The completion of the marriage § Bâî's mother.

|| The superstition is that rubies spring from the sea.

- 120 And put the red spot on the forehead.*
 Put on the nose-ring of wifehood
 On the lucky girl;
 And two pearls
 Suspended by a golden thread (from her nose).
- 125 Sarwar received the presents
 And took leave of his father-in-law.
 Having repeated the blessings the young man (Sarwar),
 A true Musalman (Sir),
 With music of rejoicing,
 Set out for his home.
- 130 Mother Aeshân drank the water.†
 The mother kissed her son's wife lovingly.
 Putting the ring into milk and water,‡
 Both Sarwar and Bâi drew the augury,§
- 135 Both tried together
 As though they were playing at chess ||
 The bards came
 And sat together at the door :
 (Saying), "Give us, Sarwar Sayyid,
 What our hearts desire."
- 140 They boiled the wheat and millet,
 And gave it to Bâi and Lanjâ (Sarwar) :
 Cooling the millet
 They put it into their kerchiefs.¶
- 145 The bards prayed,
 That God would give them *pîlû* fruit.**
 Pure *pîlûs*, O Nihâlâ,
 They desired immediately.
 Again they came

* *Hindû* sign of wifehood

† *Hindû* ceremony of circling a cup of water round the heads of the newly wedded pair and drinking it

‡ *Hindû* custom. § Of which was to be the better in life.

|| Eagerly to see which would draw out the ring first.

¶ Purely *Hindû* custom.

** See Vol. I., pp. 96-7. These verses explain a miracle Sarwar is said to have made the *pîlû* to fruit out of season to please his bards.

- 150 And sat together at the door
 " Give us, Sarwar Sayyid,
 What our hearts desire."
 " Desire not thus, sirs ;
Take clothes and horses from me, sirs."
155 " (No) fill up our wallets (with *pîlûs*),"
 Said they obstinately.
The forest became green,
And the *pîlû* trees blossomed,
 And *pîlûs* came on to the branches,
160 And the bards picked them up and ate eagerly.
This song is truly wondrous,
Full of diamonds, pearls and rubies.
O God, the cherisher of orphans,
 Thou only knowest Thyself ;
165 None can fathom Thee.

No. XXIII.

THE BALLAD OF CHŪHAR SINGH,

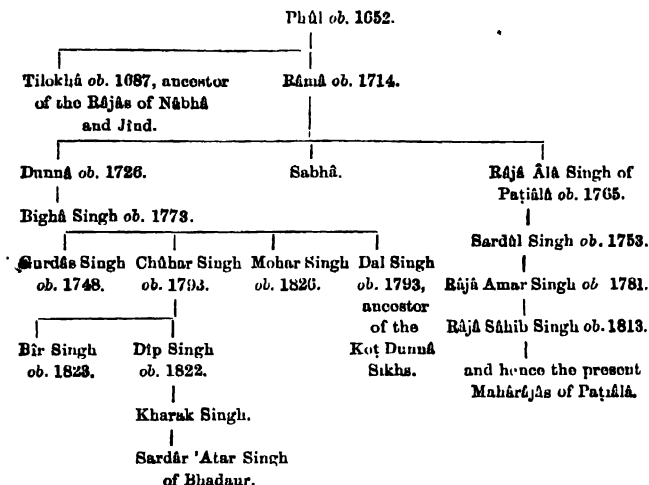
AS KNOWN TO THE SIDDHŪ AND BARĀR JAṬṬS AND AS RECORDED
IN A GUERUKHĪ MS. COMMUNICATED BY SARDĀR 'ATAR SINGH
OF BHADAUR.

[The Vār (or Bār), or Ballad, of Chūhar Singh is one of the most famous popular poems of the Sikh Districts of the Panjāb. It relates a well known historical fact which occurred in 1798 A.D., viz., the treacherous burning to death of Chūhar Singh and Dal Singh, his brother, in a small *burj* or tower, into which they had been invited for the night by Sajjan, a Barār Jaṭṭ. Sajjan himself was soon after killed by Bīr Singh and Dīp Singh, the sons of Chūhar Singh, in revenge, with the help of the Paṭiālā troops under Albel Singh Kālekā and Bakhshī (Commandant) Saide Khān Dogar See Griffin's *Rājās of the Panjāb*, pp 257-8.]

[The most important tribe in the Panjāb are the Jaṭṭs, and the most important branch of these are the Siddhūs. At the present day the chief families of these Siddhūs are those called Phūlkiān or descendants of Phūl, a Chaudhri, or Revenue Collector, and also chief local magnate, under the Emperor Shāhjahān. Phūl died in 1652 A.D., and from him are descended the Mahārājā of Paṭiālā, the Rājās of Jind and Nābhā, the Sardārs of Bhadaur and many minor families.]

[The Barārs or Siddhū-Barārs broke off from the main line of the Siddhūs apparently about 1850 A.D., and are represented now by the Rājā of Faridkot.]

[Chūhar Singh of Bhadaur was the great-grandson of Rāmā, the second son of Phūl, and the first great chief of the house of Bhadaur. Dal Singh was his youngest brother and was the ancestor of the Koṭ Dunnā Sikhs. The present chief of Bhadaur is the great-grandson of Chūhar Singh through Dīp Singh, the younger of the two sons who avenged his death. Rājā Sāhib Singh of Paṭiālā, mentioned as having helped in the vengeance exacted for the death of Chūhar Singh, was the great-grandson of Rājā Ālā Singh, the third son of Rāmā, from whose eldest son, Dunnā, the Sardārs of Bhadaur are descended. The following genealogy will show the relationship of the various actors in the tale.]



[Bararakki or the Land of the Barârs consists of the parts about Mârî, Marîj, Mukatsar, Mudki, Buchon, Bhadaur, Sultân Khân and Faridkot, and patches in Patûâlâ, Nabhâ and Malaudh, i.e., the greater part of the Ferozpûr District, parts of the Lodiânâ District and of the Patîâlâ and Nabhâ States and the whole of the Faridkot State.]

TEXT.

*Bâr Chûhar Singhî kî, jis ko Bararakkî
meñ ûm log gûte haiñ.*

Vichh Bhadaur de Chûhar Singh Bhîm Sain sadâve !

Baddhî te râlî kise de pasand mûl na lâve.

Likhke chitthî Dunne de Kot nûn chalâve :

“Tain charh ânwanâ, Dal Singhâ, rûj Bararakkî dâ
thiâve ;

5 Ajj dîân khattîân bahke putt potâ vichh Bhadaur de
khâve.

**Rigar gae rijjat* Ghanayye Bâje dî, ghar baithe nûn
Sajjan rûj âpân diwâve.”**

* For ra'iyat.

Vekhke parwānān sikhar dupahre Dal Singh chaṛh āve.
 Bhrā dā sadyā juttī mūl nān pāvo.
 Chaṛhde Dal Singh nūn sūan ho gaiā mandā : ik chōh-
 rā lakṛān dā bharī laike darbaije nūn mohre āve.

- 10 Ganān dā gheriā, ṭakor dhaunse nūn lawāve.
 Vichh Barnāle de Dal Singh patte Chūhar Singh nūn
 bulāve :

“ Kī mahimm paī, Chūhar Singhā, tainūn ? kāh dī khātar
 Dal Singh nūn sadāve ? ”

Chūhar Singh Dal Singh chaṛh Bhadaur nūn āe.
 Donān bhirāwān matā matāke sabh phauj Ghanayyo
 Bāje nūn chaṛhāyā.

- 15 Pahile ḍerā vichh Bhāī-ke-Dyālpure lāyā ;
 Panjāh rupaie dā karūh parsād Māi Rajjī de chulhīn bartāyā.
 Dusrā ḍerā chak ke vichh Ghanayyo Bāje de lāyā.
 Bolyā Sajjanān “ tūn kaḍḍh layāvīn muttīān, Raushanā
 Kalālā, jehrīn sajdiān tund diūn tund kaḍḍhān.”
 Akk to dhatūrā jahar diān gaḍḍiān vichh dārū ke
 Sajjan nen rālāiān.

Iknān ne bukkīn, iknān ne ukkiān, iknān ne chakk garvīān
 muñh nūn lāiān.

- 20 Jinhān de piū dāde dārū akkhīn nūn ḍiṭṭhī, unhān ne
 chakk maṭṭīān muñh nūn lāiān.

Din chhipde nāl phaujān ho galān khīvīān ; auro aur de
 nāl Sajjan nen dholki bajāī.

Mārke kambal diān jhumbān bāhar Bararakkī dī āī.

Dhoke rohi* diān khittīān bār chubāre dī banwāl.

Udoñ boliā Chūhar Singh, “ Sajjanān, dholkī kehī
 bajwāl ? ”

- 25 Kahandā, “ Jatt dā gaināch gal dhāndī ; tūn paike saun
 rahu, Phūl ke,

Ānkul ke diviān, man vichh gam rakkhīn nūn kāl ! ”

Machāke pāthī use vele agg chubāre nūn lāī.

Jān mach utṭhī murdo-khānī bolyā Chūhar Singh, “ Saj-
 janān, masāl kūh nūn machālī ? ”

“Tân païke sauñ rahu, Chûhar Singhâ, man vichch gam
rakkhîñ nau kâî !”

- 30 Ghorâ te dusâlâ laïke rijjat Bararakkî dî milan âî.
Jân mach utthî agg murde-khânî kuchhak dig paññ
chubâre diññ kaññ; agg Chûhar Singh de bambo
dâhre aur mohani gogâr nûñ âî.

Chûhar Singh boliâ, “Dal Singhâ, upar charh chubâro
de, kuchh mardângî dikhâle !

Marnân tâñ ab sir pur â giâ, lâj kul nûñ kâñ nûñ lâfe ?”

Âp dî jân dî nûñ banî, bharke roti dî dhûl Dal Singh de
pairân nûñ dâhlî.

- 35 Mardâ hoyâ bolyâ, “Dal Singhâ, jammo the bâro bari,
maut katthiân nûñ âî !

Phûl Marûj dâ pichhâ sâlâ, honñ hatth Jattân de âî.”

Bolyâ Chûhar Singh, “Dal Singhâ, gharik dî der thûu
rakkh lañ, sâññ der na kâî.”

Bolyâ Chûhar Singh Nainâ Singh Jhanjar ko nûñ,
“eh belâ hai, mardângî dikhâî.”

Batherñ chahññ Nainâ Singh Jhanjar ko neñ pes
chali, nahñ kâî.

- 40 Tân bolyâ Sajjan, “tûñ pharâ de hathiâr, Chûhar Singhâ,
tainûñ mârde nañhî.”

“Âke phar lai hathiâr, Sajjanân, nahñ bhej de Pardhânâ
bhâî.”

Mâr ditti Pardhâne nûñ Sajjan neñ, Chûhar Singh de
chubâre nûñ charh lâyâ Pardhânâ; bagrâke tîrân dî
kâñ Chûhar Singh neñ Pardhâne de mukhe nûñ lai

Tîmî Sajjan dî bharke chhannân duddh dâ liâî :

“Main sadke, we Chûhar Singhâ te Dal Singhâ; mere
deuro, jândî wâr dâ duddh dâ chhannâ hatthou merio
chhakke jâñî !

- 45 Tusîñ âdî Barâr mudhân de dhole, basâhu karnâ nâñhî.”
Itne mar gayâ Chûhar Singh : maro Chûhar Singh diññ
khabarân vichch Gurû-de-Koñhe âiññ.

Likh lai chitthî Mât Rajjî neñ vichch Bhadaur de âiññ.

Vâch lai chitthiân muharân munsiñ; kochiñ kahar diññ
âiññ !

- Saddke Lahaurī Dām nūn chittān palle Lahaurī de āīān.
- 50 Torke chittān Patīāle nūn Māī Rājkur ne khoh siṭṭāī
mīdīān sajdiān saj gudāīān.
Mar gao Chūhar Singh te Dal Singh unhān dīān khabarān āīān.
Thabbiān de thabbe gahne lāh vichh paṭāre de pāīān.
Rondī Māī Rājkonwar Chūhar Singh nūn kahke sir de sūnān.
Turīān chittān vichh Patīāle de āīān.
- 55 Vichh Patīāle Saide Khān Dogar Albelā Singh Kālekā,
jinḥāu ne sabh nūn chittān dikhāīān.
Charḥdīān phaujān Sabhar Dogar ne haṭāīān;
“Garḥīn dā mahīnā phaujān marangīān tihāīān.”
Kaddke kālīān pīlīān akkhān gussā khūeke Albel Singh
Kāleke nūn phaujān Ghanīe Bāje nūn charḥāīān.
Phaujān Ghanīe Bāje nūn āīān.
- 60 Pahilā ḍerā vichh Kurachhāpe, dōjā ḍerā vichh Bhāī-ko-
Dyālpure, jitthe degān kunke dīān bartāīān.
Bolyā Bīr Singh Jalāl kā, “merā te bairī dā ṭākṛā, Devīe,
tūn karāī.”
Satīn sawārān nāl khedḍā sikār Sajjan, Phūlkīān de
dhaūsiān dīān ṭakorān sunke, ghorē dī bāg pachh-
āhān nūn bharnāī.
Ūh Chūhar Singh dā garaṭā ghorā, hatth de utte bāj kare
hawāī.
Dekhke Phūlkīān dīān phauj nūn ghorē te bāj ronde,
thamden nāuhī.
- 65 Bolyā Sajjan, “lah laū pagriān, Barāṭ bachyo, Sunām te
Patīāle dīān bolīān chirīān ghar baiṭhyān nūn Rabb
neṅ phasāīān.”
Khā gayā gussā Bīr Singh Jalāl ke nūn: “deh hukam,
Rājā Sāhib Singhā, Jaṭṭ nūn jān dindā nāuhī.”
De diṭṭā hukam Rājā Sāhib Singh neṅ, ghorī magar Jaṭṭ
de lagāī.
Rūrī charḥde nūn mil gayā Bīr Singh barchī Sajjan de lāī.
Bāhī dī sāng vichh dhartī de rar kāl.

- 70 Kolon tapp gayâ Lahauri Dâm waḍhke sir Sajjan dâ agg
dahri nûn lûi.
Mâr lîâ Sajjan Ghanîân sunk basûgâ nânhi.
Â gai andherî kise kahar dî, Jattân dî jân Rabb neñ
bachâi.
Údon dâ ujârîâ Ghanîâ Bâjâ, uthe mur basiâ nânhi.
Murî phauj Patiâle nûn jândî vichch Bhadaur de âi.
75 Sabhnân blâîân katthâ karke Râjâ Sâhib Singh nen
majlas bathâi :
“ Dhâi gai hadd ajj Bararakkî dî, dhohî Barâr tikañge
nânhi.
Takre hoke raho, bhirâvo, âpo apuî thâûi.
Jo bhânâ bartâyâ Gurû neñ, so murdâ nânhi, Mâi.
Eh velâ kise de moran dâ nânhi, bâh chaldi nahîñ âi.”

TRANSLATION.

*The Ballad of Chûhar Singh as sung by the common
people in the Barâr Country.*

In Bhadaur they called Chûhar Singh Bhim Sain.*

He gave no heed to any one's opinion or advice.

He sent a letter to Kot Dunnâ,†

“ Come along, O Dal Singh, and rule the land of the
Barârs;

- 5 That our sons and grandsons may enjoy the gains of
to-day in Bhadaur.

The people of Ghanayyâ Bâjâ‡ are in revolt, and Sajjan
offers the rule to us at home.”

When he saw the letter Dal Singh came on at noon-day.
(On receiving) his brother's message he did not (even)
put on his shoes (in his haste).

As Dal Singh advanced an evil omen befel him : a scaven-
ger carrying a head-load of wood met him at
his gate.

* That is Bhîma, the Pândava, the personification of strength and
power.

† In the Patiâlâ State.

‡ In the Firozpur district, now in possession of the Bhadaur family

- 10 Encompassed by the messengers (of death) his death-drum was beaten.
 In Barnālā* Dal Singh exchanged compliments with Chūhar Singh :
 "What difficulty has befallen thee, O Chūhar Singh ?
 Why hast thou called Dal Singh ?"
 Chūhar Singh and Dal Singh went on to Bhadaur,
 And the two brothers consulting advanced their whole force to Ghanayya Bājā.
- 15 Their first camp was at Dyālpurā of the Bhāts,†
 Where they distributed fifty rupees in sweets in honor of Māl Rājī.‡
 The next camp was in Ghanayyā Bājā.
 Said Sajjan, "Do thou get out the flagons, O Raushan Kalāl,§ of which (the wine) is fresh and very strong."
 Sajjan mixed the poisonous seeds of the asclepias and datura with the wine.
 Some in both hands, some in one hand, and some drank it off in cups.
- 20 They whose fathers and grandfathers had never set eyes on wine, brought flagons to their lips.
 At nightfall the army were drunken, and when it was dark Sajjan beat the drums.
 Making masks of their blankets the men of the Barār country came in.
 Collecting the thorns of the deserts they made a fence round the house.
 Then spake Chūhar Singh, "O Sajjan, why didst thou beat the drums ?"
- 25 Saith he, "Some husbandman hath lost his cow ; go thou to sleep, thou son of Phūl.

* In Patialā State.

† Dyālpura is in Patialā State. The Bhāts or Bhaikīān family are Suddh Jatts claiming senior descent to the Phūlkīān families, with whom they are intimately connected.

‡ Wife of Chūhar Singh.

§ The Kulāls are the caste that make and sell spirituous liquors.

O thou light of thy race, have no fear in thy heart."

Lighting cowdung (fuel) he set fire to the house.

When the corpse-destroying flame arose said Chûhar Singh, "O Sajjan, what torch hast thou lit?"

"Do thou sleep, O Chûhar Singh, and have no fear in thy heart."

- 30 The people of the Barâr country took a horse and a shawl and came to meet (the conqueror Sajjan).

When the corpse-devouring flames arose some of the beams of the roof fell down, and the fire reached the handsome navel and the fine beard of Chûhar Singh.

Said Chûhar Singh, "O Dal Singh, go up on to the roof of the house and show them some spirit!

Since death hath come upon our heads, why should we disgrace our family?"

He cared nothing for his life, and throw his shield full of sand on the feet of Dal Singh.*

- 35 Dying he said, "O Dal Singh, born at different times, our death has come to us together!

Phûl and Marâj are our homes† and we meet our death at the hands of Jatts."

Said Chûhar Singh, "O Dal Singh, keep thy life a moment, I will make no delay (in dying with thee)."

Said Chûhar Singh, "O Nainâ Singh, thou Jhanjar,‡ this is the time to show thy spirit."

Many an effort did Nainâ Singh, the Jhanjar, make, but none availed.

- 40 Then said Sajjan, "Give up thy arms, O Chûhar Singh, and we will not kill thee."

"Come and take the arms, O Sajjan, or send thy brother Pardhânâ."

* To protect them.

† Phûl in the Nâbhâ State and Marâj in the Ferozpûr district are the original homes of the Phûlkîân and Mahârâjkîân Sikhs.

‡ A police officer or *thandâdar* under Chûhar Singh.

Sajjan signed to Pardhānā, and Pardhānā went up into the house to Chūhar Singh, and Chūhar Singh threw a burning arrow in Pardhānā's face.

The wife of Sajjan filled a cup with milk and brought it.

"I am your sacrifice, O Chūhar Singh and Dal Singh.

O my kinsfolk, drink this cup of milk at the time of your death from my hands and go.

- 45 Ye real Barārs were treacherous from the beginning :
there is no trust in you."

And then Chūhar Singh died, and the news of Chūhar Singh's death reached Gurā's Koṭha.*

The Lady Rājī wrote letters and sent them to Bhadaur. The clerks and officials read the letters: and how terrible was the news !

They sent for Lahaurī the Bard and the letters† were given to Lahaurī.

- 50 Sending the letter to Paṭiālā the Lady Rājkur tore the locks that she had (but) lately dressed.

The news that Chūhar Singh and Dal Singh were dead reached.

Heaps of jewels were taken off and put away into boxes.

Weeping the Lady Rājkonwar‡ called out, "O Chūhar Singh, O my Lord ! "

The letters journeyed and reached Paṭiālā.

- 55 In Paṭiālā were Saide Khān Dogar§ and Albelā Singh Kālekā|| who showed the letter to all.

Sabhar the Dogar¶ kept back his force from advancing ;
(saying)

"The army will die of thirst in this month of heat."

* In the Faridkot State. † Bards were the postmen of the old days.

‡ i.e., Rājī the wife of Chūhar Singh.

§ He was the Commandant of the Paṭiālā troops. The Dogars are Musalmāns that claim Rājput descent in the Ferozpur district.

|| Sardār Albelā Singh Kālekā was the Minister of the Paṭiālā state under Sāhib Singh and a powerful man at the time. His sister was married to Chūhar Singh.

¶ Another Commandant of Paṭiālā troops.

With eyes black and red from anger Albel Singh Kâlekâ advanced his force to Ghanîâ Bâjâ.

The army reached Ghanîâ Bâjâ.

- 60 The first camp was at Kurachhâpâ,* the second at Dyâlpurâ of the Bhâis, where caldrons full of sweets were distributed.

Said Bîr Singh of Jalâl,† “O Devî, do thou confront me with my enemy.”

Sajjan was hunting with seven horsemen, and hearing the drums of the men of Phûl, he turned his horse. He had with him the grey horse of Chûhar Singh and his hawk on his hand.

Seeing the army of the men of Phûl the horse and the hawk began crying out, and ceased not.

- 65 Said Sajjan, “bring me three turbans, O sons of Barî. These are but chattering birds of Sunâm‡ and Pañiâlâ, God hath brought them to us at our homes.”

Said Bîr Singh of Jalâl in great wrath, “give me the command, O Râjâ Sâhib Singh, and I will not let the Jatt go alive.”

Râjâ Sâhib Singh gave the order and he set his mare after the Jatt.

As he was passing the dunghill§ Bîr Singh’s spear reached Sajjan,

And he struck the straight spear (through him) into the ground.

- 70 And when Lahaurî the bard passed by him he cut off the head of Sajjan and set fire to his beard.

Now that Sajjan is dead, Ghanîâ Bâjâ cannot live in peace.

A storm came over it in great violence, and (only) God can spare the lives of the Jatts (now).

Ghanîâ Bâjâ has been deserted from that day and no inhabitant has gone back again.

* In the Pañiâlâ State. † The son of Chûhar Singh.

‡ A large, ancient and well known town near Pañiâlâ itself.

§ i.e., just as he was entering the village.

The army returned to Patilā going by way of Bhadanr.
75 Rājā Sāhib Singh collected all the brotherhood together and held a council :

“The honor of the Barār country has died to-day and
the Barārs will not let go their revenge.

Have a care, O my brethren, each in his own place.

What fate the Gurū (Nānak) hath ordained cannot be
avoided, O my Lady (Rajjī).

Such a time cannot be avoided, for strength avails not.”

No. XXIV.

SANSÂR CHAND OF KÂNGRÂ AND FATTEH PARKÂSH OF SARMOR.

AS SUNG BY TWO *MIRÂSIS* FROM JAMMUN.

[This song purports to relate a war between the famous Râjâ Sansâr Chand, the Katoch of Kângrâ, and Râjâ Fattêh Parkâsh of Sarmor, and is interesting as showing how rapidly facts become distorted into mere tradition in India. According to the song Râjâ Fattêh Parkâsh married Râjâ Sansâr Chand's sister and the war between them, ending in the death of the former, was caused by a foolish quarrel between Râjâ Fattêh Parkâsh and his wife.]

[Sansâr Chand died as a very old man in 1824 A.D., while Fattêh Parkâsh was not born till 1805, and was placed on the throne of Sarmor by the British Government in 1815, and died after a prosperous and well spent life in 1850. According to a MS. history in Urdû I have of the Sarmor Râjâs, Fattêh Parkâsh's uncle, Râjâ Dharm Parkâsh, was killed in 1793 in a personal encounter with Râjâ Sansâr Chand in this way. Sansâr Chand *more suo* had attacked Râjâ Mahân Chand of Kushiâr on the Satlej, who, in his extremity, implored the aid of Dharm Parkâsh, agreeing to pay a *lakh* of rupees as indemnity. Dharm Parkâsh, with his barons and Râjâ Râm Singh of Hindôr or Nâlagarh, awaited Sansâr Chand at Jarârtokâ, where he was killed in the battle that ensued by Sansâr Chand himself. Neither this MS., nor a similar one I have about the Katoch family, says a word about Sansâr Chand's sister. Dharm Parkâsh left no issue and was succeeded by the incompetent Karm Parkâsh, his brother, and father of Fattêh Parkâsh.] •

[The prose portion of the narrative being in Urdû has not been given in original.]

Râjâ Sansâr Chand of Kângrâ and Râjâ Fattêh Parkâsh of Sarmor, *alias* Nâhan, were related through the sister of Râjâ Sansâr Chand, who had married Râjâ Fattêh Parkâsh. One day Râjâ Fattêh Parkâsh went to his wife and told her to play at chess with him, the stake to be her brother's head. Said he, "if you lose I will go and bring Sansâr Chand's head here." "Very well" said the Râni, "and if you lose my brother will come and fetch your head." On this the Râjâ became very angry and threw the pieces in the Râni's face and said, "How will your brother take my head? I have a large army

and many allies, and your brother is but a dancing boy. How should he wield the sword?" "My brother's slaves are as many as your whole army," said the Râni, and wrote the whole story to her brother Râjâ Sansâr Chand. Whereon he attacked Sarnor and slew Râjâ Fattēh Parkāsh and took his sister back with him to Kāngrā.

JANG RÂJÂ SANSÂR CHAND, WÂLI KÂNGRÂ.

*Achal Sansâr Chand, Rām Râjâ, karat ashvân, ot dhyân
pûrâ, jape Nâm Nârāyan se dhyân lagî.*

*Dharoi Dhyân Singh Jai Singh ke mân pâr, "pakar kâbû,
karo bāt sârî."*

*Gendâ Dhadwâl jab uthâ sambhâlke japhi jawân kî lagî bhâri.
Chhuṭî jab kard Dhyân Singh ke hâth se lagî Dhadwâl ke
ghâūkârî.*

5 *Bhuj balitân sapûran Kaṭoch kâ sis son pakrâ jab kesdhâri.*

*Kari maslihat Khushhâl Chand Sansâr Chand tegh bîre
dhare pân darbâr,*

*Ikâ jab lîrâ Fattēh Chand Mahârāj ne sūya Sarnor par
bāndhî tabcâr.*

*Baith darbârâ Bhūp Mahârāj ne sūrî fanj kâ kâ ikhtiyâr
Milî Suket, Kahlûr, Kolâ milâ, milâ Goler sab karî ik tûr.*

10 *Huâ awâr Tegh Chand ke chakarwî sūya Sarnor ke hil
gar dhâr.*

*Bhut baitâl kul khet rîsen, khayē Kâlkâ kalak Râni judh
lâyâ.*

*Bhajeñ jambû, aur garj ughal karen, byas Nârād ran rûg
gâyâ.*

*Baje bandûk aur tîr tartar chaleñ, garj bālat bāreñ bular
puhâr.*

Pitâ sipâh, nakib hingârdâ, hâzirî bheḍâ sâr sarsâr.

15 *Dûsri taraf Dayyâ Rām lalkârdâ, mohar padmôn phireñ
kareñ hathiyâr.*

*Jitâ hai jang Mahârāj, Mahârāj Sansâr Chand ne jang
ko jîl bûji badhâi.*

*Mârâ Sarnor, aur Râni se mel lîâ, fauj Satluj ko sudhâi.
Pitâ Tegh Chand sapût syhal kîe; aṭal Mahârāj Bhûp
bhac!*

THE WAR OF RÂJÂ SANSÂR CHAND, LORD OF KÂNGRÂ.

The powerful Sansâr Chand, (like) the Lord Râma, was bathing, and was absorbed in meditation, and turned his to the worship of the name of Nârâyan.*

A bitter complaint (arose) against Dhyân Singh, (who was) under the protection of Jai Singh, "seize him so that he escape not."

Then up gat Gendâ the Dhadwâl† and seized him in his arms.

When Dhyân Singh used his dagger he inflicted a severe wound on the Dhadwâl.

5 (Then) the whole of the strong men of the Katoches seize the long-haired one‡ by his hair.§

* Khushhâl Chand and Sansâr Chand held a consultation and placed the sword and the betel-leaves in the assembly.||

And Fattch Chand,¶ the great, took up the betel leaves and girded on his sword for the land of Sarmor.

Sitting in the assembly the mighty monarch (Sansâr Chand) mustered his forces.

Suket, and Kahlûr, and Kolâ and Goler all joined together and stood in a line.**

* Vishnu.

† The Kotwâl of Kângrâ. Dhadwâls are Râjpûts.

‡ i.e., Dhyân Singh, in allusion to his uncut hair as a Sikh.

§ These five lines have no connection with the rest of the story and evidently refer to quite another matter, probably belonging to another song. In 1774 Saifu'llah (or Saif 'Ali) Khân, the Muhammadan Governor, under the Delhi Emperors, of Kângrâ Fort died, and Sansâr Chand invoked the aid of Sirdâr Jai Singh Kanhayyâ in recovering it for himself. Jai Singh sent his son Gurbakhsh Singh who procured the surrender, not for Sansâr Chand, but for his father. Afterwards in 1784-5 Sansâr Chand joined Mahân Singh Sukarchakîâ in defeating Jai Singh at Batâlâ and so recovered Kângrâ. The Dhyân Singh of the song was probably an official sent to govern the fort for Jai Singh.

|| See Vol. I., pp. 43, 479, etc.

¶ Brother to Sansâr Chand.

** Various hill states in the Kângrâ and Simlâ districts.

- 10 All the followers of Tegh Chand* mounted and made the hills of the land of Sarmor to shake.
 The ghosts and devils were rampant over all the field† and Queen Kâlkâ‡ raged furiously.
 The jackals ran about and kites wheeled (overhead), and Nârada sang songs of joy.†
 The guns went off and the arrows flew incessantly, the air resounded as when Indra sends down heavy rain.
 Yellow (dressed) were the soldiers and the herald was shouting, and the men were fighting with crossed swords.
- 15 On the other side was Dayyâ Râm taunting, the warriors in front were crossing swords.
 The great king won the fight, the great king Sansâr Chand winning the fight finished his work (game).
 Killing Sarmor and meeting the Queen, he took back his army to the Satluj.
 The dutiful son of Tegh Chand distinguished himself; may the great king remain (ever) a monarch !

* The father of Sansâr Chand

† i.e., Durgâ, the goddess of death and murder

‡ The Indian Orpheus, and also the "maker of strife"

No. XXV.

RAJA JAGAT SINGH OF NURPUR, AS RECITED BY TWO *MÍRASÍS* FROM JAMMÚN

[The facts related here are meant to be historical, and the story is valuable as showing how the mountaineers of Kāngrā and the neighbouring tracts have kept the tradition of the doings of this illustrious leader, whose deeds are recorded in sober history and have excited the admiration of real historians.]

[It need hardly be said that the bards have got most of the history and all the geography wrong. The real facts seem to have been as follows: taking advantage of internal troubles Shāhjahān made an attempt to recover Balkh and Badakhshān and sent the famous 'Alī Mardān Khān to conquer them in 1644 A.D., but he was not as successful as the Emperor had hoped, and so in 1645 Rājā Jagat Singh was sent with 14,000 Rājput, who performed great things but did not apparently reduce the country, as that was accomplished afterwards by 'Alī Mardān Khān working under the nominal guidance of the Imperial Prince Muhammad Murād Baksh. The whole affair ended tamely in 1647 by the relinquishment of the country to its original owners.]

[The story being recorded in Urdū has been given here in translation only.]

The Story of Rājā Jagat Singh, Pathānī, Lord of Nārpūr in the Kāngrā District.

Rājā Jagat Singh, Pathānī Rājput, of Nārpūr in the Kāngrā District, took service under the Emperor Akbar* of Dehli, who had granted him territories yielding a revenue of six *lākhs*.† One day Akbar laid the betel leaves and naked sword of challenge‡ for an expedition to Kābul, but though there were two and twenty Rājās in the Court at the time no one would take up the challenge. So at last the Emperor turned to Rājā Jagat Singh who accepted the challenge. The Emperor was

* Really under Shāhjahān

† Rs. 600,000.

so pleased at this that he told him to demand whatever he pleased, and all that the Râjâ asked for was an army. As he had 30,000 men* of his own the Emperor doubled them, but pressed him further as to his wants; whereon the Râjâ replied that he, who had an army, wanted for nothing, neither in treasure nor territory. In the end the Emperor gave him 40,000 men with whom he started for Kâbul. With him were the Nawâbs 'Izzat Khân and Parzat Khân and the Dîwâns Kâsî Nâth and Todar Mall.†

On the road to Kâbul there is a fort called Shahr Shafa' built by Nawâb Shafi' Shâh,‡ who had been harrassing the Emperor's territory, burning down his hunting-boxes and imprisoning his officials. Râjâ Jagat Singh therefore attacked him with 30,000 men, but did no more than surround the place. It was a habit of Nawâb Shafi' Shâh to leave his fort at night and go hunting. On one of these expeditions he was caught, and Râjâ Jagat Singh, putting silver fetters on his feet, sent him to Dehlî, where he was tortured to death by being hanged at the palace gate and having nails driven into him.

After this Râjâ Jagat Singh enquired of the people of Shahr Shafa' where the other marauders were to be found, and they showed the way to where nine *lâkhs* (900,000!) of spears of the Yûsafzai Pathâns§ were congregated. This force belonged to Hamîd Khân,|| king of Khurâsân, and was commanded by Nawâbs Saifu'llah Khân, Rahmatu'llah Khân, 'Abdu'llah Khân and Ahmad Khân. A great battle ensued, lasting eight days, during which all the commanders, except Nawâb Ahmad Khân, were killed. On the last day the Nawâb and Râjâ Jagat Singh met each other in battle and the Nawâb managed to wound

* Really 14,000.

† Todar Mall died in 1589, so it is clear that he was not present. Who the others are meant for I cannot say.

‡ Probably meant for Shâh Safi, 8th Safvi king of Persia, ob. 1642, to avoid whose tyranny 'Ali Mardân Khân, then governor of Kandahâr for Persia, seceded to Shâhjahân in 1637.

§ These belong to the Peshâwar valley.

|| The persons who really opposed Shâhjahân's forces, were Nazar Muḥammad Khân of Balkh and his son 'Abdu'l-'azîs Khân.

Jagat Singh in the face over his shield, which made Jagat Singh so furious that he struck the Nawâb with such force as to cut him in half down through the saddle and wound the horse under him. After this the Râjâ occupied the territory and posted the Imperial garrisons over it.

The people then pointed out to him the fort occupied by Nawâb 'Ali Mardân Khân* still further in the territory of Khurâsân, whom the Râjâ found to be a most powerful man. However the Râjâ proceeded onwards and sent his messenger (vakîl) to declare war. "He had better go his way," said 'Ali Mardân Khân, "or I will drown him in the fords of Atak and Nilâb."† Finding him very strong the Râjâ resolved on treachery. He caused 500 *mans*‡ of poisoned sweetmeats to be prepared, as he ascertained that such things were much valued in those parts, and loaded them on 500 bullocks, which he had driven past the fort at night with torches tied to their tails. The Pathâns in the fort at once concluded that they were being attacked and rushed out and finding only a quantity of bullocks laden with sweets seized them as booty. The poison, however, soon killed them off either on the spot or in their houses. Jagat Singh thereon attacked the remainder of 'Ali Mardân Khân's forces and after eight days routed them. 'Ali Mardân Khân then fled for refuge to the Chief of the Bangash (Pathâns§), who imprisoned him.

The Chief of the Bangash sent Rahmât Khân with 18,000 men against Râjâ Jagat Singh, but the Râjâ overcame him and entered the Bangash territories. On this the Chief collected all his forces, 40,000 men, and faced Jagat Singh, but in 28 days he was killed and his territories annexed.

The Râjâ next proceeded to Kâbul, where 'Ali Mardân Khân was king,|| and opposed him. But the Pathâns had only daggers

* The whole of this is of course all nonsense historically

† Both over the Indus near Atak. The hopelessness of the geography is becoming apparent.

‡ Over 20 tons.

§ Near Balkh and Bukhârâ says the bard! really this tribe lives in the Kohât District of the Panjâb

|| The bard is now utterly regardless of sequence, *more suo*.

and Jagat Singh's men had guns, and so after many days the king of Kābul was killed and the Imperial authority was established.

Then the Rājā went on to Khurāsān and was opposed by the Wazīr Sāus Khān with 18,000 men of his own and 40,000 men of the king. A tremendous battle ensued in which the Rājā lost 10,000 men, but one of the Rājā's men speared Sāus Khān. After which the battle lasted 76 days till the king fled and the Rājā overcame his leaderless army. Having got possession of the kingdom, he placed his right foot on the throne and wrote news of the victory to the Emperor at Dehlī.

On his return to Dehli the Emperor Akbar rewarded him with territories yielding two *lākhs* of rupees, which with his previous income of six *lākhs*, gave him a total revenue of eight *lākhs*.*

KABIT.

*Jab dayyā kar, bulāve tārē jal sūgar ko. Dārād ko dūr karē ;
yeh hī tero kār hai.*

*Nāmhoñ kī lajjā tū pālē qaul apne ko, sangat ko nuwārē ; Har,
tū hī rachpāl hai.*

*Bhukhe ko bhare, sūkhe ko hare karē, dūbe ko tārē ; terī gud-
rat apūr hai.*

*Chaudah hī tabaq meñ sab base jir jete jape nām terā ik ; tū
hī nirankār hai.*

*Bājñī ke jāe bāj, lāj nā lukūe lūkeñ ; murgñī ke jāe bāj hot nā
ghajāke.*

*Mēññī ke jāe madh mātē matwārē phireñ ; singhñī ke jāe sher
mūs ke khilāe se.*

*Gauñ kī bachhā achhā dhore tipṭāñā hot, gadhā bhī na hot
bachhā Gang ke nhalāe se.*

*Kahit Kabī Gang, " Suno, Dindiyāl, baglā na hot hans motī
ke chugāe se.*

VERSES.

By thy kindness (O Hari) we can cross the ocean. Thou art the remover of pains : this is thy doing.

For thy name's sake thou dost perform thy word, and relievest us of pain ; Hari, thou art our protector.

Thou dost feed the hungry, and makest green the dry (places), and savest the drowning ; unfathomable is thy power.

In the fourteen quarters of the world all the people worship only thy name ; and thou art without form.

• The falcon bears the falcon, he cannot hide his dignity if he try ; the chick of the hen becomes not a falcon by teaching.

The son of the great wanders drunken with his pride and glory ; the whelp of the lioness is fed with prey.

The calf of the cow is born from a fine bull, but an ass cannot become a calf by washing with Ganges water.

Saith the poet Gang, "Hear, Cherisher of the Poor,* the heron doth not become a swan by eating pearls."†

* The king.

† Refers to the common legend that the swan (*hansa*) lives on pearls only

No. XXVI.

A HYMN TO 'ABDU'L-QÂDIR JILÂNÎ, AS SUNG BY A BARD FROM THE MONTGOMERY DISTRICT.

[This very spirited song relates a miracle attributed to Ghausu'l-'Âzam or 'Abdu'l-Qâdir Jilânî, who may be called the greatest Muhammadan Saint in India. But it is much more likely that the story was originally told of his descendant Shekh Muhammad Ghaus Jilânî of Ūchh in the Multân district.]

[Pīrān-i-Pīr, Pīr-i-Dastagīr, Ghausu'l-'Âzam, Ghausu-'s-Samdānī Mahbub-i-Subhānī, Mīrān Muḥayyu'ddīn, Sayyid (or Shekh) 'Abdu'l-Qâdir Jilānī, Hasanu'l-Hussainī, the founder of the Qâdiriā order of mendicants, was born in Gilān or Jilān, but properly Kil-o-Kilān, a western district of Persia in A.H. 471 or A.D. 1078, and died at Baghdād in A.D. 1106, where his tomb is still held in great reverence. He had two sons Sayyid 'Alī Muḥammad and Shekh 'Abdu'l-Wahhāb. Ninth in descent from the latter was Shekh Ḥamid Jahān Bakhsh, better known as Ḥazrat Shekh Muhammad Ghaus Jilānī, who settled at Ūchh in the Multân district about 1394 A.D. in the time of Taimūr (1336-1405 A.D.), and is still the patron saint of the Dhādputras of the Bahāwalpūr State. His descendant, Pīr Mūsā Pāk Shāhid, a saint of great renown, was buried at Multân in 1593 A.D., and from him are descended the Makhdūms of Multân. The descendants of 'Abdu'l-Qâdir's eldest son also settled later in the Sarāī Siddhā tahsil of the Multân district. These facts are sufficient to account for the celebrity of 'Abdu'l-Qâdir in the Panjāb and India. Sayyid Muhammad Qāsim of Dānāpūr published a work in 1855 called 'Aḡās Ghausi in Urdu, giving full details about 'Abdu'l-Qâdir.]

TEXT.

MADAḤ ḤAZRAT 'ABDU'L-QÂDIR 'URF PĪRĀN PĪE.

Tūn pīr tamāmī pīrān dā !
Tūn sarwar kul amīrān dā !
Gham dūr karo dilgīrān dā !
Yā Ghausu'l-'Âzam Jilānī !
Tūn dost pāk Ilāhī dā !
Tūn vich Ḥazrī chāhīdā !
Sar-chhat julandā Shāhī dā !

- Yâ Ghausu'l-'Âzam Jilânî !
 Terâ waḍâ buland sitârâ, jî !*
- 10 Tujhe seven 'âlam sârâ, jî !
 Terâ kul chaukoṭ nuqârâ, jî !
 Yâ Ghausu'l-'Âzam Jilânî !
 Tûn Shâh Mardân dâ potâ haiñ !†
 Tûn Nabbî Sâhib dâ dohtâ haiñ !
- 15 Vich nûr Ilâhî de dhotân haiñ !
 Yâ Ghausu'l-'Âzam Jilânî !
 Tûn Sayyid pâk Gflânî haiñ !
 Tûn zâhirâ qutub Rabbânî haiñ !
 Tûn roshan dohen jabânî haiñ !
- 20 Yâ Ghausu'l-'Âzam Jilânî !
 Jag hûe bahut azâri, jî :
 Jo châ parhen madah tumhârî, jî :
 Oh dî bhî turt kar denâ kâri, jî !
 Yâ Ghausu'l-'Âzam Jilânî !
- 25 Jag hûe bandiwân, pîrâ,
 Oh de mushkil karc âsân, pîrâ !
 Oh nûn bah waḥ har maidân, pîrâ !
 Yâ Ghausu'l-'Âzam Jilânî !
 Ik jo budhî mâi, jî,
- 30 Us terî yârhi chât, jî,
 Tûn oh dî murâd pahunchât, jî !
 Yâ Ghausu'l-'Âzam Jilânî.
 Us budhî ghar farzand hûâ :
 Sûrat wâgoñ chand hûâ .
- 35 Oh sohanî qad buland hûâ !
 Yâ Ghausu'l-'Âzam Jilânî !
 Budhî kuṛam te ghar sadâi, jî :
 Woho sâun din takâi, jî :
 Woho maulî gadh pawât, jî :
 Yâ Ghausu'l-'Âzam Jilânî !
- 40

* Jî, sir : addressed to the audience, left out in the translation : see Vol. I., 421.

† These are mere figures of speech, but the saint was descended on the father's side from Hasan, and the mother's from Hussain, hence his title of Hasanu'l-Hussainî.

- Budhî ningar turt mangâî, jî;
 Oh de gânû dast bandhâî, jî:
 Sâyân mil mil khûb nahâî, jî,
 Yâ Ghausu'l-'Âzam Jilânî!
 45 Oh de âge thâl takâî, jî:
 Ohnân nânak dâdak âî, jî:
 Oh nûn neudrâ sab ugharâî, jî.
 Ya Ghausu'l-'Âzam Jilânî!
 Larke nân mehandî turt lagâî, jî:
 50 Oh nûu cha-hâ rang Ilâhî, jî!
 Oh de shukar kare hai mâî, jî!
 Yâ Ghausu'l-'Âzam Jilânî!
 Budhî ne ghorî turt mangâî, jî:
 Oh de mukh lagâm diwâî, jî:
 55 Sab volân dinde bhâî, jî.
 Yâ Ghausu'l-'Âzam Jilânî!
 Larke pair rikâhe pâî, jî,
 Un barse nâr sawâyyâ, jî.
 Jo kuchh likhâ hai so pâî, jî.
 60 Yâ Ghausu'l-'Âzam Jilânî!
 Unhîn bahin jo pakare wâg, jî,
 De bahinûn dâ lûg, jî:
 "Tainûn Allah lâî bhâg, jî!"
 Yâ Ghausu'l-'Âzam Jilânî!
 65 Us ditta sî ūcherâ, jî:
 Us ūth, ghorâ, wichherâ, jî:
 Us gâîn, mahîn lawerâ, jî.
 Yâ Ghausu'l-'Âzam Jilânî!
 Larke janqî jâ namdâr hûâ:
 70 Oh bhâî nâl tayyâr hûâ:
 Sab sâun te shagun vichâr hûâ!
 Yâ Ghausu'l-'Âzam Jilânî!
 Tâ janj pattan te âî, jî:
 Un berî turt mangâî, jî:
 75 Sab mâl matte' bharâî, jî:
 Yâ Ghausu'l-'Âzam Jilânî!
 Râî jâ namdâr hue:

- Sab sâun te shagun vichâr hue !
 Sab 'âlam nâl takrâr hûe !
- 80 Yâ Ghausu'l-'Âzam Jîlânî !
 Oh aglâ âhâ fardâ, jî :
 Oh bhûkâ mâl nâ zar dâ, jî :
 Us jo kuchh dittâ sardâ, jî :
 Yâ Ghausu'l-'Âzam Jîlânî !
- 85 Janj kartî eh salâhân, jî :
 Wanj pakare ân mallâhân, jî :
 Berâ turke hûf agâhân, jî.
 Yâ Ghausu'l-'Âzam Jîlânî !
- 90 Uthe ghulî minh hanerî, jî :
 Uthe bhul gal terî merî, jî :
 Uthe pesh na jâe dilerî, jî.
 Yâ Ghausu'l-'Âzam Jîlânî !
- 95 Vichon to larî bôli, jî :
 " Mainûn kâh nûn pâiâ dolî, jî ?
 Sad shagun to merî jholî, jî : "
- Yâ Ghausu'l-'Âzam Jîlânî !
 " Rabbâ, mainûn kâh nûn paidâ kitâ, ai !
 Mere kanth kharâ chip kitâ, ai !
 Sas wâr nâ pâni pitâ, ai ! "
- 100 Yâ Ghausu'l-'Âzam Jîlânî !
 Uthe ghullân te chawâiâ, jî !
 Dariyâ lahar vich âiâ, jî !
 Us berâ chak ultâiâ, jî !
 Yâ Ghausu'l-'Âzam Jîlânî !
- 105 Berâ latthâ jâe dughâtî, jî :
 Janjî gharq hûe jâ pâni, jî :
 To hukm Ilâhî Wâlî, jî !
 Yâ Ghausu'l-'Âzam Jîlânî !
- 110 Tûn budhî aisei khushî vich âi, jî :
 Agge khabar ditti jâ râhî, jî,
 Jo wartî khol sunâi, jî :
 Yâ Ghausu'l-'Âzam Jîlânî !
 Oh budhî hufî nit vichhâ dhare :
 Oh nûh dekhan dâ châh kare :

- 115 Oh qudrat Oh dî nûn wâh kare !
 Yâ Ghausu'l-'Âzam Jilânî !
 Buđhî â kharî dariyâe te ;
 Jithe be,î buđhî so jâe te :
 Us badhâ lakkh do'âe se.
- 120 Yâ Ghausu'l-'Âzam Jilânî !
 Buđhî nâ kuchh pî khâf, jî :
 Oh dam dam pîr manâf, jî :
 Oh din rât kurlâf, jî.
 Yâ Ghausu'l-'Âzam Jilânî !
- 125 Ik roz pîr shikâr âe :
 Oh pâro lang urwâr âe :
 " Kyûn ronî hâl wanjân, Mâf ? "
 Yâ Ghausu'l-'Âzam Jilânî !
 " Maithe iko pût vichârî dâ :
- 130 Oh bûđh mûâ hatiârî dâ :
 Kol aur nâ augun hârî dâ."
 Yâ Ghausu'l-'Âzam Jilânî !
 Uthe do'â to mângî pîr, jî :
 Us nadî kâ wagge nîr, jî :
- 135 Berâ kađdhâ ÷or zanjîr, jî :
 Yâ Ghausu'l-'Âzam Jilânî !
 " Abû Sâlih ke tum bans bahâdar !
 Jodhâ ba'â sipâhan nar ! "
 Mîrân qudrat eh dikhâf nûgar dolî 'âm bhar !
- 140 Yâ Ghausu'l-'Âzam Jilânî !
 Dholak tân tambûrî waj kar,
 .Shâdî ho gâf vich shahar ;
 Mîrân qudrat eh dikhâf, nigar dolî 'âm bhar !
 Yâ Ghausu'l-'Âzam Jilânî !

TRANSLATION.

A HYMN TO THE HOLY 'ABDU'L-QÂDIR, KNOWN AS PIRÂN PIR.
 Thou saint of all the saints !
 Thou head of all the holy ones !
 Put away the sorrows of the sorrowful !
 O Ghausu'l-'Âzam of Jilân !

- 5 Thou friend of the Holy God !
 Thou beloved of the Court (of God) !
 The royal canopy is waved (over thee) !
 O Ghausu'l-'Âzam of Jilân.
 Thy star is exalted on high !
- 10 The whole world follows thee !
 The drums (of thy fame) are beaten in all the four
 quarters (of the earth) !
 O Ghausu'l-'Âzam of Jilân !
 Thou art the grandson of Shâh Mardân ('Alî) !
 Thou art the grandson of the Holy Prophet !
- 15 Bathed in the light of God !
 O Ghausu'l-'Âzam of Jilân !
 Thou art the Holy Sayyid of Gîlân !
 Thou art the visible pillar of God !
 Thou art the light of both worlds !
- 20 O Ghausu'l-'Âzam of Jilân !
 Who is much afflicted in the world,
 If he sing thy praises,
 Thou dost relieve him early !
 O Ghausu'l-'Âzam of Jilân !
- 25 Who hath become a prisoner, O Saint,
 His distress dost thou relieve, O Saint.
 To him thou dost appear in any place, O Saint !
 O Ghausu'l-'Âzam of Jilân !
 There was an old woman,
- 30 She vowed to observe thy feast.*
 And thou didst fulfil her desire !
 O Ghausu'l-'Âzam of Jilân !
 In the old woman's house a son was born,
 In beauty as the moon.
- 35 Tall and beautiful was he !
 O Ghausu'l-'Âzam of Jilân !
 The old woman invited her kith and kin,

* The *yârhî* or *yâhrî* is the *gyârvî*, or chief feast in honor of 'Abdu'l-Qâdir Jîlânî, held on the 11th (*gyârvî*) of Rabi'û's-sânî, a full description of which is to be found in Herklots' *Qanoon-e-Islam*, p. 155 ff

- And fixed an auspicious day,
And put on the marriage knots.
40 O Ghausu'l-'Âzam of Jilân !
The old woman sent for her son quickly,
And (wound) the marriage bracelet round his wrist,
And the matrons bathed him well.
O Ghausu'l-'Âzam of Jilân !
45 The platter (of presents) was placed before him :
His father's and mother's kindred came,
And he received all their gifts.
O Ghausu'l-'Âzam of Jilân !
The *mehndî** was quickly put on the boy,
50 The dye was put on him (in the name) of God !
And his mother gave thanks.
O Ghausu'l-'Âzam of Jilân !
The old woman at once procured a mare,
And put the bit into its mouth.
55 The kindred made the sacrifice.†
O Ghausu'l-'Âzam of Jilân !
The boy put his foot into the stirrup,
And the light (of God) was shed upon him,
And he obtained what was written in his fate.
60 O Ghausu'l-'Âzam of Jilân !
His sister held the reins,
And he gave her her dues.‡
(Said she), " God grant thee fortune !
O Ghausu'l-'Âzam of Jilân !"
65 He gave her a camel ;
He (gave) a camel, a horse, and a colt ;
He (gave) a cow and a milch buffalo.
O Ghausu'l-'Âzam of Jilân !

* *Mehndî* or *hind* is myrtle powder for colouring red the nails, etc., of bride and bridegroom.

† *Beldâ dend*, is to wave a *takd*, copper coin, over the bride and bridegroom's heads by their respective relatives as a sacrifice, and to give it to the bards. It is a Hindû custom.

‡ This present is obligatory in Hindû marriages.

- The boy went to the *janîl* tree,*
 70 And his brethren went with him,
 And all the propitious omens were observed !
 O Ghausu'l-'Âzam of Jîlân !
 Then the procession went to the ferry,
 And demanded a boat at once,
 75 And loaded up their goods and chattels.
 O Ghausu'l-'Âzam of Jîlân !
 At night they reached (the bride's house),
 And all the propitious omens were observed !
 And all the world collected there !
 80 O Ghausu'l-'Âzam of Jîlân !
 Her father was well-to-do,
 He had no lack of goods and money,
 And he gave according his wealth.
 O Ghausu'l-'Âzam of Jîlân !
 85 The procession were enjoying themselves,
 And the boatmen seized the poles,
 And the boat went forward.
 O Ghausu'l-'Âzam of Jîlân !
 A storm of rain came on,
 90 And they could not recognize each other,
 And no resource was of any avail.
 O Ghausu'l-'Âzam of Jîlân !
 From within said the bride,
 " Why didst thou put me in the *dolî*, (O God),
 95 The marriage sheet is in my wallet."†
 O Ghausu'l-'Âzam of Jîlân !
 " O God, why was I born !
 My bridegroom stands silent !
 His mother has not yet waved the water‡ (over me) !"

* *Acacia leucophloea*—The bridegroom in Hindû marriages must cut off a branch himself.

† The marriage sheet is that by which the bride and bridegroom are tied together at the wedding and is kept by the bride as long as she is a virgin; hence reference in the tale. The child-brides of India are of course virgins for years after their marriage.

‡ A ceremony, the bridegroom's mother has to wave water over the bride's head, and then drink it.

- 100 O Ghausu'l-'Âzam of Jilân !
 (Then) the whirlwinds blew there,
 The river broke into waves
 And the boat upset.
 O Ghausu'l-'Âzam of Jilân !
 105 And the boat sank deeply ;
 And the procession was drowned in the water :
 It was the order of God !
 O Ghausu'l-'Âzam of Jilân !
 Meanwhile the old woman was very happy,
 110 Until a stranger came and told her
 And explained what had passed.
 O Ghausu'l-'Âzam of Jilân !
 The old woman had kept her mat spread,*
 As she was very anxious to see her son's wife.
 115 And she cried out at the power of God !
 O Ghausu'l-'Âzam of Jilân !
 The old woman came to the river :
 The old woman went to where the boat had sunk,
 And vowed a thousand vows !
 120 O Ghausu'l-'Âzam of Jilân !
 The old woman could neither eat nor drink,
 And invoked the saint with every breath,
 And wept and wailed day and night.
 O Ghausu'l-'Âzam of Jilân !
 125 One day the saint went a-hunting
 And came across the river (to her) :
 " Why weepest so bitterly, mother ? "
 O Ghausu'l-'Âzam of Jilân !
 " I am the helpless (mother) of an only son ;
 130 The miserable (mother) whose (son) hath been drown-
 ed,
 The sinful (mother) that hath no other"
 O Ghausu'l-'Âzam of Jilân !
 She prayed then to the saint :

* For the bride and bridegroom to sit on when they return.

- And the waters of the river became disturbed,
135 And the boat burst its chains !
 O Ghausu'l-'Âzam of Jîlân !
 "Thou son of the great house of Abû Sâlih,*
 Valiant and brave warrior !"
And the saint showed his power by bringing forth
 the bride and bridegroom !
140 O Ghausu'l-'Âzam of Jîlân !
Sounding the drums and timbrels,
There was rejoicing in the city.
For the saint had showed his power, by bringing
 forth the bride and bridegroom !
 O Ghausu'l-'Âzam of Jîlân !

* Said to have been the name of 'Abdu'l-Qâdir's father.

No. XXVII.

JALĀLĪ, THE BLACKSMITH'S DAUGHTER, AS SUNG BY A BARD OF THE AMBĀLĀ DISTRICT.

[This is a most popular tale all over the country, and is known not only to the bards, but also to the women who live entirely at home. I have, however, been able to ascertain nothing satisfactory about it.]

[The story of Jalālī is that she was a Blacksmith's daughter, (Lohārī,) seized upon by a local king from whom Rode Shāh or Rodā spirited her away. Her home is given variously as Patnā (in a chap-book entitled *Qissa Rodā Jalālī*), and somewhere in the Karnāl or Multān Districts. About Rode Shāh all I have been able to gather is that there is a tomb or shrine to him near Lāhor on the Amritsar Road, otherwise he is said to come from Multān, as a follower of 'Abdu'l-Qādir Jīlānī, in which case we must place him about 15th century at the earliest. All the legends agree in saying he came from Makkā, just as this one says the Lohārī was from Baghdād, but this must be sheer nonsense, as his name, Rode Shāh, the Shaven Mendicant, is purely Indian, just as is that of her 'caste.' The great feat and miracle attributed to Rode Shāh is that of making the invaluable *dūb* grass of India green and sweet for ever !]

[The language in which the legend is here given is well worth examination.]

TEXT.

LOHĀRĪ JALĀLĪ KĀ SĀKĪ.

Lohārī Jalālī Shahr Baghdād meñ paidā hūī, aur Rode Shāh
Faqīr Makkā meñ paidā hūī. Rode Shāh Faqīr ko Lohārī
Jalālī khwāb meñ nazar parī, aur Rode Shāh Faqīr ko nūī waqt
'ishq paidā ho gayā. Aur Lohārī Jalālī ko Rode Shāh Faqīr
khwāb meñ Shahr Baghdād meñ nazar parā.

Itnī dikh Rode Shāh Faqīr ne Duldul līe saiwār ;
Hāth kujāh, gal tasbīh, baghalon bīch Qurān.
B'ismi'llah karke Duldul chhey dīc : rasto meñ mile
Chārūn Yār.
Chārūn Yār bolde Rode Shāh se, karūn sawāl :

- 5 "Kaunse mulk se âwanâ ? kaunsi vilâyat ko jân ?"
 "Makkâ Sharif se âwanâ; Shahr Baghdâd ko jân."
 Itne kahke chal parâ, aur raste mein ho gai rain.
 Rain ko dekhke Rode Shâh hûe be-chain.
 Rode Shâh Faqir ne jangal ki ghâs ukthi kari; ghâson
 se karen sawâl :
- 10 "Sawâ lathî deo bistarâ, phakar nûn parhnî namâz."
 Itni sunkar ghâs boldi phakar se karen sawâl :
 "Hamâre par bistarâ nahîn, dekho koî thaur."
 Itni sun Rode Shâh Faqir dil hûe udâs.
 Gandi ghâs boldi, Rode Shâh se karen jawâb :
- 15 "Dhûi bhâr, Hasrat, badh lo, bistar lo jamâe."
 Itni sun Rode Shâh Faqir ne ghason se karen sawâl :
 "Aur ghâs sab jal jâenge, tere se mâregi khushbâ.
 Gawwân chugen, dâdh denge, aur duniyâ mein rahogâ
 terâ nâm.
 Aisâ nahlâ ho chaliye bande, jaisi unbi dûb !
- 20 Aur ghâs sab jal jâegi, harî rahegi dûb !"
 Itni kahke Rode Shâh Faqir chal parâ, âyâ mallâh ko
 pâr :
 "Lâke ro mallâh ke, sun meri ardâs.
 Ik beî Allah nâm ki phakar ko lakhâ de pâr."
 Itni sun mallâh boldâ ; "sun, phakar, meri bât ;
- 25 Ilukin hûâ Lohârî Jalâlî kâ . tumhen kaise lakhâve
 pâr ? "
 Itni sun phakar boldâ ; "sun, mallâh, meri bât :
 Auron se lendâ parshâ, phakar se le le do châr :
 Ik be î Allah nâm ki phakar ko lakhâ de pâr."
 "Je tum phakar anhlâ âpon se langh jâo pâr."
- 30 Itni sun Rode Shâh Faqir ke tan men lag gai âg.
 Ki-hî kî be î banâe, sotî kî balî lagâo :
 B'ismi'llah karke phakar baith gae, langh gae parle pâr.
 Apne dil men mallâh sochtâ, "phakar nahîn, koî
 darvesh."
 Jâkar qadam darvesh ko pakar lie, shâhji se karen sawâl :
- 35 "Main nâ jânon tum aise ahlâ, chashmon par lendâ bithâe.
 Koî aisi do'â mangiyo merâ berâ kar jâiyo pâr."

Itñî sun Rode Shâh boldâ, mallâh se karqî jawâb :

“Bahutâ khatîyo, bahutâ kamâlîyo, thâre khate meñ
barkat ho lîyo nâh !”

Itñî sun Rode Shâh Faqîr kî mallâh huâ udâs.

40° Itñî kah Rode Shâh châl parê Shahr Baghdâd ko jân :

Lohârî Jalâlî ke bâr meñ detâ ‘âlakh’ jagtê. ✓

Itñî sun Lohârî Jalâlî ne Kamâlî bahin lîe boldî :

“Jâîye, bahin lâqlî, bhichhâ de pào.”

Lekar bhichhâ chal parî, âî phakar ke pàs :

45 “O phakar, bhichhâ lo, kharî Kamâlî tere pàs.”

Itñî sun Rode Shâh Faqîr ne Kamâlî se karen jawâb :

“Ham ne bhichhâ kyâ karnî ? Jalâlî kâ lon dîdâr.”

Itñî sun Kamâlî chal parî, âî Jalâlî ke pàs :

“Kâlâ kâlâ bhund sâ, par rahâ sâde khiyâl.

50 Motîon kî bhichhâ nahîñ lendâ lengo terâ dîdâr ! ”

Itñî sun Rode Shâh Faqîr Lohârî se karen jawâb :

“Kâlâ kâlâ kis ko batâutî ? kâlâ hai burî bulâo.

Kâlâ sir ke bâl hain : yeh mardoñ ke singâr.

Kâlî ânkhoñ kî pûtlî, mohe kul sansâr.

55 Kâlâ Pachham kî bâdalî, barse kul sansâr.

Itne kâlôn ko mârke, phir phakar se kariyo jawâb !”

Itñî sun Jalâlî Kamâlî se kare jawâb :

“Jis phakar se mainî qarûñ, wahî âyâ sâde pàs !”

Hâth joṛ Jalâlî boldî, “sun, Kamâlî bahin, merî bāt :

60 Bâbal mere se kah de, ‘yeh phakar nahîñ, koî bad-
ma’âsh. ’ ”

Itñî sunkar chal parî, âî bâbal de pàs :

Hâth joṛ kah rahî, “sun, Bâbal, merî bāt ;

Phakar nahîñ koî maskhrâ, mange terî betî kâ dîdâr !”

Itñî sunkar chal parâ, âyâ betî ke pàs :

65 “Hukm, betî, de de, jo chûhe, so hove.”

“Is phakar ko nikâl do, dhake do do châr.”

“Jâîye, phakar, haṭ jâ : yeh hai Lohârî kâ farmân.”

Itñî sun boldâ phakar, kare sawâl :

“Turton Makkâ se â giâ, dekhan terâ dîdâr.”

70 Itñî sunkar ghussâ ho gai woh chanchal sî nâr.

Ghar ke jallûd lîe bulwâo, mangwâe apne pàs :

"Is phakar ko pakaṛ lo, mashkân deo âj.
Yâ tû kah do phakar ko 'haṭ jâ,' aur nahîn, ṭukre kar
do châr."

Itnî sun phakar boldâ, aur Lohârî se kare jawâb :

75 "In batôn se nâ ḍarûn ; lûngâ terâ didâr !"

Itnî sun Lohârî Jalâlî ne ḥukm diâ, chaṛhâo :

"Jaldî maskan bandh lo, ṭukre kar do châr.

Itnî ṭukre banâe do, aur kambal ke bândho piṇḍ."

Itnî sun jallâd ne bahû diê talwâr,

80 Phakar bhî na boldâ, ḥukm hûâ Dargâh.

Châr châr ungal ke tukre kar diê, lîe samundar ko jûn.

Jâkar samundar ger dî aur machhlîon ne baḍh lîâ mûs.

"Sârâ mûs tum khâe lo, do nain deṛyo chhor.

Mujh ko piyâ milan kî âs." Ḥukm hûâ Dargâh se
Khwâj Khîzar darmiyân :

85 "Is phakar kî deh sampûran kar do : is ko piyâ milan
kî âs."

Ḥukm hûâ Dargâh se sampûran ho gai deh.

Jalâdon se pahile chal paṛâ, âyâ Lohârî ke bâr :

"Lohârî Jalâlî, Allah kî piyârî, phakar nûn deṛyo didâr !"

Bolî Jalâlî, "kyâ kahe ? sun, Kamâlî, bât !

90 Kaisâ phakar boldâ is deoḍhî darmiyân ?"

Dekh Kamâlî ro purî, âî bahin ke pâs :

"Bahin, phakar nahîn, koî aulâ, aur phakar bure bulâe

Jis phakar nûn tû mârîâ, oh phakar khâî tere darbâr !"

Itnî sun ghusse hûî aur nain lîe bhartâr :

95 "Ai phakar, tû na hatâ, tere tukre kar dîngî châr !"

"In batôn se nâ ḍarun, lûngâ terâ didâr !"

"Sunkar â gayâ, Jalâlî, terâ bâp."

"Bâp, tain is phakar ko mâr do ; nahîn, marûn kaṭûrî
khâe."

Itnî sunkar boldâ jhaṭ us kâ bâp :

100 "Jo kahî so karûn is gharî woh bât."

Lohe kâ tandûr garwâ de, aur lakṛon kî kar dî ânch.

Bandh mashkân, ger de us tandûr darmiyân.

Tandûr jhaṭ garwâ diâ aur lakṛon kî kar dî ânch.

Surkh tandûr ho gayâ aur phakar se karo sawâl :

- 105 "Jâ, be phakar, hať jâ : nahîn, jal bal ho jâegâ râkh !"
 "Dhur Makká se â gayâ len terâ dîdâr."
 Itnî sunkar jal gaî, tan man lag gaî âg.
 Bandh mashkân ger dîâ us-tandûr darmiyân.
 Sârâ shahr ro rahâ, Lohârî se kare sawâl :
- 110 "Ai, Lohârî, tain kyâ karâ, phakar dîâ marwââ ?"
 Hukm hûâ Dargâh se dhûen ko wať dîe chařhâe.
 Kajlî Ban meñ so rahe Rođe Shâh Faqîr.
 Lohârî Jalâlî bolî, "Sun, Bâbal, merî bāt ;
 Is sârî râkh ko samundar men deřyo bahâo.
- 115 Ab is phakar kî chuk lîe kaise legâ dîdâr ?"
 Itnî sun kûñdî soñtâ boldî Lohârî se kîe jawâb :
 "Tû kaisî nahîn kar rahî ? phakar legâ dîdâr."
 Itnî sunke boldî Lohârî karî jawâb :
 "Râkh thî bahâ dî, ab tîjâ dîn karwâe."
- 120 Usî waqt Lohârî ne degân de chařhwâo.
 Shahr meñ dhanđhora de dîâ, aur faqîr lîe bulwâe.
 Satranjîân bichhâ dîe, faqîr baithe âe.
 Kûñdî soñtâ sochde rahe, na âe Rođe Shâh Faqîr.
 Hukm hûâ Dargâh se, Rođe Shâh ke khul gao âñkh :
- 125 "Tum, phakar, kyâ so rahe ? thârû tîjâ ho rahâ âj !"
 Itnî sun Rođe Shâh chal pare, âe Lohârî ke pâs.
 Majlis lag rahî darbâr meñ : â Rođe Shâh kare sawâl :
 "De dîyo, Lohârî Jalâlî, Allah kî piyârî, phakar nûn de
 dîdâr !"
- Itnî sunkar Lohârî Jalâlî kare sawâl :
- 130 "Dekhîyo, phakar nahîn, koî auliâ : phakar bure bulâe.
 Merâ singâr le jâ, aur phakar nûn de dîdâr."
 Pahîñ singâr Kamâlî nikal pařî, âf phakar ke pâs :
 "Â, phakar, dîdâr le, kharî Jalâlî tero pâs."
 Itnî sunkar phakar boldâ Jalâlî se kare sawâl :
- 135 "Je tû Mâî Jalâlî hai, to tere chhere par barsîyo nûr :
 Je tû phakar nûn thag rahî, terî ho jâ rûh se be-rûh."
 Hukm hûâ Dargâh se, ho gaî rûh se be-rûh.
 Rondî pâťdî âwandî, âf Jalâlî ke pâs :
 "Bhalî châhîye dîdâr de : aur nahîn, ho jâogî rûh
 be-rûh."

- 140 Dekh sūrat Jalālī ro parī, naṭh bhajke ā gai us phakar
ke pās:
“Ā, be phakar, dīdār le le, kharī Jalālī tere pās.”
“Yūn to dīdār nā leṭū; yeh hai phakar kâ jawāb.
Mahil par apne charḥ jā, aur sir se sâhī tār.
Denâ dīdār, Bibī, aur sifāt karūn terâ jag mân.”
- 145 Itnī sunkar ro parī, kare phakar kâ sawāl:
“Aisī batēn mat kaho; rakho pardâ tum āp.”
“In bâton se na haṭūn: ye phakar kâ sawāl:
Chhaje ūpar kharī ho, dekhe kul sansār.”
Itnī sunkar charḥ gai woh chātar sī nār.
- 150 Roḍe Shâh boldâ, “suno, Shahr ke log,
Jalālī charḥ gai mahil par, sir se sâhī diâ tār.”
Duniyâ ke log dekhde, Roḍe Duldul lie singār.
Jhat sawār us Duldul par āp:
“Sūrat terī bahut hai aur tū chātar sī nār:
- 155 Ham chale Makkâ Sharīf ko, tū rahe ūbād!”
Itnī sun Lohārī ne ūpar se mārī chhāl;
Jhatde se Duldul pakar lie, aur phakar kare sawāl:
“Yâ tū mujh ko le chal; nahīn, khâkar marūn katār.”
Itnī sun Roḍe Shâh Faqīr Lohārī se kare sawāl:
- 160 “Ham phakar darvesh hain, terâ hamārâ kyâ sâth?”
“Chīṭak, Phakar, lâ chalâ, ab jīne kī kyâ ūs?
Yâ chalūn tere sâth; nahīn, khâkar marūn katār.”
Itnī sun phakar ne jhat le lī apne sâth.
Lekar phakar chal pae, parī lambī râh.
- 165 Râh men phakar jangal ā gae. dere dīe lagâe.
Is jangal ke bīch men baithe dono ā.
Jalālī ko le âe Makkâ ke darmiyân.

TRANSLATION.

THE TALE OF JALÂLÎ, THE BLACKSMITH'S DAUGHTER.

Jalâlî, the Blacksmith's daughter, was born in the City of Baghdâd, and Roḍe Shâh the Faqīr in Makkâ. Jalâlî, the Blacksmith's daughter, appeared to Roḍe Shâh the Faqīr

in a dream and Rode Shâh Faqîr fell in love with her at once. Likewise Rode Shâh the Faqîr appeared to Jalâlî, the Blacksmith's daughter, in the City of Baghdâd.

Seeing this (dream) Rode Shâh the Faqîr mounted his
(mule) Duldul,*

His gourd in his hand, his beads round his neck, his
Qurân under his arm.

Saying "*Bîsmi'llah*"† he spurred on Duldul: on the
road he met the Four Friends.‡

Said the Four Friends to Rode Shâh :

- 5 "From what country comest thou? To what land goest
thou?"

"I am come from the Makkâ the Holy and I go to
Baghdâd."

So saying he went on, and the night came upon him on
the road.

Seeing the night Rode Shâh became miserable.

Rode Shâh the Faqîr took up the grass of the wilderness
and said to the grass:

- 10 "Make me a bed of a span in length,§ for the *faqîr* must
pray."

Hearing this the grass said to the *faqîr*;

"Thou canst not make thy bed on me, seek some other
place."

Hearing this Rode Shâh the Faqîr was grieved.

Then said the *dûb* grass|| to Rode Shâh the Faqîr:

- 15 "Take two and a half (mule) loads of me and spread
thy bed."

* Really the name of the mule of 'Alî here merely a fine mule

† "In the Name of God." the Musalmân invocation on commencing anything

‡ Abû Bakar, 'Umar, 'Usmân and 'Alî: the "four friends" of Muhammad

§ A half bed used as a penance by *faqîrs* on account of its extreme discomfort

|| *Kusa*, the *cynodon dactylon* or sacred grass of the Hindûs it has a fresh sweet smell.

- Hearing this Rode Shâh the Faqîr said to the grasses :
 "The other grasses shall be burnt up, but thou shalt
 give forth a sweet smell :
 And the cows shall eat thee and give milk and thy name
 shall live in the world.
 Let the servants (of God) be humble as the lowly *dûb* ! *
- 20 The other grasses shall be burnt up, but green shall
 remain the *dûb* ! "
- Saying this Rode Shâh the Faqîr went on and came to
 a boatman :
 "O son of the boatmen, hear my prayer.
 See the *faqîr* across (the river) in a boat in the name
 of God."
- Hearing this said the boatman ; " Faqîr, hear my words.
 25 I have the orders of Jalâlî the Blacksmith's daughter :
 I cannot see thee over."
- Hearing this said the *faqîr* ; " Boatman, hear my words :
 From others thou hast one *puisâ*,† take two or three
 from the *faqîr*,
 And see the *fugîr* over in a boat in the name of God."
 "If thou be a (true) *faqîr* and saint take thyself
 across."
- 30 Hearing this Rode Shâh the Faqîr's body was aflame
 (with wrath).
 Making a boat of his gourd and an oar of his staff,
 And saying " *Bi'smî'llah* " the *fugîr* sat in it and went
 across.
 Thought the boatman in his mind, " He is no *faqîr*, he
 is a saint? "
 He went and fell at the saint's feet and besought the
 saint:‡
- 35 " I knew not that thou wert so great a saint, or I would
 have served thee well.§

* Allusion to its low spreading character.

† One-third anna or a half penny nearly.

‡ *Shâhji* is one of the extravagant titles assumed by *fakîrs*.

§ *Lit.*, sat thee on my eyes.

So pray for me that my boat may safely cross over
(into the next world)."

Hearing this said Rode Shâh to the boatman :

" Labour much and earn much, but let not thy labour
prosper thee ! "

Hearing these words of Rode Shâh the Faqîr the boat-
man became sorrowful.

- 40 Saying this Rode Shâh went on to the city of Baghdâd :
And called ' *âlah* ' at the door of Jalâlî the Blacksmith's
daughter.

Hearing him Jalâlî the Blacksmith's daughter said to
her sister Kamâlî :

" Go, sweet sister, and give him alms. "

She went with the alms to the *faqîr* :

- 45 " O Faqîr, take the alms, Kamâlî stands beside thee. "

Hearing this said Rode Shâh the Faqîr to Kamâlî :

" I came not for alms. I came to see Jalâlî. " *

Hearing this Kamâlî went to Jalâlî :

" Black, black as a beetle, hath fallen in love with thee.

- 50 He will not take the alms of pearls, he would see thee ! "

Hearing this Rode Shâh the Faqîr shouted to the Black-
smith's daughter :

" Who is she culling black ? blackness is a deep stain.

Black is the hair of the head, the adornment of man.

Black are the pupils of the eyes, beloved of the whole
world.

- 55 Black are the clouds of the West, that water the whole
earth.

Destroy these black things ere thou answer the *faqîr* ! "

Hearing this Jalâlî said to Kamâlî :

" The *faqîr* I dreaded has come to us ! "

With joined hands said Jalâlî, " Sister Kamâlî, hear my
words :

- 60 Go and tell my father, this is no *faqîr*, but some scoun-
drel. "

* To say that he had come to see a *pardnîshên* woman was, of course,
to insult her grossly.

Hearing this she went to her father ;
 And said with joined hands ; " Father, hear my words.
 He is no *faqîr*, but some jester and would see thy
 daughter ! "

Hearing this he went to his daughter :

- 65 " Give thy commands, my daughter: it shall be as
 thou wilt."

" Turn out this *faqîr*, thrust him away."

" Go, thou *faqîr*, go away: this is the command of the
 Blacksmith's daughter."

Hearing this said the *faqîr*:

" I came walking from Makkâ to see her (face)."

- 70 Hearing this the silly woman became angry.

She called the household executioner !

(And said) ; " Seize this *faqîr* and bind his arms behind
 him at once.

Either induce the *faqîr* to go away, or cut him to
 pieces."

Hearing this said the *faqîr* to the Blacksmith's daughter:

- 75 " I fear not thy words ; I will (assuredly) see thee ! "

Hearing this Jalâlî the Blacksmith's daughter gave orders
 to proceed :

" Quickly bind his arms behind him and cut him to
 pieces.

Cut him into many pieces and tie up his body in a
 blanket."

Hearing this the executioner flourished his sword,

- 80 But the *faqîr* said never a word, (as) it was an order
 from the Court (of God).

He cut him into little bits and took them to the
 river.*

Going to the river he threw them in and the fishes
 divided the flesh.

(Said the *faqîr*) " eat up all the flesh, but leave the two
 eyes ;

* Hindû custom.

I would meet my beloved." An order went from the Court (of God) to Khwâjâ Khizar : *

- 85 " Make whole the body of this *faqîr*, (for) he would see his beloved."

The order went from the Court (of God) and the body became whole.

He went on before the executioners and came to the door of the Blacksmith's daughter :

" O Jalâlî, thou Blacksmith's daughter, beloved of God, show thyself to the *faqîr* ! "

Said Jalâlî, " what saith he ? Kamâlî, hear my words !

- 90 What *faqîr* is he that is talking in the doorway ? "

Kamâlî went to see and came weeping to her sister :

" Sister he is no *faqîr*, but some saint, and (that too) a powerful saint.

The *faqîr* that thou didst slay is the *faqîr* (now) standing at thy door ! "

Hearing this she was wroth and her eyes grew stern :

- 95 " O *faqîr*, if thou dost not go, I will cut thee in pieces."

" I fear not these words, (but) I will see thy (face) ! "

" Hearing this, Jalâlî, hath thy father come."†

" Father, slay this *faqîr*, or I will stab myself to death with a dagger."

Hearing this her father said quickly :

- 100 " I will do as thou sayest this moment."

He made an iron oven and lighted wood within it.

Binding his arms behind him he threw (the *faqîr*) into it.

Quickly he made the oven and lighted the wood.

The oven became red-hot and the (Blacksmith's daughter) said to the *faqîr* :

- 105 " Go, O *Faqîr*, go away or be burnt to ashes !"

" I came from far Makkâ to see thy (face)."

Hearing this she was aflame (with wrath), and the fire (of wrath) caught her body and soul.

* See Vol I . p 416, &c.

† Jalâlî's father says this

- Binding his arms behind him they threw him into the oven.
 All the city wept and said to the Blacksmith's daughter :
- 110 " O thou Blacksmith's daughter, what art thou doing,
 slaying this *faqîr* ? "
- It was the order of the Court (of God) and the smoke
 went up in circles.*
- And Rode Shâh the Faqîr slept in the Kajâlî forest.†
 Said Jalâlî, the Blacksmith's daughter ; " Father, hear
 my words :
- Throw all these ashes into the river.‡
- 115 Now that we have finished this *faqîr* how shall he see
 (my face) ? "
- Hearing this his pestle and mortar§ said to the Black-
 smith's daughter :
- " How wilt thou deny (thy face) to the *faqîr* ? "
- Hearing this said the Blacksmith's daughter :
- " The ashes have been sent afloat, now will I hold the
 funeral ceremonies."||
- 120 And that very moment the Blacksmith's daughter put
 the cauldrons on (the fire).
- She sent a cryer through the City and called all the *faqîrs*.
 She spread carpets and the *faqîrs* came and sat on them.
 The pestle and mortar began to grieve because Rode
 Shâh Faqîr came not.
- It was the order of the Court (of God) and Rode Shâh
 opened his eyes.
- 125 " Why art thou sleeping, *faqîr* ? They are holding thy
 funeral ceremonies to-day ! "
- Hearing this Rode Shâh went to the Blacksmith's
 daughter.
- The company were all assembled when Rode Shâh came
 and said :

* Through which Rode Shâh escaped.

† Brought in merely as a famous name : see Vol I., p. 520

‡ Hindu custom.

§ Kept by *faqîrs* for making *bhang*.

|| *Tîjâ* or *soyam*, the ceremonies on the third day after death held
 by Musalmâns.

- “Show (thy face), Jalâlî, thou Blacksmith's daughter,
beloved of God, to the *faqîr* !”
- Hearing this said Jalâlî the Blacksmith's daughter :*
- 130 “Behold, this is no *faqîr*, but some saint : and (that too)
a powerful saint.
Put on my clothes and show thyself to the *faqîr*.”
- Putting on the clothes Kamâlî went out to the *faqîr* :
- “Come *faqîr*, behold me, Jalâlî standeth beside thee.”
- Hearing this the *faqîr* said to Jalâlî :
- 135 “If thou be the Lady Jalâlî, then let thy face glow with
light :
But if thou art deceiving the *faqîr* may thy beauty
vanish.”
- It was the order of the Court (of God) and her beauty
vanished.
- Weeping and wailing she went to Jalâlî :
- “If thou seek thy good show thyself (to him), or thy
beauty will vanish.
- 140 Seeing her Jalâlî wept and ran quickly to the *faqîr* :
“Come, *Faqîr*, behold me, Jalâlî standeth by thee.”
“I will not see thee thus : this is thy *faqîr*'s reply.
Go upon the palace roof, take the veil from off thy
head.
Show thyself, Lady, and let the world praise thee.”
- 145 Hearing this she wept and said to the *faqîr* :
“Say not such words ; keep my honor !”
“I will not go back upon my words : this is the *faqîr*'s
request :
Stand on the roof and let the whole world see thee.”
- Hearing this the wise woman went up (on to the roof).
150 Said Rode Shâh, “hear, ye people of the City,
Jalâlî hath gone up on to the roof of her palace, and
taken the veil from off her head.”
All the world was looking (at her) while Rode (Shâh)
saddled his (mule) Duldul.

* To her sister.

Quickly he mounted him :

(Said he) "great is thy beauty and thou art a wise woman :

155 I go to Makkâ the Holy, do thou dwell (here) !"

Hearing this the Blacksmith's daughter leapt down from above ,

And quickly she seized Duldul and said to the *faqîr* :

"Either take me with thee, or I stab myself to death with a dagger."

Hearing this Roûle Shâh Faqîr said to the Blacksmith's daughter:

160 "I am a *faqîr* and a saint, what connection can there be twixt me and thee?"

"Thou hast enchanted me, O Faqîr, and how can I live now (away from thee) ?

Either I go with thee or stab myself to death with a dagger."

Hearing this the *faqîr* took her at once with him.

The *faqîr* took her, and ~~they~~ went a long road.

165 On the road they arrived at a desert and made a halt.

They both settled in that desert.

And he (at last) took Jalâlî to Makkâ.

NO. XXVIII.

THE LEGEND OF 'ABDU'LLÂH SHÂH OF SÂMIN,

AS TAKEN DOWN IN THE BALOCHÎ LANGUAGE FROM THE
NARRATIVE OF GHULÂM MUHAMMAD BALACHÎNÎ MAZÎRÎ,
AND TRANSLATED BY M. LONGWORTH DAMES, ESQ.

['Abdu'llâh Shâh belonged to a Sayyid family living at Samta, a village some miles south of Derâ Ghâzi Khân. He enjoyed a great reputation for sanctity, which is maintained by his family, now represented by a grandson of the original 'Abdu'llâh Shâh. The story is chiefly remarkable for the introduction of the heroes of the very favorite Panjâbî tale of Hîr and Rânjhâ in the after-world. Rânjhâ is represented as still following his original occupation of a buffalo-herdsman, and as supplying milk to the Prophet.]

[The story of Hîr and Rânjhâ is of world-wide celebrity in the Panjâb, and will be given in full later on in these volumes. Hîr was the daughter of Chûchuk, a Syâl of Bangpûr, in the Muzaffargarh District. Rânjhâ's true name was Didho; he was by caste a Rânjhâ Jatt, and is known almost exclusively by his caste name, which also takes the diminutive forms Rânjhûâ, Rânjhêâ, and Rânjhetrâ. His father Manjû was a Chaudhî or Revenue Collector, and local magnate at Takht Hazâra, in the Gujranwâla District].

[The Syâls are of Râjpût origin, and claim higher rank than the surrounding Jatt tribes, to whom they will not give their daughters in marriage, although they may marry Jatt women. Thus, though Hîr and Rânjhâ were both Muhammadans, their love was illicit, and ended disastrously. The pride of the Syâls is illustrated by another celebrated love story, "Sâhibân and Mirâ," which will also be given in full later on, the scene of which is at Khiwâ near Jhang. It is even now an insult to a Syâl to mention either Hîr or Sâhibân, and no Syâl will remain present, while either of these stories is being recited. They are, however, celebrated in the Panjâb as the types of constant lovers, much in the same way as Abelard and Héloïse in Modern Europe, or as Laili and Majnûn in Arabic, and Farhâd and Shirîn in Persian story. Hîr's tomb is about half a mile from the civil station of Jhang, and is marked on the survey map as "Munkurba Heer," which stands for "Maqbara-i-Hîr," or Hîr's monument. It is a brick building, resembling in style the ordinary Musalmân tomb of the 10th century, with the exception that instead of being covered by a dome it is open to the sky. There are niches or windows on the four sides. That on the west is closed, while the other three are open, the reason assigned

being that the wind should blow on Hîr from every direction except that of her home Rangpûr, where she had been murdered. The tomb stands close to an old bed of the Chenâb, and it is related that at the time of Hîr's death the river was still flowing in this old bed, and that Hîr appeared in a vision to a merchant who was travelling past in a boat, telling him to build her tomb in this place, and to build it so that the rain of heaven should always fall on it. This was done after Hîr's body had been placed in the tomb, but before it was closed Rânjhâ appeared, and, entering the tomb alive, was buried with her. This is not in accordance with the poem, but is the account given by Bhuttâ Vais, an old Jatt in charge of the tomb. A *melâ* or fair, of some local celebrity, is held at the tomb in the month of Mâgh (February). Hîr and Rânjhâ are commonly said to have flourished 700 or 800 years ago, but others assign them to Akbar's time (16th century A.D.), and the architecture of the tomb is in accordance with this supposition].

[The first poem in their honour is said to have been composed by Namodar Patwari, of Jhang, but the most celebrated is the poem of Wâris Shâh, a native of Takht Ilazâra in Gujranwâlâ, Rânjhâ's native place. It even now forms a favourite subject for local bards. Wâris Shâh is supposed to have flourished 150 to 200 years ago].

[It should be remembered that the letters printed in the following text as *th* and *gh* are pronounced in Balochi as the *th* respectively in 'breath' and 'breathe'.

TEXT.

'Abdu'llâh Shâh Saidu nishtaghâ Samînâ. Ravân bîṭha hajjâ, shuṭho jahâzâ chariṭha. Ravâna ravâna shuṭha, jahâz oshtâṭha bîṭha. Jahâz mardân hîlâ khuṭha, jahâz na bokhta.

Samundar kharghâ murgh-gale nishtaghetḥ. Gudâ jahâz-wâzâ gwashta. "Banda en choshren bî, ki wâstâ Hudhââ wathî sarâ dâṭh, azh jahâzâ er-khaffiṭh, baroṭh, hawân murghân bâl dâṭh? Murgh bâl girant, gudâ jahâzâ gwâṭh mân-khâiṭh, jahâz ṭilhiṭh." 'Abdu'llâh Shâhâ gwashta, "Mân deân wathî sarâ wâstâ Hudhââ." Er-khaptâi azh jahâzâ, shuṭho hawân murgh bâl dâṭhagbant, murgh bâl giptagbant; gwâṭh mân-âkhta, jahâz ṭilhiṭha.

'Abdu'llâh Shâh Samundar pahnâḍhâ dighârâ rawân bîṭha. Jâhe ki âkhta, gindî gwâmeshânî rand en. Zurtha-i hawân rand, zîrâna zîrana shuṭha; baroṭh gindî duhoie dukhagheñ, gwâmeshânî jhok en hamoḍhâ. Suhr-saren zâle nishtifyon. 'Abdu'llâh Shâh ki nazi âkhta, phâḍh-âkhto hawân zâl, gwash-

ta-î, "B'ismi'llâh 'Abdu'llâh Shâh Samfnewâlâ, biyâithe!" Phol-khuthâi ki, "Mâi, tha khai e?" Zâlâ gwashta ki, "Mañ Mâi Hir ân; Miân Rânjhâ go mêhân en. Makhta tho khush bi nind, begahâ Miân Rânjhâ di khâit." Begahâ gwâmesh âkhta pha jhokâ, suhr-rîsheñ marde phedhâgheñ. Phol-khuthâ 'Abdu'llâh Shâhâ ki, "Hawen mard khai en ki phedhâgheñ gwameshânî randâ?" Mâi Hirâ gwashta ki, "E Miân Rânjhâ en." An ki âkhta 'Abdu'llâh, Shâh phâdh-âkhta. An mardâ gwashta, "B'ismi'llâh, 'Abdu'llâh Shâh, biyâ durr sh'âkhtaghe!" 'Abdu'llâh Shâhâ gwashta, "Mahairâ, Miân Rânjhâ." Miân Rânjhâ ch'eshiyâ hâl gipta. 'Abdu'llâh Shâh wathî hâl thewâgheñ dâthaghant. Miân Rânjhâ gwashta, "Thâi hajj azh dargâhâ qabûl en, mañ begahâ shîre barân phujainân ma Huzârâ."

Guḍâ maṭî shîrâ phur khutho sar chakhâ zurtho, 'Abdu'llâh Shâh dastâ gipt-î, gwashta-î, "Wathî chhamân bût." Chhamân bûtthaghantî. Guḍâ gwashta Miân Rânjhâ, "Nî chhamân phat." Nî ki chhamân phatthaghantî dîṭha-î ki Rusûlu'llâh nishtagheñ wathî takht sarâ. Rusûlu'llâh salâm dâṭha-î, hajj qabûl bîṭha-î.

Gindî ki ya kumbhâr Samîu-nindokheñ, âñhî chakhâ chyâr-gîst rūpîâ chatîâ khapto bastha-ich. Guḍâ Rusûlu'llâh phar-maintha ki, "Miân Rânjhâ tharâ hukm en ki 'Abdu'llâh Shâh wathî shahrâ rasain dai." Dar-khapto âkhtaghant jhokâ. Miân Rânjhâ gwashta ki, "Do rosh nind hamedhâ, shîrâ bawar gwâmeshânî, guḍâ tharâ wathî handâ rasainân." Do rosh nishta hamodhâ; saimî roshâ Miân Rânjhâ gwashta ki, "Nî dastâ manân dai, guḍâ chhamân bût." Dast dâtho chham bûtthaghant-î. Guḍâ Miân Rânjhâ gwashta, "Nî main dastâ bil dai, chhamân phat." Chhamân phatî gindî ki mañ Samîn Shahr lûfî oshtâthaghân. Jihânâ dîṭha ki 'Abdu'llâh Shâh âkhta. Kumbhâr âkhtâ greâna gwar 'Abdu'llâh Shâhâ ki, "Philân handâ Drâkâne logh duzân bhorentba, rand ârtho mañ logh pahudhâ gwâzentaish; 'Nî Sarkâr gushîṭh ki chyârgîst rūpîâ chatî phur khan dai." Mañ be-gunâh ân. Hudhûl wâstû manân chorain." 'Abdu'llâh Shâhâ gwashta ki "E chatî mañ chorainagh nen," ki huzûr dîmânâ thâi chakhâ basthiyên. Baro phur khan dai."

TRANSLATION.

'Abdu'llâh Shâh Sayyid lived at Samûn. He started on a pilgrimage [to Mecca,] and went on board a ship. Going on he proceeded, when the ship stopped. The crew exerted themselves, but the ship did not move.

A flock of birds were sitting on the seashore. The ship's master said: "Is there any such man here, who, for the sake of God, will risk his life* and alight from the ship, and go and make those birds fly away? If the birds fly away the wind will reach the ship, and the ship will go on." 'Abdu'llâh Shâh said, "I will risk my life for God's sake." He alighted from the ship, and went and made the birds fly away, the wind reached the ship and the ship went on.

'Abdu'llâh Shâh (left alone) on the edge of the sea started off along the land. He came to a certain place, and there he saw tracks of buffaloes. He took up these tracks, and following and following them he went on and saw a smoke rising.† There was a buffaloes' grazing station (*jhok*) there. A red-headed woman was seated there. When 'Abdu'llâh Shâh approached the woman rose and said, "In the name of God, 'Abdu'llâh Shâh of Samûn, you are welcome!" He asked her, saying, "Mother, who art thou?" The woman said, "I am Hîr; Miân Rânjhâ is with his buffaloes. For the present sit down and rest. In the evening Miân Rânjhâ also will come." In the evening the buffaloes returned to the station, and a red-bearded man came with them. 'Abdu'llâh Shâh asked (of Hîr) "Who is this man that is coming in the track of the buffaloes?" Hîr replied, "This is Miân Rânjhâ." When he came 'Abdu'llâh Shâh rose. The man said, "In the name of God, 'Abdu'llâh Shâh, you are welcome!" 'Abdu'llâh Shâh said, "All is well, Miân Rânjhâ." Rânjhâ asked him for his news. 'Abdu'llâh Shâh told him all that had happened to him. Rânjhâ said, "Thy pilgrimage is accepted at the (divine) threshold. In the evening I shall take some milk, and bring you into the presence (of the Prophet)."

* *Lit.*, give his head.

† *Lit.*, a smoke smoking.

Then having filled an earthen pot with milk and lifted it on to his head, he took 'Abdu'llâh Shâh by the hand, and said "Shut your eyes." He shut his eyes. Then Rânjhâ said, "Now, open your eyes." When he opened his eyes he saw the Apostle of God sitting on his throne. The Prophet saluted him, and his pilgrimage was accepted.

There he saw a certain Kumhâr (potter), an inhabitant of Samîn, on whom (the Prophet's court) imposed a fine of eighty rupees. After this the Prophet gave this command: "Mîân Rânjhâ, thou art ordered to conduct 'Abdu'llâh Shâh back to his own town." They went out and returned to the station. Mîân Rânjhâ said, "Stay here for two days, and drink my buffaloes' milk. Then I will take thee to thy own place." For two days he stayed there: the third day Rânjhâ said, "Now give me your hand and then shut your eyes." He gave him his hand and shut his eyes. Then Rânjhâ said, "Now let go my hand, and open your eyes." He opened his eyes and found himself standing in the town of Samîn. The whole world saw how 'Abdu'llâh Shâh came. The Kumhâr came weeping to 'Abdu'llâh Shâh saying, "At such and such a place thieves have broken into the house of a certain carpenter. They brought the track and made it pass by the side of my house, and now the Government says, 'Pay up a fine of eighty rupees.' I am innocent, for God's sake get me off." 'Abdu'llâh Shâh said, "It is not for me to get this fine remitted, for it was imposed upon thee in the court of the Prophet's Majesty. Go and pay it."

NO. XXIX.

THE STORY OF RÂJÂ JAGDEO, AS TOLD BY A BARD OF THE MONTGOMERY DISTRICT.

[It is probably hopeless to find out who Râjâ Jagdeo the Panwâr was in the flesh, as the ancient Râjpût tribe of the Pramara, Panwâr or Panwâr, have so long lost all vestiges of royalty that nothing but vague tradition remains of their former grandeur. There is not a name in the legend among the several mentioned of Jagdeo's family that gives any clue to his identity. Dhârânagari or Dhâra, his home, is meant by the bard to be Pâkpaṭṭan, but, I think, it is more probably a confused recollection of the real Dhârânagar of the old Pramaras in the Vindhya mountains. The scene of his exploits with the demon is laid at Dipâlpûr, once an important place, but now an obscure village in the Montgomery District, and affords no clue to chronology. The scene of his second exploit is laid in the modern city of Jaipûr and referred to modern times.]

[The legend is pure folklore of the ordinary sort, and what history crops up is, of course, confused and contradictory. The story of Jagdeo's birth is referred to the time of the Emperor Salim Shâh Sûr, who flourished 1545-1554 A.D., and one of his exploits to the days of the great Jai Singh Sawâi, founder of Jaipûr, who died in 1743 A.D.]

[I have not thought it worth while to give the prose portion of the legend in original, but much of the language of the verses is archaic.]

THE STORY OF RÂJÂ JAGDEO PANWÂR OF DHÂRÂNAGAR†.

There was once a Râjâ of the Dwâpar Jug* whose name was Udâdît and who was a Panwâr by caste. From him was descended Râjâ Kuran, the Panwâr.

Now Râjâ Udadît had no son, and one day, as he was out hunting, he chanced upon a *faqîr* sitting in the wilds. The Râjâ got off his horse and paid his respects to the holy man and made all his followers do the same. The *faqîr* was much pleased at this and also at the Râjâ's humility in standing in his presence while he himself remained sitting, so he asked him what he wanted, and the Râjâ replied that he had no son. On this the *faqîr* stretched out his hand and gave him two

* A random statement to give an air of antiquity to the legend.

apples which he told him to give his wives, who would then bear him two sons, and the Râjâ did accordingly.

About five months after this Salim, the Emperor of Dehlî, demanded tribute to the extent of two and a half *lâkhs* of rupees (250,000), but as the Râjâ could only pay one and a quarter *lâkh* he was detained in Dehlî. When he had been there four months a bard was sent to congratulate him on the birth of Jagdeo, his eldest son, and four days after a Brâhman was started off to congratulate him on the birth of a younger son, Randhaur. The Brâhman outwalked the bard and reached Dehlî first, so the news of Randhaur's birth reached before that of Jagdeo's and Randhaur was recorded as the successor of Udâdît by the Emperor. When the true facts were explained to the Emperor he refused to alter the succession and so it came about that Randhaur was treated as the elder son.

Now the Emperor had refused to receive the one and a quarter *lâkh* offered by Udâdît, as it was only half his demand, so the Râjâ still had this sum with him, and when he explained to the bard why it was he was detained in Dehlî the bard explained to him that he had better spend what he had on an entertainment in honor of the birth of his two sons and see what would happen. Whereupon the Râjâ ordered an entertainment to the public on a scale never before seen even in Dehlî and made all the people very happy. The Emperor and his wife, of course, heard of it and she persuaded her husband to forgive the Râjâ who had spent his all in delighting the Emperor's subjects. Next day when the Emperor was seated in his hall of audience he sent for Râjâ Udâdît and he not only remitted all the reveue due from him, but gave him a dress of honor (*khi'at*) and let him go home free.

Afterwards when the boys grew up Randhaur was appointed successor to the throne and all the people went to pay their respects, but when Jagdeo went to the audience he thrust his spear into the ground and went away, saying in his heart that he himself was the lawful heir. The ministers and courtiers observed this and told Râjâ Udâdît that Jagdeo was a strong

man and had envy in his heart and would some day slay the Râjâ Randhaur. Râjâ Udâdit informed Jagdeo of what the people said, and Jagdeo, thereupon, resolved to leave his country and started off to seek his fortune with his horse and one servant.

As he wandered on he came to the country of Râjâ Kankhâr and put up at a Brâhman woman's house, who lived with her son next door to Râjâ Kankhâr's palace. She was a widow and the Râjâ paid her five gold pieces* for accommodation for the night only.

At that place a demon (*deo*) had been in the habit of coming at night and killing and eating three or four of the people, so the Râjâ had built a fort of a mile square for him to live in and into it he sent as a sop to the demon twelve loaves and some meat from his own table and one human victim from the city daily. This demon's name was Marhâ,† and his city of Marhâ still stands near Dipâlpâr‡ about 30 miles from Mungamrî (Montgomery). While Râjâ Jagdeo was staying with the old woman the chief constable came to her to say that it was her son's turn to go as the victim next day, whereon she fell to weeping and said :—

*"Je nujh ko hotî sâr chhor nagarî nîh jâtî;
Kis dharm vilâyat baith jâ, mushkat kar khâtî.*

*Yehân baiṭhan jî dahâio;
Jarmû pût sapût, nîr nainî bhar âio.*

*Ab kî rût kaṭân afsos karân;
Is rût kâ is nagarî meṁ kyûn rahân?"*

"Had I my will I would leave this city,
And go to some more favored land and earn my living.
Here I bewail my life;
I have a dutious son, for whom my eyes are filled with
tears.

* Five *mohars*, = 80 rupees.

† In Panjâbî, a corpse.

‡ An ancient site in the Montgomery District and in former times an important city second only to Lâhor and Multân as late as the 16th Century. It is not far from Pâkpaṭṭan.

I pass this night in sorrow :

Ah, why do I stay this night in this city ?

And while she was still weeping the chief constable went his way, and seeing her in great distress Jagdeo's heart was moved with compassion, as he was a pure, chaste, earnest, austere and generous-hearted* man, and he said to her :—

“Nā ro, māganhār:† sīs main apnā desān.

Desān Nām Khudde ke, sobhā do jag main lesān.

Tumhārā pūt chhoṛāusān; Rappūt bāt sāchī kare!

Sīs desān main apnā, jo pūt tumhārā nā mare.”

“Weep not, Brāhman†: I will give my head.

I will give it in the Name of God and secure a good name in both worlds.

I will release thy son ; and Râjpûts speak the truth !

I will give my head that thy son may not die.”

Saying this he lay down to sleep and the old woman was content with the pledge. Meanwhile the chief constable came and said, “Give your son, mother.” When Râjâ Jagdeo heard this he bethought him of his pledge and taking his sword in his hand went up to the chief constable and asked where the demon dwelt. The chief constable began thinking to himself who he could be, as he did not look like a Brāhman or a servant, so he said to him :

“Kis des kâ dhanī? kaun hai gūn jo thārā?

Kis bāp kâ pūt kaun hai ism tumhārā?

Kis des tum chālē? suno ik 'araz hamārā!

Āj kāl thārā dīse. Woh āfāt balwant hai, jī: lālch khūn kūr use.”

“What lord's son art thou ? where is thy house ?

What father's son ? what is thy name ?

Whither goest thou ? Hear a word from me !

Thou hast met thy fate to-day. The monster is very strong and has slain thousands.”

* Jatt, satt, hatt, patt, sahh.

† Māganhār, lit. beggar, used towards Brāhman women when addressed.

Replied Rājā Jagdeo :

"Kahe Rājā Jagdeo, kul sab fānī hoś.

Maidān parā Rājput sīdh de kadhī nā desī.

Kyūn bāt ghūṭ kaho ?"

Jagdeo kahe Kotwāl ko, "tum hī lok thir hī raho ?"

"Saith Rājā Jagdeo, all are mortal.

Once on the field of battle the Rājput never turns his back.

Why dost speak terrifying (false) words ?"

Saith Jagdeo to the chief constable, "will you people remain where you are ?" *

Said the chief constable, "I will take him to the demon as he is willing to be destroyed, but as the people will accuse me of offering up a stranger I will take witnesses with me."

Lāā sāth Jagdeo, pāñch sāt aur bulāe.

Gae Rāsak† ke pās, jā khulā darwāza lāe.

Bare Jhanī Panwār, "Rām Rām" mukh se kare.

Soch pā us log ko, Rājput nāhīn hargiz dare.

He took Jagdeo with him, calling four or five (others).

He took him to the demon and opened the door.

The brave lord, the Panwār, said adieu‡ with his lips.

Thought the lookers on, a Rājput will never fear.

Then the chief constable went to Rājā Kankhār and told him the news.

Giā pās Kankhār koṭwāl ik bāt bakhānī :

"Ik dekhā Rājput, jān us kī thī fānī.

Us tumhāre nagar men achraj bāt dekhī thī.

Is Dwāpar Jay men Rājput dekhā sakhī."

Sunī bāt Kankhār ānkhon se nīr palāṭṭe,

Giā hos fārmosh bāl pūt pūt satṭe.

Kankhār kahe koṭwāl ko, "tumhān bāt āge kyūn na kare ?

Rakh leo Rājput ko, jo pūt Brāhman kī mare."

The chief constable went to Rājā Kankhār and told the story :

* i.e., will you not die too ?

† For *Rākshasa*, and so all through this legend with the allied words *Rākas*, *Rākhas*, &c.

‡ *Rām Rām* : the usual salutation on coming and going.

"I have seen a Râjpût, who puts no value on his life.
I have seen a wondrous thing in thy city.
I have seen a (truly) generous Râjpût in this Dwâpar
Jug."

Hearing this Râjâ Kankhâr's eyes dropped tears,
And being disturbed in his mind he tore off his hair.
Said Râjâ Kankhâr to the chief constable, "Why didst
thou not say this before?"

Spare the Râjpût and let the Brâhman's son die."
Said the chief constable :

*"Ham barjo lakh wâr bāt, us ik na māt.
Us shīsh diā Rabb* Nām; marī kī yeh hī nishānī.
Solān kalān shapūt hai, chandah bīdyā nīlān.
Sūrat sairat us kī, jo sunder 'aqal jarān."*

"I tried a thousand persuasions, he would not listen
to one.

He gave his head in the Name of God; this is the sign
of a true man.

He has the sixteen (good) qualities and knows the
fourteen sciences.

Beauteous is his form and beauteous his mind."

And the chief constable said to the Râjâ, "he was not out
of his senses and fully understood the risk he was running,
but he said he had given his pledge in the name of God and
would not draw back."

Meanwhile, Râjâ Jagdeo was sitting inside the closed door,
and said to himself, it was well that he had given his head in
the name of God.

*Kīā soch Jagdeo daur darwāzā āyā :
Dīe hāth kī jhoshī for darwāzā dhāyā.
Pāhar āyā koṭ ton jo wāṅg sher bādāl gajen.
Dove futaḥ Khulāwand, shabāsh log mastak sajen.*

Jagdeo thought over it and ran towards the door:

He pushed it with his hand and tore down the
door.

He came out of the Fort as doth a roaring lion.

* Observe the Muhammadan words for God all through this legend.

God gave him the victory, and the people bent their heads in admiration.

And coming suddenly out of the door the Rājā awaited the coming of the demon.

Gai gharī do rāt thi, woh Rākshas dyā.

Chalā āgāo ho Rājā Jagdeo bulāyā :

"Pūjī pair Pañwār ke do hāth hamre chhakeñ.

Lagne hāth Pañwār ke, tū tadāñ nām hamrā japēñ."

When two watches of the night had passed the demon came.

When he came in front of him Rājā Jagdeo called out to him :

"Try the strength of thy hands and feet with the Pañwār,

When the hands of the Pañwār touch thee, thou wilt take his name."*

When the demon heard this he said :

Bole Itakhas, "balī shābāsh ! Rājput pīrē !

Jā, bakshā thārī jāñ ; jāo tum apne dwārē.

Aise jodhe balī, kyūñ kathan maidāñ mēñ gaho ?

Ham kahē ; tum samajh jā ; jo bār bār phir na kaho."

Said the demon, "bravo, friend Rājput !

Go, save thy life ; go to thy own house.

Why should so brave a warrior face this fatal field ?

I have said it : do thou hearken ; I will not say it again and again."

Replied Rājā Jagdeo :

Bole dhani Pañwār, mukhoñ ik sakhāñ ā lāē ;

"Ik mātī ke put, ik tum goli jāē ?"

Komar bandh ran bare, oh Rākhas, oh Jagde ;

Dorēñ sher jodhe lāēñ.

Then out spake the bold Pañwār with his lips :

"Art thou thy mother's son or the child of some slave-girl ?" †

* i.e., acknowledge his superiority

† The taunt here is in the insinuation that he is illegitimate.

Jagdeo and the demon girded their loins and entered
the field of battle,

As two lion-like warriors fight.

And as they fought God gave the victory to Râjâ Jagdeo.

Balî prâku bân zor bhuj doken lûe.

Pakar pachhârû deo dant dharnî dhar dîe.

Lîo Nâm Narangkâr kâ to kînî deo pukâr.

Nîm râit pâchhe rahe to pâe fatuh Pânwâr.

The brave hero used the might of both his arms.

He seized the demon and dashed him to the trembling
earth.

The demon called out to him in the name of God.*

It was after midnight that the Pânwâr obtained the
victory.

When Râjâ Jagdeo overthrew the demon and sat on his breast, the demon began praising the Râjâ and said to him: "I was born in Lankâ† (Ceylon) and I noticed that my parents always prayed that I should be protected from a virtuous man. I used to laugh at them, as mankind is our food, and I could not understand why we should fear a man. When I grew up I left Lankâ and have lived on human beings for the last fifteen years. Even at very sight of me they die and I devour them at leisure, but nevertheless my parents' fear of mankind has never left them."

"Jo sunâ hai kannî, asûn ajj ankhîn dekhâ.

Desûn tudh soghât jo sangramî ughâ.

Bukhsh merî jân, Jagde, Lank chhor Brij wasârûn;

Jît Khag Amî Singh doven terî nagar pathârûn."

"What I had heard with my ears I have to-day seen with
my eyes.

I will give thee presents if I escape from fighting thee.

Grant me my life, Jagdeo, and I will leave Lankâ and
live in Brij,‡

* To spare his life.

† The fabled home of the demons.

‡ A holy land of the Hindûs and, of course, the very opposite of Lankâ.

And bring before thee both Jît Khag and Amî Singh.”*

And the demon said that Jît Khag had been given to his father by Sulaimân (Solomon) the Holy and that he had the power of scaring off the seventy hundred evils. “And in addition to this I will give you Amî Singh Bîr, and if you will spare my life, I will leave Lankâ and go to Phalaukât† and never come here again.” But Râjâ Jagdeo refused to spare his life.

Kiâ âfat ko zor, hâth shamsher uñhâe.

Mukh se japke Nâm, tegh Bâsak ko wâc.

Âfat kâ sir kâtâ, do jahân shâbâsh lukhî

Dhârâñ dhanî Panwâr hai, kar bulî marî Jagdeo sakhî.

Putting the demon under him, he took his sword in his hand.

Taking the (Holy) Name he brandished his sword over the demon.

Cutting off the demon's head he won glory in both worlds.

The bold Panwâr of Dhârâ, the high-spirited Jagdeo, hath put on the garland of manhood.

When Râjâ Jagdeo had cut off the demon's head he determined to go back to his bed in the city, but Râjâ Kankhâr had placed 15 soldiers and 5 guns at each gate from which a continuous fire was kept up to keep off the demon. However Râjâ Jagdeo went on.

Âfat kâ sir kât, zor Jagdeo dikhâe.

Lâû hâth ke bîch dast sajje se chûe.

Âfat kâ sir kapke jiwâe dar par khavâ :

“Bûd khol kinâr kâ, ham ghar Bâhman ke châlâ.”

Jagdeo showed his prowess and cut off the demon's head.

He took it in his right hand.

He cut off the head of the demon and stood at the city gate,

* The allusion here is to the very little understood subject of the *Bêrs* or warrior godlings, who seem in India to correspond to the *Pahlavans* of Persian fable. Their name is legion and they are worshipped as gods, the cult of any particular *Bêr* being strictly local.

† Explained as another and a distant Lankâ.

(And said) "Open the leaves of the gate, I would go to the Brâhman's house."

And the Râjâ said to the door-keepers :

*Châr chî: achhî nahîn hotî, hâthiân, sârân, gârân,
darân. Wân kâ lafî achhî nahîn hotî.*

Four things are evil, elephant-driver, camel-driver, cart-driver, doorkeeper. *Wân* is a bad ending to a man's name.*

And then the Râjâ said to the door-keepers :

"Ai mânas darân, tumhên dar kuluf utâro !

Ai mânas darân, kyâ hai châlâ thâro ?

Hunrâ kahâ mân le, jo yeh bhalôn kî rit :

Ham to khâs Rappût haiîn, jo tum se rakhûn prît."

"O friend door-keepers, open the locks of the gate.

O friend door-keepers, what is your intention ?

Hear my words, as good men should :

I am a real Râjpût that is your friend."

"Open the doors and I will repay you the obligation." But said the door-keepers :

"Ham kyâ jânên prît ? Kân hai mânas bandâ ?

Us to dîo bhûg, kam tû kiâ manulâ ?

Bhûgân se tûn Râsakôn, nâ shish apnâ diâ.

Achraj hûâ is Shahr men, jo burâ kâm tum ne kiâ !"

"What know we of friendship ? Who art thou ?

Hast run away (from the demon), and done an evil thing ?

Thou hast run from the demon and not given him thy head.

It is astonishing to this city that *thou* shouldst do evil !"

And said the door-keepers, "it is against our orders that we should take you in." Then thought the Râjâ in his mind that

* This is a well-known *bon-môt* thrown in for effect. The play is on the termination *bân* and there is properly an answer—" *Hân, miharbân* : Just so, kind sir." *Miharbân*, kind sir, having also this objectionable termination *bân* (or *wân*).

he had better tell them of his success, as their fear of the demon was so great. So he said to them :

"Jis āfat kâ khauf tumhen, hamûn moh āfat mārî.

Us se lîâ khos sang kinhân do dhârî.

Ājat kâ sir kâtî, jo eyâ dâi pār kharî

Lîâ khol kinâr kâ, ham ghar Bâhman ke chald."

"I have slain the demon whom ye fear.

I have taken his two-edged sword that he had.

I have cut off the demon's head, that stand at your gates.

Open the leaves of the gate, I would go to the Brâhman's house."

Said the door-keepers :

"Khol uohi kinâr jo balkârî hov

Yâ kholwâs kinâr, jorâ topân dhov.

Ājat kâ sir latîâ, to ball tarân opnâ karo

Bîâ khol kinâr kâ, to bhî ân andar waro"

"Let him open the gates that is mighty :

Or let him open the gates that hath the guns with him.

If thou hast cut off the demon's head, show now thy strength.

Open the leaves of the gates (thysself) and enter"

Râjâ Jagdeo perceived that they were mocking him, and being furiously angry and a man of miraculous power, he pushed open the door and overthrew the fifteen soldiers and the five guns together.

Bahan phor, jo tajan so râî ubh.

Tore qujal zanjî, jo darbhân kûthî.

Darwâzê dî ton mor, kar phluchê dhârê.

Jitne bâns palî ke pâl, utnê Pañwâr ke akhârê.

Dekhê loq sarî kî, "na jât pît pûkho bhalo :

Dhârâ dhanî Pañwâr hai, jo Marhâ jhây Jagde chalo."

Throwing down all that were passing the night there,

He broke the bolts and bars and slew the door-keepers.

He broke open the gates and strewed about the pieces.

The Pañwâr's battlefields were as many as the leaves of the bamboo.

The people saw and said in admiration, "ask nor clan
nor caste :

He is Jagdeo the bold Pañwâr of Dhârâ that hath slain
the Demon."

And all the people cried out that the demon had broken
loose and burst into the city, so they took to flight. And the
news reached Râjâ Kankhâr who collected his forces, mounted
all the guns on the Fort and entered it. But Râjâ Jagdeo
went to the Brâhman's house and lay down to sleep. Mean-
while Râjâ Kankhâr's soldiers found the rampart of the Fort
broken down and the demon lying dead with his head severed
from the trunk and they told him of it. Admiring the bravery
of the hero who could slay such a demon the Râjâ returned home.

Pâe fatch Pañwâr pickhân ha! dere âio.

Sunî bāt Kankhâr, us ko turt mangâio.

*Kul amîr bhaje sabhe, Kankhâr kahe wazîr ko, "Wahî jawân
abhî lâio."*

The Pañwâr gained the victory and went home.

As soon as Kankhâr heard of it he sent for him.

He sent all his nobles and Kankhâr said to his minister,
"Bring the young man here at once."

When Râjâ Kankhâr's officials came to Râjâ Jagdeo and told
him that the king had sent for him, he angrily cried out, "I am
not your servant. I will go to the king when it suits me, and
that is to-morrow morning. Even then I will merely make over
the demon's head and go back to my home." So then the
Râjâ sent his minister to Jagdeo who said :

"'Aqil baje amîr Râi Kankhâr bulâe :

'Aqil baje amîr melkar kul ko lâe."

"The wise and noble Râjâ Kankhâr calls thee :

He hath sent all the wise and noble (of his people) to-
gether (to thee)."

And then he asked him his name and home :

"Kis des kâ dhanî? Khari bāt tum hi kaho."

Wazîr kahe Jagdeo ko, "Tumhen sher ithe raho."

"Of what land art Lord ? Tell me truly."

Said the minister to Jagdeo, "So lion-like a man must remain here."

So Râjâ Jagdeo bathed himself, put on golden sandals, took the demon's head in his hand and accompanied the minister to the Râjâ's palace. On the way the minister asked him to explain fully who he was to the Râjâ. Presently they reached the king's presence and Râjâ Jagdeo said to him :

"Udâdît kâ pût hûn, Pirthî kâ Râjâ.

Pânchoñ phar hathiyâr, nahîn main râti bhâjâ."

Bîch kachahrî âeke sab salâm majlis kare :

Kankhâr Jagdeo ko jo âp hâth mâth dhare.

"I am the son of Udâdît, the Lord of the Earth.

Wearing the five arms I did not run away in the night."

As he came into the assembly all saluted him :

Even Kankhâr himself put his hand to his forehead for Jagdeo.

Then Râjâ Jagdeo sat beside Râjâ Kankhâr on the throne with the demon's head before him.

Now Râjâ Kankhâr had long ago promised that whoever should kill the demon should have half his kingdom and his daughter Phûlmâde to wife, whatever his caste might be. So the king said to his minister that, as he had made the promise, and as the person who had fulfilled the conditions was a Râjpût of high descent, a Hindû, and pious, devout, earnest and austere, there was nothing left to him but to carry it out at once.

Khushî hûe Kankhâr, khujia ik hâl sunâi :

"Tainûn dolâ dewân." *Shitâb Râje kânî kurmâi,*

Hukm hâsil sâre dâr. Kankhâr kahe wazîr ko : "Jo nek kûm Sâhib kû!"

Pleased was Kankhâr and said privately :

"I will give thee my daughter." Quickly the Râjâ made the betrothal.

And gave all the necessary orders. Kankhâr said to his minister : "How well hath God done!"

So Râjâ Kankhâr married his daughter to Râjâ Jagdeo.

About a month afterwards Râjâ Jagdeo acquainted his wife with his intention of making a journey, and on her entreating him to take her with him he started off with her, taking also his servants, her maid, and the necessary following.

*Ik nahîne ba'd Râjâ ne kî aswâri,
Ik Rânî Phûlmûde, nâl ghulâm piâri.
Majlî majlî pahunchhe ant âe nagarî barî,
Mahilie Jagdeo ne kiwâr khol andar bare.*

After a month the Râjâ started forth
With Rânî Phulmûde and a trusty servant.
At the end of each stage they came to a great city,
And Jagdeo opening the gates of a palace went
within.

At Jaipûr the Râjâ rented a house and rested there. After four days had passed the maid said that there was no more oil left for the lamps, so the Râjâ ordered her to go and buy some in the bazar. The maid went accordingly, but was refused at every shop, so she had to return without any oil, and when the Râjâ told her to light the lamp she said :

*"Hukm nahîn is des matâ koî dîwâ bâte.
Sunî bāt Jai Singh usî ko pakar mangā le.
Ghar nâlâm us kâ kare," ghulâm kahe Jagdeo ko, "jo dîwâ
mandar bâte."*

"It is against the laws of this land that any man light a lamp.

As soon as Jai Singh hears of it he seizes (the delinquent)

And sells his house," said the servant to Jagdeo, "who lights a lamp in his house."

The fact was that Râjâ Jai Singh had strictly forbidden any one to keep a light in his house and allowed no lamp except in his own palace in all his territories. All that the people could tell Râjâ Jagdeo about it was that it was the Râjâ's order. So Râjâ Jagdeo gave his servant five gold pieces (*mohars*) and

told him to get some oilman to give him oil in return on the ground that they were travellers.

Kahe Râo Jagdeo nafar ko, "tel le âo :

Jo koî kare gumân usî ko pakar mangâo."

Nafar khol mîhrân dhare, nâm leve jab tel kâ, to woh kalâm telî kare.

Said Râjâ Jagdeo to his servant, "bring oil :

If any refuse, seize and bring him here."

The servant brought out the gold pieces, but when he mentioned the name of oil the oilman spake as before.*

Being refused the oil the servant went back, and when Râjâ Jagdeo demanded the oil he said, "hear what the oilman said :

Kaun terâ Jagdeo, jist ne tel mangâyâ ?

Aisâ kare gumân kyûn Jai Singh te âyâ ?

Is Râjâ Jai Singh ke jo lakk khâe tukrâ gâe !

Jâiye kaheñ Jagdeo ko jo yeh kalâm telî kahe "

Thorî âi bât nafar ne kiâ pasârâ .

Telî kare kalâm, "kaun Jagdeo tumhârâ ? "

Phar kañâr Jagdeo guâ telî telî mârke sabhî tel Jagdeo liâ

"Who is thy Jagdeo that desires oil ?

Who is it that has come thus to mock Jai Singh ?

This Râjâ Jai Singh whose gifts thousands enjoy !

Go and tell Jagdeo what the oilman saith."

The servant magnified a small matter :

The oilman had (really) said, "who is thy Jagdeo ?"

Jagdeo took his dagger and went to the oilman, and slew him and took all his oil.

When Râjâ Jagdeo reached the oilman's house the latter remarked that a short time before a stupid fool had been at his house, and now that he had come in a rage, whereon the Râjâ slew him at once with his dagger, and as his wife began making a disturbance, he slew her too. He then took all the oil there was in the shop and lit up his house.

Râjâ Jai Singh heard in the morning that a man, calling himself Râjâ Jagdeo, had killed an oilman and his wife and had lit

* *i.e.*, refused to give it.

up his house with their oil contrary to orders, but he took no notice of it at the time.

Now Rājā Jai Singh had a moon of his own* which he hung up in the sky to give light to his people and, of course, when Rājā Jagdeo was in the city it was lighted up as usual, and this made him ask about it, and he learnt that it was an artificial moon made by Rājā Jai Singh. As soon as he learnt this he determined to play a practical joke, and found out where the moon-makers lived, and sent his servant to fetch them in order to make him a moon like Jai Singh's. The moon-makers had heard of what had happened to the oilman for refusing oil, so they were afraid to refuse also, and accompanied the servant to Rājā Jagdeo's house. When they arrived he asked them how much they wanted for a moon. They replied, whatever he wished to pay, so he gave them 500 golden pieces and ordered a moon like Jai Singh's.

*Kahe Rāo Jagdeo kārīgar turt mangāe,
Binā tel ke chānd Rājā pharṇalak charḥāe.
Sabhā Shahr ghaughā kare.*

Jai Singh kahe wazīr ko, "isī waqt Sūrij charḥe!"

Calling them quickly spake Rājā Jagdeo to the moon-makers,

And had a Moon put up in the heavens (that burnt) without oil.

All the City cried out at it,

And Jai Singh said to his minister, "the Sun hath risen!"

As soon as the moon-makers had raised up a second moon Rājā Jai Singh heard of it and asked who had done such a thing. His officials told him that it was by the order of the man who had killed the oilman. "Very well," said Rājā Jai Singh, "tomorrow morning we will test his strength," and he began collecting his army. Meanwhile Rājā Jagdeo reflected that he was a mere traveller and had better pay his respects to Rājā

* This story is a most curious reference to the astronomical proclivities of Jai Singh Sawái, his scientific feats having in 150 years given rise to such pure folklore as this!

Jai Singh and depart. So next morning after bathing he put on his golden sandals and splendid raiment and went off to see Rājā Jai Singh. It was the day of the Salonā festival,* and before Rājā Jagdeo arrived at Jai Singh's palace, Kankālī, the bard's wife,† had been to Rājā Jai Singh, to congratulate him on the day and receive her customary present.

Sūrij dittā chūsh Rājā ne kī Kachahrī :

Pānchoṅ pharṁ hathiyār Rājā āyā hankārī.

Bich Kachahrī āke sab salām majlis kare :

Jai Singh Rājā Jagdeo ko jo āp hāth mātḥ dhare.

When the sun rose the Rājā held his Court,

Wearing his five arms bold Rājā (Jagdeo) came there.

He came into the assembly and all saluted him :

Even Jai Singh put his hand to his forehead for Rājā Jagdeo.

Then Rājā Jagdeo went and sat beside Rājā Jai Singh on the throne and all the nobles of the Court were silenced for awe of him and none durst ask him who he was or whence he came. Then up came Kankālī,‡ the bard's wife and said.

"Jab jāgo parbhāt pirtham Thākur ke dvrēṅ ;

Karke mātḥ dṇḍāwat bhat charnī chit lāveṅ ;

Gannī kare ashnān dhyān pūjā kār rākheṅ ;

Kathā bārtā hot paṭ gītā gun bācheṅ.

'Jithā sakat ko dūn hai,' Bed pāt Paṇḍit paṛheṅ.

Pūraṅ sukab kah lāj ko, achal rāj jug jug hī kareṅ."

"When ye wake at dawn first go to the God (Thākur) ;

Making the circuit, bend your hearts to prostration and obeisance ;

Sing your hymns, bathe, meditate and worship ;

Read your religious books and sing your hymns.

'Give of your ability,' teach the Doctors from the Scriptures,

* This account of the proceedings at the Rākhi festival of the Rājput is worth noting Salonā is the last day of Sāwan and falls about the 15th of August.

† *Bhātṇī* : this is the regular custom.

‡ Kankālī or Kankālīni, means a witch or sorceress.

It is the prayer of the perfect poet that ye may rule for
age upon age."

Then Kankâlî, the bard's wife, went up to the Râjâ to bind on the *râkhi** and put a veil over her face. First she raised her right hand and put the *ṣikā*† on the forehead of Râjâ Jagdeo and then with her left hand she put it on the forehead of Râjâ Jai Singh. After this Kankâlî, the bard's wife, went away and so did Râjâ Jagdeo.

When he had gone the nobles said to Râjâ Jai Singh "he seems to be some great Râjâ, but we do not know who he is. We are, however, much struck with the doings of the bard's wife. First she acted improperly in reciting the verses veiled, and then in putting the *ṣikā* on the stranger's forehead with her right hand and on your Majesty's with the left." "When she comes again," said Râjâ Jai Singh, "we will ask her what she meant."

In the afternoon, when the Râjâ again held an audience, Kankâlî, the bard's wife, came again to recite verses, but the Râjâ stopped her and demanded of her who it was on whose forehead she had placed the *ṣikā* first in the morning so improperly. To which she replied :—

"*Dhanî Dhûrân kû dhanî, des pirthî jag jāne :*
Dhanî Dhûrân kû dhanî, des pirthî ān māne.
Main Kankâlî kandalî, sāṣ bāt mukh se kahān :
Main Kankâlî kandalî, dhāp sīs gale kahān."

"Lord of the lordly Dhârâ, all the earth knows him :
Lord of the lordly Dhârâ, all the earth acknowledges him.
I, Kankâlî, am true and speak truth with my lips :
I, Kankâlî, am true and veiled my face and spake."

The Râjâ then asked her why she had veiled her face and marked the stranger first with the *ṣikā* with her right hand and then himself with the left. "I veiled myself before him," she replied, "because in him I saw a true man." Then said

* A bracelet bound on the wrist to avert the evil-eye at this festival. Tod, *Rājasthān*, orig. ed., Vol. I., pp. 242 and 457, gives elaborate accounts of the ceremony.

† The mark of royalty.

the nobles, "she never veiled before us, so if she veiled before him because he is a true man she must take us all for women." Said Rājā Jai Singh to her, "what are the signs of a true man?" Replied she, "purity, chastity, earnestness, austerity, generosity,* all these I saw in him." Then said the Rājā, "you say you saw generosity in him, let us then test this first. Go and ask him for a present, and whatever you get I will give you eleven-fold hereafter." "Swear this with an oath of the Hindūs," said she. Then said the Rājā:—

"Indar bāt baram bāch bāton fale nīchar galē!"

"By Indra I say, that if I go back on my word may I rot in the nether world!"

In the old days this oath was so powerful that he who fore-swore it was annihilated in the next world. So next morning Kankālī, the bard's wife, went to Rājā Jagdeo's house to beg. Said Rānī Phūlmāde, "he is not at home, you will find him at the bathing place." Kankālī went there and found Rājā Jagdeo returning from bathing with his towel in his hand and his *loṭū†* and telling his beads. Kankālī went up to him and said:—

"Gaṇpat Gaṇesh mangal kare!"

Rājā Jagdeo ne kahā, "hukm, māṅganhār!"

"May Gaṇeśa, Lord of Hosts, bless thee."

Said Rājā Jagdeo, "thy will, thou beggar (of alms)?"

Said Kankālī, "I am (the Angel of) Death and slay by chance or by disease."

"Ik khaṭ chapṭh marēn, ik sote nahīn jagēn.

Ik āg dah marēn, ik dang bhū bhajēn.

Ik pānī dum marēn, ik sāun ghun ghajēn.

Har bīlḥ marēn jāin nā; suno, Rājā, mātā yūn kahē,

Sis kāt de bhaṭ ko jo kīrat jag men rahe."

"One dieth in his bed, one sleepeth and waketh not.

One dieth in the fire, one falleth by a serpent's bite.

* See ante, p. 185.

† A brass cup or pot used for drinking and bathing purposes by Hindūs.

One is drowned in the water, one dieth bold and roaring.
All must die in some way; hear, Rājā, thus saith the
mother;

Give thy head to the bard's wife, if thou wouldst have
a good name in the world."

Said Kankālī, "Rājā, thy head is the boon I crave." Said he,
"My head is His that gave it me: thou cravest it—here it is."

Jus jīwan, ajas maran hai, jus ke kīṭye kām.

Kahe Baitāl, "sun, Bikarmā, jo sufal bāt hai dān."*

Goodness is life, evil is death, so do good works.

Saith Baitāl, "hear, Bikarmā, charity is the deed that
prosper."

Then said the Rājā to the bard's wife, "cut off my head."
But said she, "I am no murderess that I should cut off thy head
in the *bāzār*. Go to thy house and cover thy head with jewels
that all may know it to be a Rājā's and not a goat's head.
Then take a platter in thy left hand and with thy right hand
strike off thy head into it with thy dagger and then shall I
know thee for a truly generous man. I take only freely given
alms. I am no oppressor." The Rājā went home and told his
wife Rānī Phūlmāde of what the bard's wife had asked and
what he had promised. Then said Rānī Phūlmāde:—

"Main to torī dās hūn, woh mātā bhagwān.

Jo kuchh mātā pītā kahe, so gal parvān."

"I am thy slave, she thy blessed mother.

What thy father and mother say is incumbent on thee."

Said the Rājā, "the head is His who gave it, not father's nor
mother's." Then the Rānī covered his head with jewels weep-
ing, and when she had finished, the Rājā called out to Kankālī:
"Here, thou beggar-woman, come and take thy alms," and
Kankālī presented herself. Whereon the Rājā taking the platter
in his left hand and his dagger in his right struck off his head

* This is a characteristically confused allusion to the variant of this
very legend by which Bikarmā (Vikramāditya) becomes possessed of
Ujjayinī from the demon or ogre Agwā Baitāl. The story is told at
length in Mrs. Postans' *Cutch*, 1839, pp 20-22, and is alluded to in *Panjab
Notes and Queries*, Vol. I., note 832.

and his body fell to the ground. Then spake Kankâlî to Phûlmâde :—

*"Main Kankâlî kandâlî Des Dakhan se dî.
 'Sîe deio Rabb Nâm, mard kî phîrî dohâtî.
 Main, Kankâlî kandâlî, sâf bāt mukh se kahmān.
 Tum, Rânî Phûlmâde, suhâg tumhārā sufal rahān."*

"I am the true Kankâlî from the Southern Land.
 His giving his head in the Name of God is the deed of
 a true man.

I, Kankâlî, am true, I speak truth with my lips.
 Rânî Phûlmâde, thou shalt live in prosperous wedlock."

"Now let us pray to God (*Khudâ*), for He will mysteriously restore thee to wedlock, and have a care that no fly touches his body."

In the morning Kankâlî took the head in the platter and went with it to Râjâ Jai Singh, to his hall of audience and demanded eleven such heads. The head, however, was so covered with jewels that the Râjâ thought it was merely a platter of jewels and offered her fifteen such, but Kankâlî took out the head in the hall of audience and said :—

*"Jas kûran Jagdeo jûn dhar jag meñ dîo :
 Jas kûran Harî Chand hañh pur jâe vikâio :
 Jas kûran Bal Bain jîb kâ lobh na kîno :
 Jas kûran Jagdeo sîs Kankâlî ko dîno."*

"For honor came Jagdeo thus upon the earth :
 For honor Harî Chand sold himself (as a slave) :
 For honor Bal Bain* gave up worldly lusts :
 For honor Jagdeo gave his head to Kankâlî."†

When he heard this, Râjâ Jai Singh asked Kankâlî to wait awhile and went to his nine queens and asked them for their heads, but they refused, saying, "we came into the world to enjoy ourselves, not to give up our heads." Then he went to his seven sons who also refused, saying, "if this is what

* Reference to the well-known classical legends of *Harischandra* and *Bali*.

† i.e., for a good name.

you want we will pack ourselves off at once." Then said Kankâlî:

"Dharg hai Râjâ Jai Singh, jis dharm wanjdio !

Dharg hai Râjâ Jai Singh, jis nâm gawdio !

Dhurg hai tore karan ko bîch nâs jab hot ! "

"Cursed be Râjâ Jai Singh, that went back on his word !

Cursed be Râjâ Jai Singh, that lost his (good) name !

Cursed be thou to be destroyed by thy own act ! "

Saying this Kankâlî returned to Râjâ Jagdeo's house, where she joined the head to the body, and then she said to Rânî Phûlmâde : " my daughter let us pray to God (*Khudâ*) together, and if it be His will that you again enjoy wedlock the Râjâ will live." For she said :

"Jab Khudd kî Kachahrî kâ velâ hotâ hai, jab sawâl ke sawâl kâ velâ hotâ hai, aur us Kachahrî meñ un kî do'â mustajât hoe."

"When it is the hour for God to hold his Court, then is the hour for the prayer of the suppliant, for then his prayer prevaleth in the Court (of God)."

In the morning Kankâlî told Rânî Phûlmâde to see if God had heard their prayer, and when the Rânî went to awaken the Râjâ he sat up and spake. And Rânî Phûlmâde gave heart-felt thanks to God.

No. XXX.

RĀJĀ NĀ L,

AS PLAYED ANNUALLY AT JAGĀDHRI IN THE AMBĀLĀ DISTRICT.

[This poem is a *swāg* of the same description as those previously given, and is performed or sung in precisely the same way.]

[The tale of Nala and Damayanti has been so often edited and translated from the Saṅskṛit that it needs no special explanation here, except to point out that the present version closely follows—but in a vastly inferior fashion—the legend as related in the *Mahābhārata* up to the point where Nala and Damayanti are driven into the forests. After this the bard wanders off into other stories and ends lamely and abruptly.]

[The part played here by the gods as superior heroes under an abstract God—mentioned under various names—just as ordinary mortals could be, points to the vast difference that really exists between the popular Hinduism of modern days and the religion of the authors of the *Mahābhārata*, &c.]

[According to the bards Rāṅgāchār the Brāhman relates the tale as Vṛiḥadastva does in the *Mahābhārata*. This Rāṅgāchār has already turned up as the narrator in previous *swāgs*.]

[There is a common modern story current in chap-books and very popular in the Panjāb called *Nal Daman* based on the *Mahābhārata* legend. These versions of *Nal Daman* are translations or renderings of a Persian work of the same name, which in its turn is an adaptation of a Sanskrit variant of the tale. An abstract of this tale will be useful here to be read with the Sanskrit and modern bardic versions.]

[The *Nal Daman* story is as follows. Rājā Nal sees Daman in a dream and falls in love with her, and a similar dream comes to Daman. Her nurse, or duenna, attempts to dissuade her from falling in love with Nal, and so does her father the King of Badar (Vidarbha) when he hears of it. A swan then carries the correspondence which ensues between Nal and Daman, and at last her father, finding it useless to separate them, has them married at his house. Nal takes her to his country and gambles away his property to his younger brother, who turns them both out into the deserts. In the deserts Nal loses his last covering in attempt to catch a bird for food, and is also unsuccessful in attempting to catch some fish. After this he loses Daman, and being driven mad by the bite of a serpent, wanders to the country of Ratbaran (Rituparna of Ayodhya). Upon this there is a diligent search made by Brāhmins, and Nal and Daman are finally united.]

TEXT.

Swâng Râjâ Nal kâ.

Jagat jot Jwâlâmukhî, dharte terâ dhyân !
Kirpâ apnî kijîyo ; karo chhand kâ gyân !

- Bhawânî, man ichhâ bar pâûn !
Karo budh pargâsh, simarke Nal kâ swâng banâûn.
5 Hath joṛ âdhîn hovegî, charnoñ sîs niwâûn.
Main tumharî âdhîn, Mâtjî ; man ichhâ bhar pâûn.

He Mâtâ rî, main mûrakh hûn, mand 'aqal mujh ko hai
thorî.
Karo kirpâ jag, Mât, saran main lenî torî.

TRANSLATION.

The Legend of Râjâ Nal.

O Jwâlâmukhî,* light of the Earth, let me worship thee !
Grant me thy grace ; give me knowledge of verse !

- O Bhawânî† fulfil my heart's desire !
Give me the light of wisdom, that worshipping thee I may
sing the legend of Nal.
5 With joined hands will I honor thee, laying my head
at thy feet.
I am thy worshipper, O Mother ; fulfil my heart's desire.

O mother, I am but a fool and little wisdom have I.
Have mercy on me in the world, Mother, for I am thy
servant.

* Any fire coming from the earth, or a volcano, supposed to represent the fire in which Satî the wife of Śiva burnt herself. Here meant in a general way for Devî and brought in because of the celebrated shrine to Jwâlâmukhî in the Kāngrâ District.

† Meant for Devî as above.

Maini liâ hûn saran, bhûjâ tum pakaro mori.

- 10 Kahte Balmukand, hâth tumhari hai dori !

Muktâl.

Arî Sârad Mahârânî,
Tû hai Châr Jûg men jâni,
Jis ke baithî kanth
Bahisht kî us se nishânî.

Gurû.

- 15 "Man kî dugdhâ tyâg de ; suno hamâri bât.
Is chintâ ko dûr kar : kyâ soche din râ ?
Dukhî main jag men dekhi sâri.
Nal Râjâ par bipat parî ; main tujh se sunâûn, piyârî ?
Hain sâth ghorâ aur hâthî, ho gar sab se tayyârî.

I am thy servant, do thou load me by the arm.

- 10 Saith Bâlmukand,* my honor† is in thy hand !

Refrain.

O Queen Sârad,‡
Known throughout the Four Ages !
To whose throat thou comest
Hath the signs of Heaven.

Gurû. §

- 15 "Put away the sorrows of thy heart ; hear my words.
Put away these griefs afar : why dost grieve day and
night ?
Throughout this world have I seen grief.
On Râjâ Nal there fell great sorrow, as I will tell thee,
friend.
Horses and elephants had he and gave up all, but

* Bâlmukand is evidently here the Gurû or spiritual adviser of Judishtar and represents the sage Vṛihadaśva, who repeats the story of Nala to Yudhishtira to soothe his grief in the orthodox legend of the *Mahabharata* † *Lit* , rope.

‡ The Goddess of Learning : see Vol. I , p. 122

§ Bâlmukand, or Vṛihadaśva, now addresses the grief-stricken monarch Judishtar, or Yudhishtira.

- 20 Tere sang to chār bir, jinheñ Jarāsandh se māre.
 Ai Rājājī, Nal Rājā Mahārāj dharm kā karnehārā.
 Līā jūe meñ jīt, rāj se bāhar nikālā :
 Gīā banon ke bīch, tyāgke sab parwārā.
 Damwantī thī sāth, hūā phir us se niyārā ! ”

Judishṭar.

- 25 “ Suno Bipr Gurdeoji, main sab līā bichār.
 Kaho bāt Nal Bhūp kī, muñh se karo bistār.”

Gurū.

“ Suno, man ab chit lāke.
 Kahūn Nal Rājā kī bithā, dukhī hūā ban meñ jāke.
 Damwantī thī sang, kahūn tum ko chit lāke.

- 20 Thou hast four brothers* that slew such men as Jarā-
 sandh.†
 O Rājā, the great lord Rājā Nal obeyed the law.
 He was beaten in a gambling match and driven from his
 kingdom,
 And went into the forests away from his household.
 Damwantī was with him and then he was separated
 from her ! ”

Judishṭar.

- 25 “ Hear, O Brāhman Gurū, I have considered all they say.
 Tell the story of King Nal, giving the details with thy
 lips.”

Gurū.

“ Hearken with heart and soul.
 I tell tho sad story of Rājā Nal and the sorrow he suffered
 in the forests.
 Damwantī was with him as I tell thee with all my
 heart.

* viz., Arjuna, Bhīma, Nakula, and Sahadeva, who with Yudhish-
 thira are the heroes of the *Mahābhārata*.

† Killed in combat by Bhīma according to the well-known legend.

- 30 Kyûn socho din râi ? kahûn tum ko samjhâke.
Khelo chaupur sar sat kî bâji lâke.
Yeh chaupur kâ khel, dâr pânsâ chit lâke."

Pahilî Sakhi.

- "Nikhâd Des ke bîch men Bîr Sen ik bhûp.
Tâ ke ghar Nal putr hai kâmdeo kâ rûp :
35 Kâmdeo kâ rûp birâje, adh-budh sobhâ pâe.
Chaupur khel bahot se jâne, rath bidhyâ charâf.
Sobhâ kahûn kahân tak ? mû par kahî na jâe.
Nal Râjâ sâ hûâ, na hogâ, Tîn Lok ke mâhin !"
Ai Râjâji, sau Râjâ ke bîch mâno koî chand-râje :

- 30 Why dost grieve day and night ? I tell thee, admonish-
ing thee.
Play at *chaupur** with a pure heart.
This is the way to play *chaupur*, throwing the dice
with care."

First Maid.†

- "In the country of Nikhâd‡ one Bîr Sen§ is king.
In his house is a son Nal as beautiful as Kâmdeo :||
35 Adorned with the beauty of Kâmdeo and innumerable
charms.
Very great is his skill at *chaupur*¶ and in the art of war.
How far shall I speak of his virtues ? They cannot be
fully told.
A Râjâ like Nal has never been, nor will be, in the Three
Worlds !
O Râjâ, he was like a majestic moon among a hundred
Râjâs :

* See Vol. I., pp. 243-245. This is advice to Yudhishtira. Both he and Nala came by all their sorrows through inordinate gambling.

† These maids are attendants on Yudhishtira.

‡ i.e., Nishadha, probably the modern Bhil country.

§ Vira Sena, the father of Nala.

|| i.e., Kâma, the God of Love

¶ His skill in gambling is always reckoned among Nala's virtues !

- 40 Sâr-bîr, balwant, sher jûn ran men gâje.
 Parhâ Bed Purân, sat kâ pâsanhârâ :
 Râjâ Indar samân Sabhâ ke bîch nihârâ."

Dûrî Sakhi.

- " Kis Râjâ ke bâgh men ho rahî 'ajab bahâr ?
 ' Âm, anjîr, angûr, sab nimbû, seû, anâr,
 45 Bâgh men khil rahî khûb chambellî !
 Marwâ mohan, Madan phûl, aur khil rahî 'ajab chambellî.
 Hans roz chugne âve tahân mil mil dârà keli :
 Roz bâgh men sair kare Râni aur sang sahelî.
 Kis bâgh men hans chugne ko âe ?
 50 Lîe Râo ne dekh turt pakarân ko dhâve.
 Dene motî ger hans jab chugne lâge,
 Lîâ hans ik pakar, aur hans sab bhâge."

- 40 A hero and a warrior, roaring as a lion in the field of
 battle.
 He had read the *Vedas* and *Purânas* and was an
 encourager of virtue :
 Looking like Râjâ Indar in the midst of his Court."*

Second Maid.

- " What Râjâ's is the garden that blooms so beautifully ?
 Mangoes, grapes, figs, limes, apples, pomegranates,
 45 And jasmines are in full bloom in the garden.
 Sweet marjoram and Cupid's flower and lovely jasmines
 are blooming.
 Swans come daily in flocks together, where
 Daily the Râni wanders in it with her maids.
 Whose is the garden where the swans have come to feed ?
 50 The Râjâ has seen them and ordered their immediate
 capture.
 The pearls are thrown before the swans and they have
 begun to feed,†
 (Lo !) one swan is caught and the rest have flown away."

* Indar Sabhâ, or Indra's Court, is the conventional expression for
 all that is beautiful and lovely.

† See Vol. II., pp. 88-89.

Hans.

- " Rājā, nā māriye, hans hamārā nām.
 Dekhat main chhoṭe lagen, bare sanwār le kām.
 55 Bare sanwār le kām, aur, Jī, sāch bāt batlāū.
 Damwantī ik Rānī; kahīye, tum ko us se milāūū.
 Jaldī mujh ko chhoṛo, Rājā, us Rānī pe jāūū.
 Tujh bin nahīn aur ko byāhe, aisi bāt sunāūū.
 Ai Rājāji, Tīn Lok ke bēch nahīn koī aisi Rānī.
 60 Chale hans kī chāl; kahe mukh imrat bānī;
 Mirg nainī; madh bharī; chandar mān mukh kī jotī;
 Nā Indrāsan bēch Nāg kanyān kī jotī!"

Rājā Nal.

" Main tujh ko mārūn nahīn, man meñ dhar le dhir.
 Sun, re hansā bāware; kyūn hotā dulgīr ?

*Swan.**

- " O Rājā, slay me not, for swan is my name.
 In form I am small, but I can do thee great service.
 55 Great service can I do, and, Sir, I will tell thee a true
 thing.
 There is a Rānī Damwantī, say, and I will join you
 together.
 Quickly let me go, Rājā, that I may go to the Rānī.
 I will tell her to marry none but thee.
 O Rājā, within the Three Worlds there is no such Rānī.
 60 Her gait as a swan's, sweet words speaks she with her
 lips;
 Eyes as an antelope's, her youth in its prime; her face
 bright as the moon;
 No Nāg's daughter in Indra's Court bright as she!"†

Rājā Nal.

" I will not slay thee, take courage in thy heart.
 Hear, foolish swan; why art sad ?

* The story of Nala now begins by the captured swan addressing him after being caught, as related by the maid.

† A confused allusion here to the Apsarases or nymphs of Indra's heaven Indrāsan = Indar-sabhā c.f. line 42 and for a note on the Nāgs or Nāgas see Vol I, p. 414, &c.

- 65 Kyūn hotā dilgīr, piyāre ? Us kā bhed batā de.
 Jis Rāje kā hai woh beṭī, us kā darshan dikhā de.
 Sobhā kare barī mukh setī ; us kā nām batā de.
 Bhālūn nahīn ahsān, hans re, jo tū mujhe milā de.
 Hans re, jā piyārī ke pās, merā sab hāl sunāo.
- 70 Damwantī ke pās āj ham ko le jāo.
 Taiñ sab barnan karā, sunat jīārā ghabarāyā.
 Dījīye darshan dikhāe ; tujhe yeh hī samjhāyā."

Hans.

- "Rājā Deo Nikādh men Bhīm nām bakhīyāt :
 Sūrbīr, dharmātmā, Damwantī kā tāt.
- 75 Bāt main kab lag karūn bakhīyāñ ?
 Us piyārī ke badan bīch men bharkar tolī jawāñf.

- 65 Why art sad, my friend ? Tell me the reason.
 Show me that Rājā's daughter.
 Thou hast praised her greatly with thy lips ; tell me her
 name.
 I will not forget thy kindness, O swan, if thou bring
 me to her.
 O swan, go to my love and tell her of me.
- 70 Take me to-day to Damwantī.
 Thou hast told me all, and hearing it my life has be-
 come restless.
 Show her to me : thus I conjure thee.*"

Swan.

- " In the land of Nikādh† there is a Rājā named Bhīm,‡
 Hero and sage is he and father of Damwantī.
- 75 How long shall I sing her praises in words ?
 In that loveling's body doth youth blaze forth.

* The inconsequence of this speech is carried on throughout the poem and is characteristic of it ; due, no doubt, to the story being so well known to the audience.

† Should be Vidarbha, the modern Bīrār.

‡ Bhīma of Vidarbha, father of Damayanti ; not to be confounded with Bhīma the Pāṇḍava.

- Us ko châhe rakhe deotâ, dharmrâje gyânf !
 Chand kiran se jott, Rânf aisef rūp diwânf.
 Râjâjî, sundar mûrat, banî bîch mabilôn ke sohî,
 80 Hans gun, mukh chand, rikhî jan man ko mohî :
 Deo, dait, bhûpâl, nahîñ ghar aisef nârî !
 Nâ main kânôn sunî, nâ dūjî main nihârî.”

Râjâ Nal.

“Are hans, wahân le chalo, jahân hai sundar nâr.
 Uṛkar chhin meñ jâ milûn, nahîñ paukh dîe Kartâr !

Râgnî.

- 85 Hans, uṛke abhî jâo.
 Khabar piyârî ke tum lâo.

It is meet that some god wise as Dharmrâj* should
 wed her !

The beauty of the Princess is bright as the beams of
 the moon.

Sir Râjâ, beautiful of form she has become the orna-
 ment of the palace.

- 80 Qualities of the swan, face as the moon, charms to
 conquer sages !

In no home of god, or Titan, or king is such a maid !
 Nor have mine ears heard, nor mine eyes seen a second
 to her.”

Râjâ Nal.

“O swan, take me whither is this beauteous maid.

Had God† given me wings I would fly to her in a
 moment.”

Song.

- 85 Swan, fly off at once
 And bring me news of my love.

* i.e., Yama.

† Observe the vast difference made here throughout between ‘God’ as represented by such words as *Kartâr*, *Kartâ*, &c., in this poem and the ‘gods’ of mythology as represented by *deo*, *deotâ*, &c., and how the two expressions are used concurrently. This poem is a valuable lesson in the actual religion of the every day Hindû.

- Zarā māt der ab lāo;
 Us se jāke yeh samjhāo :
 Woh sundar mujh se, piyārī,
 90 Basar gaī sudh sab mārī.
 Piyālā zahar kā pūn :
 Binā piyārī nahīn jūn.

Hans.

- “ Us piyārī ke rūp kā kab lag karen bakhānī ?
 Rikhī, munī aur deotā dekh dīgī haiñ dhyānī !
 95 Kanwal mukh chandar birāje ;
 Sab sakhīon ke bīch nār beṭī wahī sāje ;
 Gal motīon ke māl ; nāk nāk besar sohe ;
 Shish phūl sab dekh, sab man ko mohe ;
 Bhichhwe aur pāzeb jāno rānbandī gahnā ;
 100 Dekhat sab base hue ; bane jūn mirg ke nainā !”

- Make no delay
 And go and tell her this :
 That I love her beauty
 90 And have lost my wits (for her).
 I will drink a cup of poison
 Rather than live without my love.

Swan.

- “ How long shall I praise the loveling’s beauty ?
 Prophets, sages and gods have looked on it and lost
 their (power of) devotion !
 95 Her lotus* face glorious as the moon :
 An ornament amidat all her maids :
 Garland of pearls round her neck ; lovely rings in each
 nostril ;
 Flowers on her head captivating the hearts of all who
 see her ;
 Anklets and toe-rings and jewels on her forehead ;
 100 All who see her are ravished ; eyes as of antelopes !”

* Conventional metaphor for beauty and auspiciousness applied to feet, eyes, face, &c.

Râjâ Nal.

- "Are hans, jâo, tumhen main to dîâ u'âe.
 Hâth joṛ tum se kahûn, milo dâr men jâe.
 Abhî Bedarbhain-nagar men jâo :
 Us piyârî ke pâs jâeke merâ hâl batâo,
 105 Hâe-hâe-kar prân tajûn ; nahîn mat na der lagâo.
 Jo tumharâ bas chale, hans re, pâs mere le âo."

Muktâl.

- Hans ne lîe udârî :
 Giâ jahân huigî piyârî.
 "Nâ nindrâ, nahîn bhûkh,
 110 Soch mujh ko hai bhârî."

Hans.

"Sun, Rânf, is jagat men hor na tum sî nârî :
 Mulk mulk men ham phireñ sab dekhâ sansâr."

Râjâ Nal.

- "O swan, go, for I let thee fly.
 With joined hands I tell thee to join thy flock.
 Go now to the City of Bedarbhain*
 And go to my love and tell her of me.
 105 My life goes out in sighs ; make thou no delay.
 If it be in thy power, O swan, bring her to me."

Refrain.

- The swan flew away
 And went to where the loveling was.
 "Without sleep and without food," (said he)
 110 "Great is my anxiety."

Swan.†

"Hear, Rânf, there is no maid like thee in the world :
 And I have wandered from land to land and seen all the
 world."

* i.e., Vidarbha.

† To Damayanti.

- Jagat men aur nahîn Rânî aist.
 Indar Lok kî nâr Urbasî so nahîn hai tert jaisî !
 115 Chand Kiran Râjâ kî sûrat nâ man men bhâî.
 Nal Râjâ sâ rûp kisî se main jag men dekhâ nahîn.
 Ai Rânîjî, is duniyâ ke bich sabhî pe joban âyâ ;
 Aur kisî kâ rûp mere man ko nahîn bhâyâ.
 Terâ jaisâ rûp âj Nal âpar chhâyâ :
 120 Us ko le to biyâhe, tumhen main yeh bar sunâyâ."

Rânî Damwantî.

" Sun Râjâ ke rûp ko dil to gîâ le âe ;
 Birâ agin ut pat hîf man mere ke mâhîn,
 Hans, ab sunke bachan tumhâre.
 Kaun des kâ Râjâ Nal hai ? Sachî bât batâ, re !

- There is no such Rânî in the world (as thou),
 Not even Urbasî* in Indra's land is such as thou !
 115 Râjâ Chand Kiran's† beauty did not please me,
 But I have seen no beauty in the world like Râjâ Nal's.
 O Rânî, all have youth in this world,
 But no other's beauty hath pleased my heart.
 Nal's beauty is as thine,
 120 So do thou marry him, I tell thee."

Rânî Damwantî.

" Hearing of the Râjâ's beauty my heart is ravished ;
 The fire of separation (from my love) is ablaze in my
 heart,
 O swan, from hearing thy words.
 In what land is Râjâ Nal ? O tell me true words !

* Urvast, a celebrated nymph at Indra's Court, here called by its classical name of Indraloka.

† Confused allusion to the legend of Râjâ Chandarbhan, (see ante, p 78ff.) and perhaps to that of Satyabhâmâ, wife of Krishna and mother of Chandrabhâna, who accompanied her husband to the Indraloka on the occasion of his stealing the *pârijâta* tree.

- 125 Tain ne âj birâ kî phânsî dîe gale men, piyâre !
 Ab to der kare mat, hansâ, Nal Râjâ pe jâ, re !
 Hans re, us Râjâ pe jâiyo, 'araz kahîye yeh merî :
 Janam janam yeh bât kabhî bhûlûn nahîn terî.
 Yeh hî bât tum kaho pâs Râjâ ke jâe :
 130 'Tujhe suembar bîch baregî Rânî âî.' "

Hans.

- "Sundar des Nikâdh hai ; Bîr Sen nirp nâm :
 Sûrbîr bal mâhîn sab ke sâre kâm :
 Sab ke sâre kâm ; putr us kâ Nal Râjâ.
 Sundar râj samâj ; bajen chhattis bâjâ.
 135 Sir par mukaṭ birâj, gale motîn kî mâlâ :

- 125 Thou hast placed the noose of separation round my neck
 to-day, O my beloved (swan) !
 Make no delay now, my swan, and oh, go to Râjâ Nal !
 O swan, go to the Râjâ and tell him this my say.
 And I will never forget the obligation to thee through
 all my births.*
 Do thou go to the Râjâ and tell him this :
 130 'The Rânî will choose† thee in the midst of her
swayamvara.' "†

Swan.

- "Lovely is the land of Nikâdh ; Bîr Sen is the king's
 name .
 A warrior whose might is at the service of all :
 At the service of all ; Râjâ Nal is his son.
 Lovely is his kingdom where the 36 kinds of music are
 played.‡
 135 A glorious crown on his head, a garland of pearls round
 his neck :

* Allusion to the doctrine of the transmigration of souls.

† *Lit.*, wed.

‡ The ancient custom of public choice of a husband constantly alluded to in legends

§ Conventional expression . see Vol. I., p. 176.

Ābhûkhan singâr, sîs par surkh dushâlâ.
Kâmrûp autâr, kahân lag upmâ gâûn ?
Nâ aisâ koî bhûp, tujhe, Rânî, samjhâûn."

Rânî Damwantî.

" Are hans, jaldî jâo, zarâ na lâo der.
140 Nal Râjâ kâ nâm sun lîe, birâ ne gher."

Ragnî.

" Gher birâ ne lîe, piyâre.
Khabar jaldî se jâ lâ, re !
Barûn Nal Râo ko, hansâ :
Nahîn is men kuchh sansâ !
145 Sunî ta'rif main, piyârf,
Milan amblâkh hai mûrf !"

Jewels and ornaments and red kerchief over his head :
An incarnation of Kâmrûp* is he : how far shall I sing
his praises ?

There is no such king (elsewhere) I tell thee, Rânî."

Rânî Damwantî.

" O swan, go quickly and delay not at all.
140 The hearing of Râjâ Nal's name hath surrounded me
with (the pain of) separation."

Song.

" Separation hath encompassed me, O my beloved (swan).
Go and tell me (of him) quickly !
I will wed Râjâ Nal, O swan :
There is no doubt in this !
145 Hearing his praises, O my beloved (swan),
Hath smitten me with a desire to meet him !"

* The Indian Cupid.

Sakhî.

- “Din din pîlî ho gaî, sunîye, Râjksûwâr.
 Kyâ tere tan soch hai ? Kaho mukh bachan uchâr.
 Kaho mukh bachan uchâr ; kaun dukh ne tû gherî ?
 150 Nit uṭh rahe udâs, zarâ dhartî nahîñ serî.
 Kyâ upjâ man khiyâl ? Hâl to kah de sârâ.
 Kah de man kî bâṭ : kahâ yeh mân hamârâ.”

Rânî Damwantî.

- “Arî sakhî, main kyâ kahûñ apnî kî bâṭ ?
 Nâ jânûñ mujh se kyâ hûâ ; soch rahî din râṭ.
 155 Sakhî, merî bhûkh piyâs uṛ gaî sârî :
 Din nahîñ chain ; nain nahîñ nindrâ ; soch mujhe thî
 bhârî ;
 Sûkat badan ; agin tan biyâpî ; hos nahîñ âṭî mujh ko ;
 Hâl be-hâl hûâ, sajhñî ; main kyâ samjhâûngî tujh ko ?”

Maid.

- “Day by day dost thou turn pale, Princess.
 What is the care in thy heart ? Tell me with thy lips.
 Tell me with thy lips : what grief hath encompassed
 thee ?
 150 Sorrow remaineth ever and thou hast no ease at all.
 What idea is in thy mind ? Tell me all the story.
 Tell me the desire of thy heart, I say to thee.”

Rânî Damwantî.

- “My maid, how shall I tell thee of myself ?
 I cannot tell what has befallen me ; I grieve day and
 night.
 155 My maid, hunger and thirst have left me altogether ;
 No joy by day ; no sleep to my eyes ; heavy is my
 anxiety ;
 My body dries up ; fire is in my soul ; my wits come not
 to me ;
 I am miserable, my maid ; how shall I tell it thee ?”

Sakhī.

- “ Mahārāj, tumharī sutyā nit uṭh rahat udās :
 160 Ham se kuchh bolī nahīn, nā jīwan kī ās.
 Behut behāl hai Kanwārī.
 Pāchho us ko jāe ; 'araz yeh bāt hamārī.
 Bhojan dīnā tiyāg, rahe nahīn jal kī piyāsā.
 Phir us kī, Mahārāj, kaun jīwan kī āsā ?”

Rājā Bhīm Sen.

- 165 “ Sun, bāndī, tumhare bachan ham ne lie bichār ;
 Āj suembar main rachān : Rām utāre pār !
 Khushī hogī Damwantī mahārī !”

Yeh hī bachan sunke bāndī, sab khushī hūe nar nārī.

*Maid.**

- “ My Lord, thy daughter is ever in sorrow :
 160 She will say nothing to me, and there is no hope of her
 life.
 Very miserable is the Princess.
 Go and ask her why ; this is my prayer.
 She hath given up her food and thirsts not for water.
 So, my Lord, what hope is there of her life ?”

Rājā Bhīm Sen.

- 165 “ Hear, my maid, I have heard thy words.
 To-day will I prepare for her *swayamvara* : God† prosper it !
 And my Damwantī shall be happy !”

Hearing this the maid and all the attendants were pleased.

* Addressing Bhīma, Damayantī's father.

† Rām cannot mean Rāma Ūandra here in any way except as God in the abstract, as Nala could never have looked him as 'God,' being either his ancestor or his immediate descendant.

Rājā Bhīm Sen.

- “Kal ko dūt bhejke, sārī kar dūn abhī tayyārī.
 170 Hor kām so piche karnā, kahūn khushī yek hī mahārī.”
- “A, Châran, jaldī jāo patrī lekar hāth :
 Sab Rājōn se jāeke, yeh hī kaho tum bāt.
 Jāeke patrī khol dikhānā.
 Damwantī kâ rachā suembar, sab se yeh kah ānā.
 175 Pûrab, Pachham o Dakhan, Utar, châr dasā phirānā.
 Rachā suembar sab Rājōn kâ kul ko yehān se ānā.
 Châran, jaldī jānā,
 Zarā nahīn der lagānā.
 Sab Rājōn ko sang
 180 Apne leke ānā.”

Rājā Bhīm Sen.

- “I will send out the messengers* to-morrow and make
 all the preparation.
 170 Other things I will do later, this is my desire, I tell thee”
- “O Châran†, go with the writing in thy hand :
 Go to all the Rājās and tell them of this.
 Go open the scroll and show it them.
 Go and tell them all that Damwantī's *swayamvara* is
 being prepared.
 175 Go to the East and West and South and North and the
 four quarters.
 The *swayamvara* is prepared and all the Rājās must
 come.
 Châran, go quickly
 And make no delay.
 And all the Rājās
 180 Bring back with thee.”

* To call the guests for the *swayamvara*

† The family bard, who would, according to modern custom, carry the

Châran Bhât.

"Hukm dîâ soî karûn, jāunâ parbhât.
Châr dasâ ke bîch main pahunchûn râton rât :
Sabhî Râjôn ko jāe sunâûn.

- Damwantî kâ rachâ suembar patrî khol dikhâûn.
185 Pûrab, Pachham, Dakhan, Utar, châr dasâ phirâûn.
'Karke khabar sabhî Râjôn ko pās tumhâre âûn."

Mahlon se Nal chal paṛe, sune dût ke bain,
Piyârî ke dekhe binâ nek paṛe nahîn chain.
Indar bāt Nârad ko samjhâve.

Indar.

- 190 "Tum ho âp dayyâ ke sâgar, berâ pār langhâve.

Châran, the Bard.

"Thou hast given the order and I obey, going at dawn.
I will reach each of the four quarters night by night,
And tell all the Râjâs.
I will show the writing, that Damwantî's *swayamvara* is
prepared.

- 185 East, West, South, North, in the four quarters will I
wander,
And giving the news to all the Râjâs will I return to
thee."

When Râjû Nal heard the messenger's words
Happiness left him because of not seeing his love.
Then Indar said to Nârad,*

Indur.

- 190 "Thou art the ocean of grace, make me to succeed.†

* This is one of the many confusing passages in this poem. The scene abruptly changes, and the messenger of Bhîma has now reached Nala. In the *Mahabharata* when the gods hear of the *swayamvara* they determine to attend as suitors, and make Nala act as their go-between to secure Damayantî's favour for one of them. Line 189 introduces this scene here.

† *Lit.*, take my boat across : a conventional phrase in this sense

Man ichhâ pûran ho ; merî jî yeh bhed batâve.
 Ai Râjâ, sab kahân ohale ? Man kî sunâ merâ mitâve."

Nârad.

- " Bidar nagar ke bîch meñ Bhîm Sen bikhât.
 Barâ bali woh Râo hai, Damwantî kâ tât.
 195 Damwantî kâ tât hai, us kî saj rahî aswârî.
 Barë barë jodhâ âe haiñ, fanjân niyârî niyârî.
 Suno, Indar Mahârâj, kahe main tumhen hisas sârî :
 Bîr gaî bâghoñ ke andar, sundar sajî sawâri."

Indar.

- " Damwantî ke wâste sab âe yeh bhûp !
 200 Ab us kâ barnan karo ham se adhik sarûp :
 Ham se adhik sarûp karo tum barnan sâre !

That the desire of my heart be fulfilled ; tell her the meaning of this.

O Râjâ,* where are all these† going ? Remove the doubts in my mind.¶

Nârad.‡

- " In the land of Bidar§ is the celebrated Bhîm Sen.
 A powerful Râjâ is he and father of Damwantî.
 195 He is the father of Damwantî and this is his cavalcade
 Great warriors have come and many are following.
 Hear, my Lord Indar, for I tell thee all the story :
 The crowd hath gone within the garden, and beauteous
 is the cavalcade."

Indar.

- " All these kings come for Damwantî's sake !
 200 Tell me now of her wondrous beauty :
 Tell me all the tale of her wondrous beauty !

* The gods are always addressed as Râjâ throughout.

† i.e., the guests to the *swayamvara*

‡ The introduction thus of Nâradâ, the messenger and adviser of the gods, is strictly in accordance with the classical legend.

§ i.e., Vidarbha.

Yeh sunne kī bāt, yeh hī abhlākh hamāre.
Tum, Nārād, rikhe rāt, sabhī ghaṭ ghaṭ kī jāno :
Hāth joṛkar kahūn, hamēn sab bāt bakhāno."

Nārād.

- 205 " Damwantī ke rūp kā hotā nahīn bakhān :
Ghandar kalā mukh, nain mīrg, rāj-sutiya ko jān.
Nahīn upmā ham se kahī jāe.
Us piyārī ke bich suembar chalo āp hamrāf.
Nā koī tere surg-lok mein aisi nār banāf !
210 Bare bhāg jag mein us ke, jo us ko le biyāhī !"

Indar.

"Sunkar tumharī bāt ko abhī chalūn tat-kāl.
Sunkar tumharī bāt ko ho giā hāl be-hāl.
Kām ab mere tan mein chhāyā.
Jāke darsan karūn jo us ke, jab sīl ho kāyā.

Hearing of this, this is my desire now.
Thou Nārād, chief of the sages, knowest the secrets
of all :
With joined hands I say, tell me all the story."

Nārād.

- 205 " Damwantī's beauty cannot be told :
Face as the moon, eyes as the antelope's, know her for a
king's daughter.
I cannot tell her praises.
Go thou thyself to the loveling's *swayamvara*.
Not in thy heavens is there such a maid !
210 Happy his fortune in the world that weds her !"

Indar.

"Hearing thy words I go now at once.
Hearing thy words I am become restless.
Love hath entered into my body.
I will go and see her that my body may have rest.

- 215 Dharmarāj, Agnī pe jāññ, dil meñ uṭhāññ mâyā;
Sāth Baran ko leke apnī karūngā man kâ châyā.”

“ Ik kām merā karo, suno, Rāo Nal Bhūp.

Chār deotā āte balī, jog kalā dhar rūp.

Rāo, tum Damwantī pe jāo :

- 220 Hamre dūt bano, Mahārājā, us ko jā samjhāo ;
Indar, Dharm, Jal, Agnī kâ tum jūke nām batāo.
Koī deotā bar le in meñ se, aisī jūe sunāo.

Rāo, tum jāldī jāo,

Usī Rāñī se kaho :

- 225 Apnā maqsad chhor,
Dharm apne pe raho.”

- 215 I will go to Dharmarāj and Agnī and tell them what is
in my mind ;
I will take Baran with me and fulfil the desire of my
heart.”*

“ Hear, O Rājā Nal,† and do me a service.

Four powerful gods are coming to the *swayamvara*,
changing their forms by (virtue of) contemplation.‡

Rājā, go thou to Damwantī,

- 220 Become our messenger, Mahārājā, and go and tell her,
And mention Indar, Dharmarāj, Jal,§ and Agnī (as
suitors).

Tell her to select a husband from among the gods.

Rājā, go quickly,

And tell the Princess

- 225 To give up her own desire
And be true to the right.”

* Dharmarājā = Yama. The presence here of the gods Indra, Yama, Agnī, and Varuna is in strict accord with the classical legend.

† Indra now goes to Nala to ask for help in the matter of procuring Damayantī as his bride.

‡ Adverting to the classical notions of the power of penance and contemplation.

§ For Jalapati, Lord of the Waters, an epithet of Varuna.

Râjâ Nal.

"Ap kah, soî karûn : suno, Indar Mahârâj :
Tum ho chârôn deotâ, karo shakl kâ kâj !"

Râgnî.

230 "Tum hîn Jagdîs, jug dhyâni,
Tumharî bât mainî mainî.
Mahil kis tarah mainî jâûn ?
Baran wahân kaun bidh pâûn ?
Rahen deorhî pe rakhwâlf ;
Jâen bidh kaun se, piyârî ?"

Indar.

235 "Kirpâ hamârî se tujhe koî na dekhe nar nâr,
Jâo mahil ke bîch men, ai Nal Râjkañwâr,
Mahil meñ nâ koî tumhen pahchâne.
Dekhen nahîn aur koî wahân se, ik Damwantî jânî.
Ab nâ dor kare, Râjâjî, bachan hamârâ mâne,

Râjâ Nal.

"Thou hast said and so will I do : hear, oh Indar
Mahârâjâ :

Ye four are gods, do ye (good) service to all !"

Song.

230 "Thou art a Lord of the Earth, contemplative
for ever,
I obey thy word.
How shall I go into the palace ?
How shall I find a way of entrance there ?
There are guards upon the doorway ;
How shall I go in, my friend ?"

Indar.

235 "By my grace nor man nor woman shall see thee.
Go into the palace, O Prince Nal.
No one in the palace shall recognize thee.
None shall see thee then, but Damwantî shall know thee.
Make no delay, Sir Râjâ, and obey my word.

240 Châr deo ham raheñ Surg meñ chârôn Bed bakhâne."

Râjâ âe mahil meñ Nârad ke darbân.
Khabar kisi ko nâ hûf, kirpa karî Bhagwân.
Dekhkar Damwantî jhaṭ âf;
Kahe Damwantî :

Rânî Damwantî.

"Kaun tû haigû ? de ham ko batlâe !
245 Kahân se âyâ ? kahân jâegû ? hosh tujhe nâhin ?
Mere mahil meñ ân, dîwâne, nabaqq jân gâiwâe !"

Râjâ Nal.

"Rânijî, sun lîjiye, patî birtâ tû hai nâm !
Main deoton kâ dût hûn, Nal Râjâ hai nâm."

Râgnî.

"Nâm Nal Râj hai merâ,
250 Kîâ main mahil meñ pherâ.

240 Wo four gods remain in heaven studying the four
Vedas."

The Râjâ entered the palace as Nârad's messenger.
No one knew of it by the grace of God.
Seeing him Damwantî came at once ;
And spake Damwantî :

Rânî Damwantî.

"Who art thou ? tell me !
245 Whence camest thou ? whither goest ? Hast no sense ?
That thou comest, fool, into my palace to lose thy life
for nothing !"

Râjâ Nal.

"O Rânî, hear ; thy name is virtue !
I am the messenger of the gods and Râjâ Nal is my
name."

Song.

"My name is Râjâ Nal,
250 And I have wandered over the palace.

255 Dharmrâjâ, Baran, Agnî,
 Jo chauthâ Indar hai, Rânî,
 Mujhe bhejâ tumhûre pâs.
 Kahûn mainî bân, un mânî,
 Unhoñ ne jo kahâ mujh ko.
 Yeh sunkar, chit meñ dhar le :
 Un hîn charoñ ke main se
 Ik to deotâ bar le !”

Rânî Damwantî.

260 “ Main to tumharî nâr hûñ, tum hamrî bhartâr !
 Merâ to *yehi* nem hai, barwan Nal Rajkanwâr !”

Râgnî.

“ Nem main main yeh hî dhârî !
 Tum hîn prân kî piyârî.
 Tujhe jo tiyûgke jâûñ,—
 Bachan sat ko mainî samjhâûñ,—

255 Dharmrâj, Baran, Agnî,
 And the fourth (of these) Indar, O Rânî,
 Have sent me to thee.
 I tell thee, and do thou hear,
 What they said to me.
 Hear this and ponder it in thy heart :
 From out of these four
 Do thou wed a god !”

Rânî Damwantî.

260 “ But I am thy wife and thou my husband !
 And *this* is my hope, to wed the Prince Nal !”

Song.

“ This is the hope of my heart !
 Thou art the love of my life !
 If I be separated from thee,—
 And I tell thee true words,—

- 265 Nahîn Indar ko bartûn jâke.
 Marûngî zahar bis khâke.
 Na jîûngî, suno, Sâû ;
 Prân chhin men tajûn mâhûn."

Râjâ Nal.

- 270 "Surg lok ke deotâ padmî Indar samân !
 Kyûn un ko bartî nahîn ? tû ho gaî nâdân !
 Tû ho gaî bâorî, Baran surîkhâ nahîn dûjû !
 Indar samân nahîn koî Râjû, sab karen un ko pûjâ !
 Dharmrâj, Agnî ko bar le ; chûron deotâ hai bhârî !
 Maiû to nir manukh zât hûn : kyûn tû bhûl gaî, piyârî ?"

Rânî Damwantî.

- 275 "Patî birtâ jo nâr hai, mâne kul kî ân.
 Maiû to tumharî dâs hûn, tum mere Bhagwân !
 Tum mere Bhagwân, piyâ ; maiû patî birtâ hûn nârî,

- 265 I will not go and wed Indar.
 I will take poison and die.
 I will not go, listen, my Lord ;
 I will give up my life in a moment."

Râjâ Nal.

- 270 "A glorious god of heaven like Indar !
 Why will thou not wed him ? thou art gone mad !
 Thou art become foolish, there is no second to Baran !
 There is no Râjâ like Indar, whom all worship !
 Wed Dharmrâj or Agnî ; all the four are great gods !
 I am but one of mankind : why hast forgotten thyself,
 my love ?"

Rânî Damwantî.

- 275 "I am a virtuous woman and care for my family
 honor.
 I am thy slave and thou my God !
 Thou art my God, my love ; and I a virtuous wife.

- Dharm giâ, kyâ rah giâ ? Râjâ, ho jug meû un kî hârî.
 Jab se bât kahî hansâ ne, jab se prît lagi mârî,
 280 Jo mujh ko tum nah baro, to prân tajûn chhin meû
 piyârî."

Râjâ Nal.

- " Woh chârôn haiû deotâ, Tîn Lok ke nâth.
 Tum un ko bar lo ; abhi mân hamârî bât.
 Mân hamârî bât, piyârî ; yeh hai prem kahânî.
 Indar Râjâ biyâh karwâo to hogî Indrânî.
 285 Aisâ Râo aur nahîû dôjâ ; tain mau mân kyâ jâne ?
 Tû us ko bar le, Rânî, ho jûgî paṭ-rânî."

Rânî Damwantî.

- " Paṭ-rânî to ho guî ik piyâ so prem !
 Paṭî birtâ jo bâr hai, un kâ yeh hai nem.
 Un ke yeh hai nem, piyârî, sat dharun main nâ hârûû.

- If duty go what remains ? Râjâ, such are ruined in the
 world.
 From the time the swan spake hath love conquered me.
 280 If thou wed me not I will give up my love in a moment,
 my love."

Râjâ Nal.

- " Those four are gods, lords of the Three Worlds.
 Wed thou (one of) them ; hear now my words.
 Harken to my words, my love, for they be words of love.
 If thou marry Indar thou wilt then be Indrânî.*
 285 There is no Râjâ second to him ; what hast thou in thy
 mind ?
 Marry thou him, Rânî, and be his chief-queen."

Rânî Damwantî.

- " A chief-queen am I from the love of one husband !
 This is the hope of virtuous women.
 This is their hope, my love, and I will not go back from
 my duty.

* The name of Indra's wife ; she is, not otherwise of any importance
 as a goddess

- 290 Bich suembar âj tumhârî phûl-mâl gale men dârûn.
Ik bachan tum se hôâ merâ, ab dūjâ kyâ purakh barûn ?
Jo tum tiyâg jâoge mujh ko, khâe katârâ âj marûn."

Râjâ Nal.

"Surg lok kâ bâs ho, man men karo bichâr.
Tum man men yeh soch lo, sundar Râjkañwâr.

- 295 Sundar Râjkañwâr, tumhen ho chitr sugar, sun le, nârî.
Indar Râj se biyâh karwâo, yeh hî bêt mâno hamârî.
Sundar rûp banâ hai us kâ, gal sūhâ, motî mâlâ.
Yeh hî bêt tum karo, piyârî, piyo prem ras kâ piyâlâ."

Rânî Damwantî.

- "Prem nom un kû rahe, jin kî dhur se pît.
300 Prem kahâñî kâthān hai, koî birlâ jâne rît."

- 290 To-day at the *swayamvara* will I throw the flower-gar-
land round thy neck.*
I gave thee my word once, how can I now wed another ?
If thou desert me I will stab myself with a dagger
and die."

Râjâ Nal.

"Thou wilt become a dweller in Heaven, ponder it in
thy mind.

Think of this in thy mind, my beauteous Princess.

- 295 Beautiful Princess, be sagacious and wise, and hear,
my girl.

Marry Râjâ Indar, and hear these words of mine.

Beautiful is his form, red kerchief round his neck, and
necklace of pearls.

Do thou this, my love, and drink of the cup of love."

Rânî Damwantî.

"The hope of love is their's whose love is from the
beginning.

- 300 The tale of love is difficult, and few know its ways."

* In token of accepting thee as my husband.

Râgnî.

- 305 " Rît birlâ koî jâne."
 Bachan Râjâ nahîn mâne.
 " Sîl gun rûp mainî nârî,
 Dharm ko nâ tajûn, piyârî.
 Tum hîn Mahârâj ho mahârî !
 Bachan mainî ne sahe thâre.
 Suno, mainî dâs hîn thârî,
 Ik pal nâ rahûn niyârî !"

Râjâ Nal.

- 310 " Rânî, tum chatar bano, mat nâ bano nâdân.
 Châr deo ko tum baro, kahâ hamârâ mân.
 Kahâ hamârâ mân, tujhe mainî bahut bâr samjhâe.
 Merâ kahâ mâno tum, Rânî, achhî bât sunâî.
 Sun, Rânî, gyân hamârî ik samajh nahîn âî.
 Dil kâ soch dûr kar, piyârî ; 'aql kahân gañwâî ?"

Song.

- 305 " Few know its ways."
 The Râjâ would not listen to her words.
 " I am a woman of virtue and uprightness,
 And I will not give up my duty, my beloved.
 Be thou my Lord !
 I have listened to all thy words.
 Hear me, I am thy slave.
 And not a moment will I remain away from
 thee ! "

Râjâ Nal.

- 310 " Rânî, be wise and be not foolish.
 Wed one of the four gods and mind my words.
 Mind my words as I have often conjured thee.
 Hear my words, Rânî, for I have spoken well.
 Hear me, Rânî, my wisdom hath not entered thy under-
 standing.
 Put thy fears afar, my love ; where hast lost thy sense ?"

Rânî Damwantî.

- 315 "Barûn na tum bin aur ko ; marûn âj âp ghât !
 Satî hûn, sâl rachûn : chalûn tumhâre sâth !
 Chalûn tumhâre sâth, prân chhin meñ kho dârûn !
 Jo ab ke yeh kaho, katârî tan meñ mârûn.
 Tum hoke guumân, bât yeh kaun sunâi ?
- 320 Main to tum bar lie, jân ke kanth guñsân."

Râjâ Nal.

- "Hâth joṛ bintî karûn ; suno, Indar Mahârâj.
 Damwantî pe main giâ âj âp ke kâj.
 Giâ âp ke kâj âj ; yeh suno hamâri bânî.
 Bahut bâr us ko samjhâe, nahîn mântî Rânî.
- 325 Wâ to kahe, 'barûngî Nal ko,' ho rahî 'ishq dîwânî.
 Samajh bichâr, suno, Mahârâjâ, yeh tû sach jâni."

Rânî Damwantî.

- 315 "I will wed none but thee ; I will die at once !
 I will be *satî*, I will prepare my pyre (rather than not)
 go with thee !
 I go with thee, (or) I destroy my life at once !
 If thou speakest again as now I will striko a dagger
 into my body.
 Being wise, how canst say such things as these ?
- 320 I have accepted thee as my husband, the lord and hus-
 band of my life."

*Bejâ Nal.**

- "With joined hands I beseech thee ; hear, my Lord
 Indar.
 I went to Damwantî to-day on thy behalf.
 I went on thy behalf ; hear these my words.
 Often did I conjure her, but the Princess would not listen
- 325 Said she, 'I will wed Nal,' and remained mad with love.
 Think of it and hear, my Lord, knowing this for the
 truth."

* Returning to India.

Indar.

" Sab deotâ, yeh hî karo : dbâro Nal kâ rûp.
 Phir Rânî kis ko bare hamrâ dekh sarûp ?
 Hamrâ dekh sarûp !"

Sabhî ne yeh man bîch bichâre :

- 330 ' Chalo suembar bîch jahân haigî Damwantî piyârî,
 Bahut bâr Nal ne samjhâe, nâ mânî woh nârî.
 Us kâ sat ñigâe chalenge.' Yeh hî bêt man dhârî.
 Jab Râjâ Bhîm ne denî sabhâ lagâe,
 Sakhî bejhkar mahil meñ Damwantî lie bulâe.
 335 Damwantî lie bulâe, lie phir phûl-mâl karâe.
 Sab dewat Nal rûp dekhke, jab mau meñ ghabarâi.

*Indar.**

" All ye gods, do this : put on the form of Nal.
 And then which of us shall the Princess wed, seeing us
 all (alike) ?
 Seeing us all alike !"

They all pondered this in their hearts :

- 330 ' Let us go to the *swayambura* where is the lovely Dam-
 wantî.
 Often has Nal conjured her, but the maiden would not
 listen.
 Let us go and destroy her honor.' This they had in their
 minds.
 When Râjâ Bhîm begun to collect the assembly,
 He sent a maid into the palace and called Damwantî.
 335 He called Damwantî and made a flower garland.
 When (the maiden) saw all the gods in the form of Nal
 she was confused in her mind.

* To the other gods.

Bich suembar phire dekhti : ' Mahmân kalîn jâe ?
Dekhâ sabhâ kâ rang nâr ne die Harî bulâe.

Rânî Damwantî.

" Ai, Prabhû Dînânâth, ab suniye merî pukâr.
340 Is sanghat men sukh karo, Tin Lok Kartâr."

Râgnî.

" Prabhûjî, sidh lîjiyo merî,
Torî main charan kî cherî.
Deo Nal rūp sab dhârâ :
Merâ sat rākḥ, Kartârâ !
345 Barûn Nal Bhûp ko, Sâmi ;
Merâ sat rākḥ tum, Sâni !
Tajûn maii prân mahilon men !
Merâ sat sîl ho pûrâ ! "

Wandering about the *swayamvara* looking (for him she said to herself): 'Where has the guest gone?'
Seeing what had passed in the assembly the maiden called on Harî.*

Rânî Damwantî.

" O God, the Lord of thy Servants, hear now my prayer.
340 Give me thy blessing in this trouble, thou Creator of the
Three Worlds."

Song.

" O Lord, give me relief, for
I am a worshipper at thy feet.
All the gods have put on the form of Nal.
Preserve thou my honor, O God !
345 I would wed the King Nal, O Lord :
Preserve thou my honor, O Lord !
I will give up my life in the palace !
Keep whole my virtue and honor ! "

* i.e., Vishṇu = God.

Dharmrâj.

- “ Soch karo mat, bâwarî, kahâ hamârî mân.
 350 Jâ, tujh ko yeh bar dîâ, mile bhûp surgyân.
 Milo bhûp surgyân, nâm Nal se tum bachan uchâro.
 Us Râjâ ke gale bich tum phûl-mal ab dâro.
 Sadâ sîl terâ rahe jag meñ, sat kabhî nahîñ hâro.
 Man ânand karo tum, piyûrî ; man meñ yeh hî bichâro.”

Rânî Damwantî.

- 355 “ Sunke tumharî bât ko mâlâ lie uṭhâî.
 Ab dâltû gal bich meñ Nal Râjâ ke jâe ! ”

Râgû.

- “ Piyâ gal mâl main dârûñ,
 Jo tan man âj sab wârûñ ! ”
 Gale meñ dârke mâlâ,
 360 Khushî hoke pîâ piyâlâ.

*Dharmrâj.**

- “ Be not anxious, foolish (unaid), and here my words.
 350 Go, I have granted thee this boon, that thou find this
 wise king.
 Find this wise king and call out the name of Nal.
 Put the flower garland on the Râjû's neck.
 May thy virtue remain for ever in the world and thy
 honor be never injured.
 Keep thy heart happy, my lovely (maid) ; and ponder
 this in thy heart.”

Rânî Damwantî.

- 355 “ Hearing thy words I take up the garland.
 And I go and place it round the neck of Râjâ Nal ! ”

Song.

- “ I place the garland on my love's neck,
 And I sacrifice my body and soul to him ! ”
 Putting the garland round his neck
 360 She drank of the cup of happiness.

* Some confusion here. Damayantî prays to God in the abstract, and yet is answered by Varuṇa as in the classical legend

Lage bâje jabhî bajne,
 Lage chintâ sagal tajne.
 "Bulâo bipr, tum Râjâ,
 Hûc man ke pûran kâjâ."

Râjâ Nal.

- 365 "Ham ko rukhsat dîjîyo, Bhîm Sen Mahârâj.
 Sab kûran Har ne karo ; rahe hamârî lâj !"

Râgnî.

- "Lâj Har ne rûkh lîe mahârî !
 Karen ham nagar kî tayyârî.
 Der kîje nahîn, Râjâ :
 370 Karo hamrâ yeh hî kâjâ."
 Suembar sab hûû sundar,
 Banô jahân bhûp ke mandar.

And the music began to play,
 And all her sorrow to depart.
 "Râjâ, send for the Brâhman,*
 For the desire of my heart is fulfilled."

Râjâ Nal.†

- 365 "Now let us depart, O Mahârâjâ Bhîm Sen.
 God hath done all there was to do ; may my honor be
 preserved !"

Song.

- "God hath preserved my honor !
 Let us make ready for my city.
 Make no delay, Râjâ :
 370 Do this service for me."
 Beautiful was the *swayamvara*,
 Held at the royal palace.

* To marry us.

† The marriage is now over

“ Bidâ dîjo hamen Râjâ ;
Kare Har ne merî kâjâ.”

Râjâ Bhîm Sen.

- 475 “ Khôb bât tum no kahî, hamen kô parwân.
Ab tumharî tayyârî karân, he nirp chitr sujân.
He nirp chitr sujân, karo tum abhî chalan kî tayyârî.
Jo kuchh bât kahî hai tum ne, mân lîc main thârî.
Singârûn faujân, rath, hâthî ; sang karîngâ thârî.
380 Yeh rath âj singâr, kî main khâtir siraf tumhârî.”

Rânî Damwantî.

“ Mâtâ, mujhe na bhûliye, lîjiye beg bulâc.
Woh din kab phir hovegâ, milûn tumhen main âc ?”

Râgûî.

“ Milan merâ kaun bidh hove ?
Nain bhar bhar sakhî rove.

“ Bid us farewell, Râjâ,
For God hath done our desire.”

Râjâ Bhîm Sen.

- 375 “ Well hast thou spoken, I accept thy words.
I will make preparation for thee, O wise and intelligent
prince.
O wise and intelligent prince, make thee ready to go at
once.
I have obeyed all that thou hast said.
I will prepare thy cavalcade and chariots and elephants.
380 This chariot have I adorned for thee alone to-day.”

Rânî Damwantî.

“ Mother, forget me not and quickly call me home.*
When will the day come that I meet thee again ?”

Song.

“ How shall I meet thee again ?
My maidens' eyes are full of tears.”

* These speeches between mother and daughter are conventional.

- 385 Milûngî phir kab, Mâî ?
 Lîjîye beg bulwâe.
 Phir tumhon kahân milûn, Bahinâ ?
 Merâ jal se bharâ nainâ."

Mâtî Rânî Damwantî kî.

- "Suno, Kañwar, merî lâqlî, tujhe bin mahil andhēr.
 390 Jaldî bulwâûn tujhe, nâ karne kî der.
 Ik 'araz manî karûn, bachan merâ sun lîje.
 Sâs susar kî tahlî, patî kî agyâ kîje ;
 Rakhlîye kul kî laj ; tujhe yeh hî samjhâûn.
 Jâo sâs ghar, la'l, terê pe wârî jâûn.
 395 Baitho rath ke bîch, matî nâ der lagâo.
 Kushal khem son, la'l, sâs ghar apne jâo."

 Kûnch kî Rājâ chale, dînâ rath hukwâe.

- 385 When shall I meet thee, Mother ?
 Call me quickly home.
 Sister, when I shall meet you ?*
 My eyes are full of tears."

Damwantî's Mother.

- "Hear, Princess, my darling, without thee is the palace
 dark.
 390 Quickly will I call thee and make no delay.
 One word have I to say, hear it.
 Serve thy husband's parents and obey thy husband ;
 Preserve the honor of thy family ; thus do I conjure
 thee.
 Go to thy husband's house, my beauty ; I am thy sacri-
 fice.
 395 Sit thee in the chariot and make no delay.
 With joy and delight, my beauty, go to thy husband's
 houseo."

The Rājâ commenced his march and drove off in his
 chariot.

Classically Damayanti was an only daughter.

- Mahil Râjâ chale, âe nagar ke mâhîn :
 Âe nagar ke mâhîn ; nagar meñ ghar ghar pañ badhâñ.
 400 Mandar se sab nârî milkar sâj artâ le âñ
 Râjâ âo mahil bîch meñ sundar sej bichâñ.
 Ganpat kirpâ kare ; âñke râj kare chit lâe.

Kâljug.

- “ Kirpâ, Nâth Nârad, rakhîye ; kahân gae the âj ?
 Sab ham se barnan karo, ai gunî sand samâj.
 405 Ai gunî sand samâj, hamon kaho sâch mukh bânî.
 Châr deotâ milke tun to kahân gae the, gyânî ?
 Ye ichhâ pûchhan kî merî ; kaho, bât un mânî.
 Hâth jo ke main pûchhân hûn, mukh se kaho bakhânî.”

Stage by stage the Râjâ entered his own city :
 Entered his own city and congratulations came from
 every house in the city.

- 400 All the women of the palace brought *artâ** for the
 bridegroom.

The Râjâ entered the palace and made the marriage bed.
 Ganpat† was propitious ; so (the Râjâ) ruled with joy.

Kâljug.‡

- “ Grant me thy grace, Lord Nârad ; whither wentest thou
 to-day ?
 O sage of the assembly,§ tell me the whole tale.
 405 O sage of the assembly, tell me the truth with thy lips.
 Whither went all you four gods together, my wise one ?
 I ask thee the wish of my heart : tell and I will hear
 thy words.

With joined hands I ask thee, tell me with thy lips.”

* The ceremony of carrying a tray of powdered rice to meet the bridegroom at the bride's house. It is introduced here as having been performed at the bridegroom's house by poetical license

† i.e., Ganeśa, the God of all beginnings.

‡ Kali, as the personification of the Kali-yuga, the present wicked age. Here Kali is employed as a god just as are Indra, Agni, &c. There is a complete change of scene here, and Kali is addressing Nârada asking him what has happened at the *swayamvara*. The legend still follows the classical story.

§ Nârada is the Nestor of the Indian Classics, as well as the messenger of the gods.

Indar.

- “ Bhîm Sen Mâhârâj ne rachâ suembar ân :
 410 Damwantî ke wâste kîo bare samân.
 Kîo bare samân, ajî, ham usî dekhke âe.
 Châron deo gae wahân se, tujh ko bachan sunât.
 Nal Râjâ biyâh le gae, us ko sundar bhawan banâe.
 Bahut dân Râjâ ne dînâ, birham bhoj karwâe.”

Kâljug.

- 415 “ Char deotâ chhorke purakh barâ jo nâr,
 Us ko चाहिये दाढ़ ; kuchh hamen lîye bichâr.
 Hame ne lîye bichâr, unhen kuchh दाढ़ ki kartû tayyârî
 Khotâ kâm lâû nârî ne, man meû nahîn bichârî.
 Barâ dukh dîngâ main un ko, yeh ablâkh hamârî.
 420 Nal Râjâ se biyâh karâ, jin bât na bhûjî thârî.”

*Indar.**

- “ Bhîm Sen, the Mahârâjâ held a *swayamvara* :
 410 And made great preparation for Damwantî's sake,
 Made great preparation, sir ; I have just come from
 seeing it.
 The four gods went there, I tell thee.
 Râjâ Nal took her away in marriage, as beautiful was he
 as a god.
 Great gifts gave the Râjâ (Bhîm Sen) and great quan-
 tities of food.”

Kâljug.

- 415 “ Throwing over four gods, the woman that married a
 man
 Must be punished ; I have an idea.
 I have an idea, and will prepare a punishment for her.
 An evil thing did that woman, keeping no thought (of
 grace) in her heart.
 Great trouble will I bring upon her, this is my desire.
 420 She has married Râjâ Nal, who disregarded thee.”

* Answering for Nârada.

Indar.

- “Jab ham ne agyâ dîe, tab dârf gal mâl.
 Dîn Râjâ dharmak haiñ, bolo bachan sambhâl.
 Bolo bachan sambhâl, unheñ kuchh ãaṇḍ nahîñ denâ bhâf.
 We Râjâ gunmân baṛe haiñ, yeh tum ko main samjhâf.
 425 Jab us ko ham se dîe agyâ, jab Râjâ Nal râj bare.
 Un ko ãaṇḍ kabhî nahîñ hogâ ; nahîñ bachan hamâre
 bnjh karo.”

Jab Kâljug wahân se chale, âyâ Dwâpar pûs.

Kâljug.

- “Ik kâm merâ karo, yeh hî mujh se biswâs.
 Yeh hî mujh se biswâs ; chalo tum Nal Râjâ nagarî mâhiñ.

Indar.

- “When I besought her she put the garland round his
 neck.
 The Râjâ (Nal) is faithful to his duty, think over thy
 words.
 Think over thy words, he is not worthy of any punish-
 ment.
 The Râjâ is very virtuous, I tell thee.
 425 When I besought her she married Râjâ Nal.
 She should never be punished ; she valued not my
 word.”

‘Then Kaljug went away thence and came to Dwâpar.*

Kaljug.

- (And said) : “Do me a favour, this is my request.
 This is my request ; go thou to Râjâ Nal’s city.

* The Dwâpara-yuga is the Third Age of the world in which righteous-
 ness is diminished by half. Dwâpara is here, as in the classical
 legend, personified as a god of evil like Kali.

- 430 Us kâ nām bakāhat Nal kâ hai. Yeh hī bat main samjhāī :
Tum Puskar ke baro peṭ meṅ ; main Nal pe jāūn, Bhāt."

Dwāpar giā peṭ meṅ us ke ; na mâyā Prabhū kī pāī !
Sīl, dharm aur gyān tajā nā, nā Kāljug par jor parā.
Bārūn baras Kāljug ko ho gae, bahut apnā jor karā.

- 435 Ik din Rājā baiṭh palang pe, dhoe pair soche nāhī.
Dāū lagā us din Kāljug kâ, bās ādar kīnā jāe.
Barāt sār jab peṭ ke andar, turt Rāo ki bidh harī.
Chaurpūr sār mangāyā Rāo no ; jab khelan kī tayyārī karī.

Rājā Nal.

"Ai bhāt Puskar, mere man meṅ uthe bichār.

- 440 Ye hī bat tum se kahūn, khelo chaurpūr sār.

- 430 His name of Nal is well known. This is my say :
Do thou go into Puskar* and I will go into Nal,
Brother."

Dwāpar entered (Puskar's) belly ; unfathomable are
God's works !

(Nal) never forgot his honor and duty and religion, and
no chance befell Kaljug.

Twelve years passed over Kaljug, and greatly did he try.

- 435 One day the Rājā sat on his bed and forgot to wash his
feet (first).†

That day was Kaljug's opportunity and he entered his
belly.

As soon as he had entered into his belly the Rājā forgot
his (religious) wisdom at once.

The Rājā sent at once for the *chaurpūr* board and began
to make ready to gamble.

Rājā Nal.

"O brother Puskar, I have an idea.

- 440 This do I say to thee, play at *chaurpūr* with me.

* Pushkara, brother of Nala.

† Forgot a ceremony and thus gave Kali, as the god of evil, a chance
of entering him.

Khelo chaupur sâr, piyârî; yeh hî bât man bhai.
 Jît hâr kî bâjî rakh do, chaupurân bichhâe.
 Yeh solâh haiñ dâû hamâre; tujh ko dîâ dikhâî.
 Chaupur khel der nahîñ kîje, yeh hî bât samjhâî."

Puskar.

- 445 "Turn to hamare bharât ho, jânûñ pitâ samân.
 Âp bachan mujh ko kîñ, soî karûñ parwân.
 Soî karûñ parwân, hâth pûshû* main thâyâ.
 Lekar Gurû kâ nâm, zamîn par âp tharâyâ !
 Satrâh aṭhârâh bich jît lîe bâjî thârî !
 450 Lag bâjî pe dârî jît ab howan hâr hamâri !"

Râjâ Nal.

"Dûjî bâjî pe lagâ mâl khizânâ âj.
 Phir gero phânsâ hâth se, phir lagûngâ râj.

Play at *chaupur* with me, my beloved (brother); this is
 in my heart.

Put down the stakes and spread the *chaupur*† board.

This is my throw, sixteen; I show it thee.

Don't delay in this game of *chaupur* I tell thee."

Puskar.

- 445 "Thou art my brother and I hold thee as father.
 As thou hast spoken, so must I obey.
 So must I obey and lift up the dice in my hand.
 In the name of the Gurû‡ I throw them on the ground !
 I win the game from thee with seventeen and eighteen !
 450 Winning the stake by a throw is in my fate !"

Râjâ Nal.

"On the next game I stake my hoards and property.
 Then I will throw the dice with my kingdom for stake.

* For *phânsâ*.

† For the technicalities of *chaupur*, see Vol. I., pp. 243 ff.

‡ Allusion to the now almost universal belief in the supernatural powers of the Gurûs, or mythical spiritual guides chiefly represented by Gurû Gorakhnâth.

- Phir lagûngâ râj, khizânâ lagûnû mâl kâ, Bhâî.
 Sab lag dûngâ râj, piyâri, der karûn kuchh nâhîn.
 455 Lag dûngâ tambû sab derû, yeh mere man bhâî.
 Jît hâr yeh hî bâjî khelûn man chit lâe.
 Dekh pa e satrâh athârâh, bâjî jît uṭhâî !
 Honhâr ke yeh hî bas meñ, nâ kuchh pâr busâî !”

Pushkar.

- “ Jît hamâri ho gai is pânâ meñ âj.
 460 Aur nahîn bâqî rahî, yeh hîn sakal de râj.
 Yeh hîn sakal de râj, piyâri, kyûn mujh ko samjhâve ?
 Jis kâ phânâ paṛe jît kâ, so bâjî le jâve.
 Karanhâr Kartâr wahî hai phânâ jî jîtâve.
 Jis par mihar kare ughrâî, so bâjî ko pâve.
 465 Yeh sâus man bîch, piyâri, kyûn ghabarâve ?
 Honhâr haṭe na, piyâri, jo kuchh ânkḥ likhâve.”

Then will I stake my kingdom, (now) I stake my hoards
 and property, Brother.

I will stake all my kingdom, my beloved (brother), I
 will make no delay.

- 455 I will stake my camp and tents, this is in my mind.
 I am bent on losing or winning this game.
 See the seventeen and eighteen, thou hast (again) won
 the game !

This was in the power of fate, no power (of ours) avails !”

Pushkar.

- “ I have won (again) to-day at this game.
 460 Nothing is now left thee but thy kingdom.
 Nothing but thy kingdom, my beloved (brother) ; why
 say more to me ?
 Whose dice win wins the game.
 It is whom the Lord favors that wins the game.
 On whom His kindness falls, will win the game.
 465 Why art thus confused in thy mind, my beloved
 (brother) ?
 What fate hath written cannot be blotted out, my beloved
 (brother).”

Râjâ Nal.

“ Râj păt sârâ lagâ is bâjî ke bich.
Khûb tarah jânâ hameñ, yeh phânsâ hai nîch !”

Râgni.

470 “ Râjâ, main dîâ sârâ !
Bachan mâno yeh hî mahârâ :
Uṭhâiyo hâth se phânsâ ;
Dâû pûrâ âyâ khâsâ.
Yeh hî samjhâutâ tum ko,
Sat hârûñ nahîñ mujh ko.
475 Der kîje nahîñ, bhâñ,
Jo bâjî jîtke âi !”

Puskar.

“ Râj, mâl, fanjân, sabhî tuñ ne dîc lagâc ;
Jît hamârî ho gañ aur lago kuchh âj.
Aur lago kuchh âj, Râojî, jîtâ râj tumhârâ.

Râjâ Nal.

“ All my rule and kingdom is on this game.
Well do I know that this gambling is a low thing !”

Song.

470 “ Râjâ (Puskar), I have staked it all !
Hear these my words :
Take up the dice in thy hands ;
Thou shalt have full opportunity for a throw.
Thus do I tell thee,
I will not go back on my word.
475 Make no delay, brother,
To win the game !”

Puskar.

“ Thou hast staked thy kingdom, wealth and armies
and all :
And I have won them, stake something more to-day.
Stake something more to-day, Râjâ, for I have won thy
kingdom.

- 480 Rāj pāt kī bājī, Rājā, ab ke ham se hārā.
 Sab kī hai yeh bāt jūe men, tain ne nahīn bichārā ?
 Ab kyā mahil bich men, Rājā, āj rahā hai thārā ? ”

Rājā Nal.

- “ Tab tan ke bistar lage aur amīrī thāth !
 Bājī se hatā nahīn, yeh hī hamēn hai ānth.
 485 Yeh hī hamēn hai ānth, āj yeh hār singār lagā sārā.
 Nā pichhe rakhnā kuchh mujh ko, yeh hī nem man par
 dhārā.
 Jo ab kī bājī tum jīto, hor hamēn ho jā hārī,
 Aur bāt main kyā kahūn tum se ? Main adhīn rahā
 thārī ! ”

Pushkar.

- “ Tere pe kuchh nā rahū, sab tain diā harāo.
 490 Khel hamārā ho chukā, kahī tujhe samjhāo.
 Ik bāqī rahī jān tumhārī.
 Kuchh na rahū aur ab tum pe, tum bare khilārī.

- 480 Kingdom and rule, Rājā, thou hast lost to-day to me.
 It is always thus in gambling, hast thou not thought it ?
 What has now remained to thee in the palace, Rājā ? ”

Rājā Nal.

- “ Then I stake the garments on my body and my lordly
 jewels !
 Let the game be not stayed, this is my desire.
 485 This is my desire, to-day I stake my necklace and jewels.
 I will keep nothing back, this is the desire of my heart.
 If thou win the game to-day and I lose,
 What more shall I say thee ? I am at thy mercy ! ”

Pushkar.

- “ Thou hast nothing left, thou hast lost thy all.
 490 The game is over, I tell thee.
 Nothing but thy life remains.
 Nothing else remains to thee, and thou hast earned the
 name of a great gambler.

- Yeh to bâth bâth Sâhib ke : jît raho, chûhe hârî.
 Ab kî bâjî meñ, Râjâ, to lag Damwantî nârî.
 495 Ai Râjâjî, sab baiṭhe ho hâr, ik bâqî rahî ûârî :
 Aur dâjî, Mahârâj, rahe yeh deh tumbhârî.
 Nahîn rûj se kâin âp chaupur men hârâ.
 Ab is nagarî bîch nahîn rahâ kuchh tumbhârâ.”

Râjâ Nal.

- “Sunkar tumharî bâth ko, tan meñ uth gâî âg, bhâî.
 500 Khainch dudhârâ lâth meñ, deûn jhat shîsh urâî.
 Deûn jhat shîsh urâî, are, main na chhoi dîngâ, bhâî !
 Tere prân chhîn meñ kîo dîngâ, aisî bâth sunâî.
 Taiñ ne âj karî hai aisî samajh mûrakh man, bhâî.
 Ik din kâl kaṭhâ sir âpar ; yâ mere man, bhâî.”

- Winning or losing is in the hands of God.*
 In the present game, Râjâ, stake thy wife Damwantî.
 495 O Râjâ, thou hast lost all, only thy wife remains :
 And, too, remains, Râjâ, this thy body.
 Thou hast nothing to do with rule, having lost at
chaupur.
 No longer canst thou remain in this city.”

Râjâ Nal.

- “Hearing thy words my body is aflame (with wrath),
 brother.
 500 I take the dagger in my hand to strike off thy head at
 once.
 I will strike off thy head at once, and O ! I will not leave
 thee (alive), brother !
 I will take thy life in a moment, thus do I say.
 Thou hast acted to-day as a man of little sense, brother.
 Death will hover over thy head some day ; this is in my
 mind, brother.”

* Observe the Musalmân word here.

Rânî Damwantî.

- 505 "Hâth joṛ bintî karûn, Nal Râjâ, Mahârâj.
Jo tum mâroge aise tumharû hot akâj.
Tumharâ hot akâj, aise mat marîyo, Râjâ.
Shakul bigre terû kâjâ "

Râgnî.

- "Jagat mâû pât ho bhârî.
510 'Aqal kahân galî, piyâ thârî ?
Tumhen samjhâutî bârî.
Bât mâno yeh hî mahârî :
Jâû mat kheliye, Sâû !
Zarâ lajjâ nahîn âî,
515 Dharin apno se na hâro.
Aise mat jân se mâro !"

Râjâ Nal.

"Tu ne kalî, so main sunî, yeh papî chandâl !
Main us ko chhorû nahîn, â gû us kâ kâl.

Rânî Damwantî.

- 505 "With joined hands I pray, O Râjâ Nal, my Lord.
It will be evil for thee to strike him thus.
It will be evil for thee, strike him not thus, Râjâ.
All thy (good) works will be of no avail."

Song.

- "It will be a sinful thing in the world.
510 Whither have thy wits gone ?
Often did I conjure thee !
Hear my words :
Play no more, my Lord !
Thou hast felt no shame :
515 Destroy not thy good works.
Slay him not thus ! "

Râjâ Nal.

"Thou hast said, I have heard, this is a wicked sinner !
I will not leave him (alive, the time of) his death hath
come.

- Â gâ us kâ kâl, piyârî, lâkh bâr samjhâyâ.
 520 Aise bachan kathor boltâ, nahîn larzî hai kâyâ !
 Nahîn kuchh is meû merâ, sir par kâl ghumâyâ.
 Nâ jiwat chhorûngâ is ko, dil meû yeh hî tharâyâ."

Rânî Damwantî.

- "Yeh to tumharâ putr sam, tum us ke ho tât !
 Man meû soch bichariye, tumheû nâ chûhiye bât.
 525 Tumheû nâ chûhiye yeh bât, Râojî, âp gunî kul meû
 dâû.
 Got ghât karnâ nahîn, Râjâ ; jagat yeh tâû.
 Jo tû us ko inâr gûwâo, bahutâ dukh jag meû pâo.
 Yeh hî mâno, piyâ mere, lâth matî us ke lûo ?"

Râjâ Nal.

- "Us ne mukh khoî kahî, gâ jigar ko khâe.
 530 Maiû us ko chhoîûû nahîn, sun, Rânî, chit lâe.

His death hath come, a thousand times have I besought
 him.

- 520 Such evil words doth he say and his body trembleth not !
 It is no (fault) of mine, he hath brought death on his
 own head.
 I will not leave him alive, this have I determined."

Rânî Damwantî.

- "This is as thy son, thou art as his father.
 Ponder it in thy mind, this should not come from thee.
 525 This should not come from thee, thou that art the wisest
 of thy race.
 Slay not a kinsman, Râjâ, that the world jeer at thee.
 If thou slay him great will be thy grief in the world.
 Harken to this, my love, lay not thy hand upon him !"

Râjâ Nal.

- "His evil words have eaten into my heart.
 530 I will not leave him (alive), hear, Rânî, with thy heart.

Sun, Rânî, chit lâe hamârî kasab kîâ is ne bhârî.
 Barâ dast yeh hai, âb mânî, sabhî bât khoî mahârî.
 Aisâ bachan kahâ mukh setî, samajh nahîn ât us ko.
 Mahâ kapaṭ kî klân birlâ hai, tû bâlak kahtî jis ko."

Rânî Damwantî.

- 535 "Hâth jor bintî karûn, pyâ, man chit lâe :
 Is kâ kyâ hai mârnâ, krodh karo mar jâo ?"

Râgnî.

- "Dharm aur sat mat hâro !
 Matî, Râjâ, is se mârô !
 Tumhen main bahut samjhâyâ,
 540 'Aqal terî nahîn âyâ !
 Mâl aur râj ik nârî.
 Khushî hoke tumhen hârî !
 Kîâ kyûn krodh phir, Râjâ ?
 Samajhke kîjîye kâj !"

Hear, Rânî, with thy heart, he hath done me a great
 wrong.

Very wicked is he, and hear, he hath disgraced me utterly.
 Such words hath he said with his lips as thou canst not
 understand.

He is a very pit of the greatest deceit, whom thou callest
 a child !"

Rânî Damwantî.

- 535 "With joined hands I pray, my love, with all my heart.
 What good is it to slay him, and die of thy anger ?"

Song.

- "Destroy not thy religion and thy honor !
 Slay him not Râjâ !
 Often do I conjure thee,
 540 And sense cometh not to thee !
 Wealth and kingdom and eke a wife
 Hast thou lost joyfully !
 Why art angry after that, Râjâ ?
 Be wise and do thy duty !"

Puskar.

- 545 " Râj bîch rahnâ nahîn, rahâ na tumharâ kâm.
 Mere râj men ab tumhen khânâ nimak harâm ;
 Khânâ nimak harâm : are, tum dwârpâl, ab jâo.
 Sabbhî râj men abhî danḍhoiḍ jaldî se paṭwâo.
 Mere râj men mat nâ rakhîyo, jahân châhe wahân jâo.
 550 Itnâ kâm karo tum jâke, mat nâ der lagâo ! "

Rânî Damwantî.

- " Bâbal more ke jâo, sun, re tû rathwân.
 Ghore rath wahân le jâo, kahâ merâ yeh mân.
 Kahâ merâ le mân, karo jaldî se tayyârî.
 Ik kaniyân, ik sût, soch mujh ko hai bhârî.
 553 In ko tum le jâo mât merî ke tâñ.
 Ham ko to banoñ bäs likhâ karmoñ ke mâhîn.
 Kahîyo shakal aḥwâl mât merî pe jâke,
 Main kahtî, kar joḍ âj tum ko shamjhâke. "

Puskar.

- 545 " Thou canst not stay in this kingdom, thou hast no
 more business here.
 Thou canst no longer with right stay in *my* kingdom ;
 It is no longer right to stay : go and be a doorkeeper.
 Go and be a crier throughout the kingdom.
 Stay not in my kingdom, go whither thou wilt.
 550 Go and do this without any delay ! "

*Rânî Damwantî.**

- " Hear, thou charioteer, go to my father.
 Hear my words, take the chariot and horses there.
 Hear my words and be ready quickly.
 I am in great anxiety for my daughter and my son.
 555 Do thou take them to my mother.
 As for me it is written in my fate that I wander in the
 forests.
 Go and tell all the story to my mother,
 I beseech thee to-day with joined hands. "

* Damayanti now sends her children to her parents for safety.

Rathwân.

- “ Âp kahâ so hî karûn, main jâûn tath-kâl.
 560 Ab yehan se tayyârî karûn, mat nâ ho be-hâl.
 Mat nâ ho be-hâl, piyârî, yeh hî tujhe samjhâûn.
 Bâlak rath ke bîch bihâ, main terî mâtâ pe jâûn,
 Tere tan kâ main hâl terî mâtâ ko jâe sunâûn.
 Man meñ dhîr dharo tum, Rânî, sârî khabarân lâûn.”
- 565 Rath ko big jotâeke kî kûnch makân.
 Pahunchâ nagar meñ Bhîm kâ, jabân Rânî surgyân.
 Jahân Rânî surgyân, jâcke sârî bhitâ sunâî.
 Sut kaniyân donon wahân chhore, Nal kî bāt batâî.
 Suranpâl ik Râo baṛā thā us pe pahunche jâe.
- 570 Rath ghore donon hîn chhore Râo chale ban mâtî.

Charioteer.

- “ As thou hast said so will I do and I will go at once
 560 I will go hence now, so be not grieved.
 Be not grieved, friend, I tell thee.
 I will put the children into the chariot and go to thy
 mother,
 And will tell thy mother what hath befallen thee.
 Have patience in thy heart, Rânî, and I will tell thee all
 that happens.”
- 565 Quickly preparing the chariot he went homewards.
 He reached the city of (Râjâ) Bhîm, where dwelt the
 wise Rânî.*
 Where dwelt the wise Rânî: he went and told her all the
 trouble.
 Leaving the boy and maid there he told the story of Nal.
 He went to the great Râjâ Suranpâl.
- 570 Leaving the chariot and horses the Râjâ went into the
 forest.†

* Damwantî's mother

† (?) A confused reference to Rituparna of Ayodhya, whose service Vârsahya the charioteer entered after seeing Damwantî's children home, according to the *Mahâbhârata* story.

Rânî Damwantî.

- "Suno, piyâ, kyâ sochte, râj dîâ sab hâr ?
 Chalo kisi ban khand meñ, ham ho gae lâchâr
 Ham ho gae lâchâr, yeh hî 'araz sun lo mahârî.
 Soch kaî se kyâ hotâ hai ? Âp karo ban kî tayyârî.
 575 Itne din kâ râj likhâ thâ, so tum bhog lîâ, sâñ.
 Abhî es râj bîch nahîn rahnâ, main kahtî tumhare tâñ."

Râjâ Nal.

- "Sach bāt tum ne kahî, lîe yeh hî mân.
 Ab yehân rahnâ nahîn, karam rekh parwân."

Ragnî.

- 580 "Nahîn dukh meñ koî sâthî,
 'Aqal merî rahî jâtî !

*Rânî Damwantî.**

- "Hear, my love, why grieve at losing all thy kingdom ?
 Let us go to some forest land, for we are helpless.
 Hear my prayer, for we are become helpless.
 What is the use of grieving ? Make ready for the forest
 at once.
 575 Thou hast enjoyed all the days of royalty written in
 thy fate.
 Thou canst not now remain in this kingdom, I tell
 thee."

Râjâ Nal.

- "Thou sayest truly and I obey.
 We cannot now remain here, the lines of fate are
 powerful."

Song.

- 580 "I have no friend in my woe,
 And my senses leave me !

* Speaking to her husband again.

- Karam gat yeh hove, Rânî,
 Nahîû yeh bât main jânî !
 Râj chhorâ âe ban meû :
 Bhûkh byâpî mere tan meû.
 585 Tîn din ho gao chaltoñ.
 An jal na karâ hain ko !”

Rânî Damwantî.

- “ Is pere pe kadam ke baiñhî ik kapût *
 Isî mâr bhachhan karo, aur upâo nahîû hot.
 Ai Râjâjî, nâ kuchh banat upâe tarkhâû ân batâe.
 590 Tan beâkul ho giâ, bhûkh ne prân gaiwâe.
 Ab hamare tan bîch chalan kî tâqat nâhîn.
 Mâro yeh hî kapût, karen bhojan ham khâc.”

Râjâ Nal.

- “ Rânî, jubhî tumharâ bachan hameû kîû parwân.
 Mârûn turt kapût ko nische le jân.

- This must be the work of fate, my Rânî.
 I did not know at all that this could be !
 Leaving my kingdom and wandering in the forest
 I feel the pangs of hunger in my body.
 585 Three days have passed in walking,
 And we have had nor water nor food ! ”

Rânî Damwantî.

- “ I see a pigeon under this *kadam*† tree.
 Let us kill and eat it, there is no other plan.
 O, Râjâ, there is no other plan ;
 590 My body has become restless, hunger is slaying me.
 I have no power to walk within my body.
 So kill this pigeon and let us eat it.”

Râjâ Nal.

- “ Rânî, I have approved of thy words.
 I will strike the pigeon and take its life.

* For *kabâtur*

† *Qadum* according to the *Munshî*. It is the *kadamba*, or *nauclea cadamba*, a favorite tree with fragrant blossoms.

- 595 Yâ nische le jân, piyârî, aur sistar kuchh hai nâhîn :
 Dhotî ger usî ke âpar main pakaîûn us ko jâe.
 Ger diâ dhotî main, lekar us glâ woh, piyârî !
 Ab soche ! Kuchh ban men nâhîn âtâ, jab tak ho hamarî
 hârî !”

Rânî Damwantî.

- “ Bipat kâl biptâ hamen kyûn dînî, Raghu Râi ?
 600 Yâ to hamaro prân lo, yâ tum karo, Jî, subâi.”

Ilâgnî.

- “ Bipat men nâ koî sangî !
 Piyâ kâyfâ hâi nangî !
 Prabhû, sidh lîjo merî !
 Bipat no in kî gherî !
 605 Suran ham ne lie thûrî !
 Chalî ab jân yehân mahârî !

- 595 Know this for certain, my love, I have no other arms ;
 So I will throw my loin-cloth over it and take its life.*
 I threw my loin-cloth over it and it flew away with it,
 my love !
 Now think ! I can get nothing in the forest, and am
 undone until I do !”†

Rânî Damwantî.

- “ Why hast added trouble in a troublous time, O God ?‡
 600 Either take our lives, or save us, Lord.”

Song.

- “ We have no companion in our misery !
 My husband's body hath become naked !
 Lord, help me !
 Thou hast encompassed him with grief !
 605 I seek thy aid !
 My life will depart from me here !

* There is a break here and RÂjâ Nal has tried to catch the pigeon before he speaks again.

† Because he was now stark naked.

‡ Raghu Râi = Râm = God.

Thâre bin na koî, Sâmi!
Karo rachhyâ Garuḡ-gâmî."

Râjû Nal.

- 610 "Rânî, nagar Bidarbh kâ yeh mârg le jân.
Jahâi tere pitmât haiñ, kare âp pahchân.
Kare âp pahchân, piyârî, yeh mârg sundar khâsâ.
Garjat singh, hîâ merâ larze, yeh hî kahûñ tunhare
pâsâ :
Ban kâ rahuâ bahut kathhan, hai is men dukh, sun le,
Rânî.
Kaun karam men rekh lekhi hai ? Nâ mâyâ Prabhû kî
jânî !"

Rânî Damwantî.

- 615 "Yeh ham ne jâne piyâ, kis ko mân aur bâp ?
Hamen chhorke ban bikhe raho akeli âp."

I have none but thee, Lord !
O rider on Garuḡ* help us !"

Râjû Nal.

- 610 "Rânî, this is the way to the city of Bidarbh. †
Where are thy parents, do thou recognise it.
Recognise it, my love, this beautiful road.
The lions roar and my heart trembles (for thee) and I
tell thee this :
Dwelling in the forests is hard and full of troubles,
hear thou this, Rânî.
What lines are written in our fate ? The mysteries of
the Lord are not to be known !"

Rânî Damwantî.

- 615 "What do I know, my love, of father and mother ?
Leave me and I will dwell alone in the forests."

* The fabulous bird Garuḡa and vehicle of Vishnu of whom Râma
was an *avatara* or incarnation

† Vidarbha is, however, Burâr, a country and not a town.

Râgnî.

“ Piyâjî, hamen tiyâg na jâiyo.
 Sang hamare piyâ rahîyo.
 Piyâjî, nâdân mat mahârî,
 620 Mujhe kariyo matî niyârî.
 Akelî mainî jîûn ban men,
 Prân apnî tajûn chhin men.”

Râjâ Nal.

“ Rânî aisiî nâ kaho mukh se bachan kâthor.
 Mainî tujh ko kaise tajûn ? Prîtî chand chakor.”

Râgnî.

625 “ Prît ab lag nahîn jânî,
 Tajûn kaise tujhe, Rânî ?
 Tu hî prânôn se hai piyârî,
 Karûn kaise tujhe niyârî ?

Song.

“ O husband, desert me not.
 Live with me, my love.
 O husband, I am a simple woman,
 620 So desert me not.
 If I dwell alone in the forest,
 I shall give up my life in a moment.”

Râjâ Nal.

“ O Rânî, say not such harsh words with thy lips.
 How could I leave thee ? Our love is as the moon's and
 the partridge's.”*

Song.

625 “ My love for thee is not yet satiated,
 How could I desert thee, Rânî ?
 Thou art the love of my life,
 How could I desert thee ?

* It is commonly said that the *chakor* or Indian red-legged partridge
 is violently in love with the moon.

630 Tore bin kyâ merâ jînâ ?
Baîâ dukh yeh hamenî dînâ !”

Rânî Damwantî.

“Prân piyâ bin na bacheñ, par gaî prom zanjîr.
Bât tumharî sunat hî chale nain se nîr.
Tere bin kaun sahe dukh sukh mahârâ ?
Prân tajûn chhin meñ, pîtam, jo tû ho jâ ham se niyârî.
635 Kand, mûl, phal, phûl torke mainî tumbare khâtir lae !
Bhojan kar, Mahârâj hamâre, yâ tum ko châhîye, Sâin !”

Râjâ Nal.

“Rânî ghabarao matî, man meñ bândho dhîr.
Sab sahâî hamarî karenî, sadâ bhajo Raghbîr.”

Râgnî.

640 “Bhajo Raghbîr ko, piyârî.
Kabhî hove nahîn hârî.

630 How could I live without thee ?
Great is the trouble given me !”

Rânî Damwantî.

“I cannot live without my husband, the chain of love
hath bound me.
At thy very words the tears flow from my eyes.
Who shall bear my joys and sorrows but thee ?
I should die in a moment, love, if thou desertest me.
635 Branches and roots and flowers and fruits I bring for
thee !
Eat, my Lord, as doth beseem thee, Husband !”

Râjâ Nal.

“Rânî, be not distressed and be patient in thy heart.
Ever call on Raghbîr,* for he will always help us.”

Song.

640 “Call on Raghbîr, my love,
And thou shalt never be undone.

Râm jag ko hai Kartârâ,
 Dhyân un kâ hamen dhârâ.
 Bipat men sukh kare woh hî,
 Aur dâjâ nahîn koî?"

- 645 Râjâ us ban men phire âe mitr ke pâs.
 Bahot âdar us ne kîâ, Râjâ bhae udâs.
 Dekhkar udâs kîâ âdar bhârî.
 Das pânch rât mahilon ke bîch guzârî.
 Khûntî pe hâr dharâ Rânî jâe.
 650 Woh nigal gai khûntî, nahîn mâyâ pâl!
 Jab Rânî gai rus parî, mahilon jâe,
 Râjâ ne ân âp Rânî uthâi.

Râm is the Lord of the world
 And I have worshipped him.
 He will bring joy in the midst of trouble,
 And there is none other!"*

- 645 The Râjâ wandering in the forests came upon a friend.
 He showed him great kindness and the Râjâ was sorrow-
 ful.
 Seeing his sorrow he showed great kindness.
 Eight or ten nights passed in the (friend's) palace.
 The Queen's necklace had been placed upon its peg.
 650 The peg swallowed up the necklace and the mystery
 was not solved.
 The Queen went angrily into the friend's palace,
 And the Râjâ (friend) came and mocked the Rânî (Dam-
 wantî).

* The bard, having so far followed the classical legend with fair success, finishes off his legend in his own way and very tamely.

Râni.

"Tumharâ yeh yâr sang us kî nârf,
Lînâ in hâr, bât tum se bichârî!"

655 Nal ne jo bât sunî hâr kî âke.

Râjâ Nal.

"Bhâve ne karm-rekh kyâ likhî jûke?"

Sunke yeh bât, râh ban ke lînâ.
Pingal ke des gaman phirkar kînâ.

Râjâ Nal.

"Bipat kâl biptâ hamen kyâ dîc Dînâ Nâth?
660 Isî dusotî bîch meû nâ koî hamare sâth."

The Queen.

"This your friend hath a wife with him,
That hath stolen my necklace, be thou certain!"

655 When (Râjâ) Nal heard of the matter of the necklace,
(he said):

Râjâ Nal.

"What hath Fate written in our lines?"

Hearing of this he went into the forest,
And wandered into the country of Râjâ Pingal.*

Râjâ Nal.

"O Lord of the World, what misery is this that thou
hast added to our trouble?
660 In the midst of our troubles there is none for us!"

* This story is also told of Hariścandra and his wife when in similar trouble. For a note on Pingal see Introduction to the next legend.

Râgnî.

- " Bipat meñ nâ koî sâth !
 Taje gajpâl so hâth,
 Hûâ banon bâs main rahnâ !
 Hamâre karm kê lahnâ.
 665 Hamârî khabar le, Sâmî,
 Hamen bhojan kê hai hânî !
 Nahîn tan pe basham mahâre !
 Râj ho taj chalan niyârî !"

Rânî Damwantî.

- " Suno, piyâ, tum se kahûn, yeh hî bêt samjhâe,
 670 Karam rekñ mitte nahîn, kêje lâkh upâe ;
 Kêje lâkh upâe ; karam yeh likhî hai hamârî.
 Is dusotî bîch Râm hamare rakhwâlî.

Song.

- " In our trouble there is none for us !
 I have deserted my elephant,*
 And am a dweller in the woods !
 It is the decree of my fate.
 665 Have remembrance of me, O Lord,
 For I have need of food !
 I have not even clothes to my body !
 Leaving my kingdom I am become a lonely wan-
 derer !"

Rânî Damwantî.

- " Hear, my love, I speak to thee, this do I tell thee.
 670 The lines of Fate are not to be blotted out, try thou a
 thousand plans ;
 Try thou a thousand plans : this was written in our fate.
 God is our protector in these troubles.

* On which Râjâs always ride.

- Karo gyân, sat, sang ; jagat jhûṭī hai mâyâ.
 Sat mat chhoṛo âp tumhoṁ yeh le samjhâyâ.
 675 Jo sat doge chhoṛ, dharm kī ho jā hānī.
 Dukh sukh ik hī rūp mānte haiṁ munī gyānī.”

Rājā Nal.

“ Gyân dushṭ ānā kaṭhan, suno, patī nirp nâr.
 Kaun pāp picḥhe kīc, jo yâ biptâ die dār ? ”

Rāgnī.

- “ Bipat ham pe pa'ī bhârī.
 680 Khabar lo ān, Girdhârī !
 Suno, tum prân kī piyârī,
 Bipat kī bâṭ hai niyârī.
 Kahūṁ tum se sabhī sârī.
 Surt meṁ bāṭī hamen hârī :

- Have wisdom and virtue and good company : this
 world is a false illusion.
 Give not up thy virtue, I tell thee.
 675 Give up thy virtue and thy good deeds will suffer.
 The wise sages have known that pain and pleasure have
 but one form.”

Jūjā Nal.

“ Knowledge is difficult and cometh hardly, hear, my
 wise and virtuous wife.
 What sin can I have committed before* that I am given
 this trouble ? ”

Song.

- “ Great is the trouble upon me.
 680 Have remembrance of me, O Girdhârī ! †
 Listen, thou beloved of my life,
 The story of my sorrow is a strange one.
 I tell it thee all.
 In my folly I lost the gambling match :

* i.e., in a former life.

† i.e., Kṛishṇa = God.

- 685 Phir sat Indar ne linâ.
 Barkhâ ne dukh baṛî dînâ.
 Bât kahtâ nahîn jhûṭî;
 Nigal gai hâr ko khûṭî;
 Bunî titar uṛî mahârî:
 690 Rekh ṭalte nahîn ṭârî!"

Rânî Damwantî.

- " Jo honî so ho lîe, dūr karo afsos.
 Likhâ Karam so hî bhognâ, kis ko dîje dosh?
 Kis ko dîje dosh; piyâjî? Ūchhâ Karam hamarâ, sâñ.
 Râj chhuṭâ banon bās diwâyâ; nâ mâyâ Prabhû kî pâñ.
 695 Karnî mainî kuchh chûk paṛî hai, dukh dū bālepan men.
 Ik tarah merâ bhūg balî hai, Prabhû, donon sang raho
 ban men!

- 685 And then Indar tested my virtue.*
 Greatly hath his rain afflicted me.
 I say nothing false;
 The peg swallowed up the necklace;
 My roasted partridge† flew away;
 690 The lines (of Fate) move not for putting away!"

Rânî Damwantî.

- " What was to be has been, put away thy sorrows afar.
 What Fate hath written must be endured, and who is
 to be blamed?
 Who is to be blamed, my husband? An evil fate is
 ours, husband.
 The Lord made us give up our rule and dwell in the
 forests; His mysteries are unfathomable.
 695 I have forgotten some (religious) duty and He gave
 me trouble in my youth.
 In one way my fate is happy, O Lord, that we are both
 together in the forest!

* Apparently by making the weather wet.

† He must mean pigeon, see line 587 ff.

Jo tum se kabhî bichhṛan hotâ, bahutâ dukh phirtî, sâñ.
Ab merâ patî bharat-bhang nahîn; din rât parwan
tumhare tâñ.

- Chalo, piyâ, kisî nagar meñ, chhoṛo ban kâ bās.
700 Yehân ab chit lagtâ nâhîn, ham nit raheñ udâs.
Ham nit raheñ udâs, bās nagarî meñ kije.
Aisâ kâran karo, dharm hamarâ nahîn chhîje.
Mân yeh hî updes; kirpâ kar châlo, jî, âgarî.
Tum hamare bhartâr, chalûn main sang tumhare.”

Râjâ Nal.

- 705 “ Rânjî, sun lîjîye, yeh Pingal kâ des.
Mâl râj Mahârâj hai yehân ke Awadh nires.
Yehân ke Awadh nires, piyârî, mahâ bâl hai Râjâ.
Âth pahar din rât nagar meñ baje chhattîs bājâ.

Had I been ever separated from thee, in great grief
should I have wandered, my husband.

Now is my virtue secure, as I live day and night with
thee.

Let us go, love, into some city and give up dwelling in
the forests.

- 700 I am no longer happy here and always in sorrow.
I am always in sorrow, so let us dwell in the city.
Act so that our (religious) duty be not affected.
This is the desire of my heart: be kind, love, and go on
(to the city).
Thou art my husband and I go with thee.”

Râjâ Nal.

- 705 “ O Rânî, hear me, this is the land of Pingal,*
The great lord of this land and wealthy is the lord of
Awadh:
The lord of this (land of) Awadh, my love, is a mighty
Râjâ.
Day and night continuously the thirty-six kinds of
music are played.†

* See above line 658.

† See above line 134.

- 'Ām khās meñ lagī Kachahrī, jis kā barā samājā.
710 Sab pūran partāl Rāo ke, chhatar mukat sir rājā."

Rānī Damwantī.

- "Khūb bāt tum ne kahī, hirde gaī samāe.
Jo biptā Prabhū ne diē, so ham bhoge āe.
So bhoge ab āe, piyājī, sunīyo 'araz yeh lī mahārī.
Aur kām ham se nahīn bautā, yeh biptā Prabhū ne dārī.
715 Tum telī ghar jāc pāt par baith, karo simran bhārī.
Main to āp Rāo ke mahilon jāc banegī panhārī."

Rājā telī pe rahā, Rānī rājdwār :
Sabhī nagar us ko kahen Rājā kī panhār.

- He holds a Court in public and private (audience),
which is very grand.
710 Very glorious is this Rājā, with diadem and umbrella*
over his head."

Rānī Damwantī.

- "Well hast thou said, it is gone into my heart.
We have gone through all the trouble that the Lord
hath given us.
We have gone through it all, my love, hear this prayer
of mine.
No other plan have I in this trouble that the Lord hath
put upon us.
715 Go thou into an oilman's, turn his mill (for him)† and
do heavy work.
I will go into the Rājā's palace and become a water-
bearer."

The Rājā went to the oilman, the Rānī to the palace :
And all the city knew her for the Rājā's water-carrier.

* The oriental sign of royalty.

† *Lit.*, sit on the driving-rod (behind the oxen to drive them).

- Râjâ kî panhâr kahoñ, sab bâṭ nagarî meñ nar nârî.
 720 Râo pāṭ hânke telî ko, soch rahî man meñ bhârî.
 Tin dinân Râjâ ko ho gae, an khâyâ na jal piâ.
 Na telî ne pñchhâ us ko, "kaun kâṁ tû ne yeh kâ?"
 Chauthâ din hânṭ dālî ik khal kî ṭhâke mukh pâi;
 Mâre lâṭ telî râjâ ke, nikal bâhir mukh se âi.

Râjâ Pingal.

- 725 "Yeh bhojan kis no kâ, ai Rânî surgyân?
 Such batâ hum se abhî, gyân-rashk, gun khân:
 Gyân-rashk, gun khân, hamen yeh kaho sach mukh bânî.
 Mero mahil ke bîch adhik hai tû sundar, Pāṭ Rânî.

They knew her for the Râjâ's water-carrier; all the men
 and women in the city knew it.

- 720 The Râjâ drove the oilman's mill, and had heavy grief
 in his heart.

Three days passed over the Râjâ and he nor ate corn nor
 drank water.

Never asked (of him) the oilman, "what work hast thou
 done?"

The fourth day the Râjâ put a grain of oil-cake* to his
 mouth;

When the oilman kicked him and knocked it out of his
 mouth.

Râjâ Pingal.†

- 725 "Who cooked this dinner, O wise Queen?
 Tell me the truth now, O pit of wisdom and virtue:
 O pit of wisdom and virtue, tell me the truth with thy lips.
 Thou art the greatest beauty of my palace, thou First-
 Queen.

* Very coarse food, fit only for cattle.

† Change of scene: Damayanti has now become the water-bearer of
 the palace and the Râjâ of it is addressing his Queen.

- Tere hâth kê yeh nahîn bhojan, sun le 'ishq dîwânî.
 730 Main pûchhûn hûn bât, sach sab ham se kaho bakhânî."

Rânî.

- " Mujh ko fursat nâ hûi, hûâ mahil men kêr.
 Yeh bhojan us ne kêâ, jo tumharî hai panhâr.
 Jo tumharî hai panhâr, Râojî, suno haqîqat sârf.
 Us piyârî ne mahil bîch, bhojan kê karî tayyârî.
 735 Mere tan men hûi mândagî, main ho garî lâchârî.
 Yoh bhojan us kêâ nârî ne, main yeh bât bîchârî."

Rîjâ Pingal.

- " Râjâ Nal ke mahil men hai Damwantî nâr.
 Us ne hamare wâste bhojan kê tayyâr.
 Bhojân kê tayyâr, sawâd aisâ ham ne wahân pâyâ.
 740 Aisâ hî bhojan is piyârî ne, aisâ âj banâyâ."

- This dinner is not of thy cooking, hear me, thou mad
 with love (of me).
 730 I ask it of thee and tell me all the truth."

The Queen.

- " I had no time as I had work in the palace.
 And it was thy water-carrier that cooked this dinner.
 It was thy water-carrier, Râjâ, hear the whole truth.
 It was that loveling that cooked the dinner in the palace :
 735 As my body was wearied and I became helpless,
 The (water-carrier) woman cooked this dinner, I tell
 thee."

Râjâ Pingal.

- " There is the Lady Damwantî in the palace of Râjâ Nal.
 (Once) she prepared a dinner for me.
 She prepared a dinner for me and its taste was like this.
 740 Such a dinner hath this loveling made to-day."

Yâ hai koî Râjâ kî nâri, tumheñ bhed na pâyâ :
Bipat kâl meñ hûi, piyâri, tujh ko yeh hî sunâyâ."

- "Ai sundar, tû kaun hai ? Kaho hamen sach bat.
Yeh ham pûchhat haiñ tumheñ ; kaun tumharî zât ?
745 Kaun tumharî zât ? hamen tu hâl sunâ de, piyâri !
Dekh tum ko râj-sutiya, tû nâ haigî panhâri.
Apne man kî bat kholke, kaho haqiqat sâri.
Yeh ham se tû sach batâ de ; kaun zât hai thârî ?"

Rânî Damwantî.

- "Bîpat kâl kî bat hai, kyâ kahûn tumhare sang ?
750 Narwargah ke Râo kî man hongî adharang.
Ai Râjâjî, man hongî adharang, bat yeh suno, Jî, hamârî.
Dîâ hai dusotâ Râm bipat ham pe yeh dâri,

This is some Râjâ's wife, thou didst not understand :
She hath fallen into some trouble, my love, this do I
proclaim to thee."

- "My beauty,* who art thou ? Tell me the truth.
This do I ask thee ; what is thy caste ?
745 What is thy caste ? Tell me thy story, my dear !
Thy appearance is of a king's daughter, thou art no
water-carrier.
Tell me the secret of thy heart, and tell me the whole
truth.
Tell me the truth ; what is thy caste ?"

Rânî Damwantî.

- "My story is of trouble and death, how shall I tell it
thee ?
750 I am the wife of the Râjâ of Narwarga h.†
O Râjâ, I am his wife, hear my tale.
God hath thrown into this exile and trouble

* Addressing Damwantî.

† Narwâr, now a town in the Gwâlîor state and much decayed, represents the ancient Nishadha.

- Nal Râjâ Mahârâj, jinheñ kî main hûñ nârî.
 Peṭ bharan ke kâj rahî tumharî panihârî !
 755 Damwantî merâ nâm, patî sang ban meñ âl.
 Sab biptâ kî bāt tumheñ main ân sunâî.”

Râjâ Pingal.

- “ Kahân tumhârî Râo hai ? dîje sach batâe.
 Rânjî, Mahârâj ko ham lâven ab jâe.
 Ham lâven ab jâe, piyârî, us kâ bhed batâo.
 760 Hamen soch ho guñ bhârî, zarâ der mat lâo.
 Pichhlî bāt hamen sab, Rânî, bâr bâr samjhâo :
 Hâl aḥwâl hamen sab, Rânî, sâr hâl sunâo.”

Rânî Damwantî.

- “ Hamen ban meñ se âuke, yeh hî kîâ bichâr.
 Râjâ telî ke rahe, main tumharî panhâr.
 765 Main tumharî panhâr rahe mahilon men âe.
 Bipat kâl kî bāt, tumheñ main ân sunâî.

- The Lord Râjâ Nal, whose wife I am.
 To fill my belly am I become thy water-carrier !
 755 My name is Damwantî and I came into the forests with
 my husband.
 And now have I told thee all the tale of my sorrow.”

Râjâ Pingal.

- “ Where is thy Râjâ ? Tell me the truth.
 O Rânî, take me at once to the Mahârâjâ.
 Take me at once, my dear, tell me where he is hidden.
 760 I am very anxious and so delay not at all.
 The remainder of thy story, Rânî, tell me by degrees :
 And thus tell me, Rânî, all thy tale.”

Rânî Damwantî.

- “ Coming out of the forest this is what we determined.
 The Râjâ went to the oilman's and I became thy water-
 carrier.
 765 I became thy water-carrier and came into the palace.
 I have told thee the story of my trouble.

Jo Prabhû ne dukh dîâ, soî ham bhongen sârâ,
Yeh Kartâ kâ âukh nahîn tartâ hai târâ."

Râjâ Pingal.

- 770 "Hâth jor bintî karûn, Nal Râjâ Mahârâj,
Chalo nagar ke bîch men, kîje shakal samâj :
Kîje shakal samâj âp ke, main hûn agyâ-kârî.
Hâth jor kah karûn bintî chaliyo sang hamâre.
Baithe rûj karo gadî pe, ham hâzir hain thârî.
Ân rahe telî ke ghar men, yeh kyâ bāt bichârî?"

Râjâ Nal.

- 775 "Ai Rânî, tum se kahûn bichhran sanjog.
Jo Brahmâ ne likh diû, soî bhogne bhog!"

Râgnî.

"Likhî taltî nahîn târî!
Suno, Rânî, 'araz hamârî.

The trouble the Lord gave me, I have borne it all.
The fate of the Lord delays not for putting off."

*Râjâ Pingal.**

- 770 "With joined hands I say, my Lord Râjâ Nal,
Come into the city, make all thy preparation :
Make all thy preparation, I am thy servant.
With joined hands I beseech thee come with me.
Sit on the throne, I am thy servant †
In coming into the oilman's house what was thy intention?"

Râjâ Nal.

- 775 "O Rânî (Damwantî), I tell thee that the separation and
communion,
Which God wrote down for us, we have borne!"

Song.

"What is written delays not for putting away!
Rânî, hear my words.

* Having gone now to Râjâ Nal

† Observe the use of *hâzir*. see Vol. I., p. 370.

- 780 Dusotâ par giâ bhârî,
 So hî ham ne sahî sârf.
 Bipat Râjâ koî detâ,
 So hî main shîsh par dhartâ.
 Kareñ faryâd kisi setî ?
 Soch din râf yeh rahtî ;
 785 Likhâ jo Karam kâ bharnâ :
 Hamen phir râj kyâ karnâ ?”

Râjâ Pingal.

“ Jo janamâ is jagat men dukh sukh us ke sâth.
 Chaudah baras ban men phire Bhâve bas Raghu Nâth.”

Râgnî.

- 790 “ Phire ban bîch Raghu Râf.
 Diâ dukh Kevakî Mâf:
 Bipat Raghû pe parî bhârî.
 Karo bauon bân kî tayyârf.

- 780 The hard exile that fell upon us,
 We have borne it all.
 Even had some Râjâ given me this trouble,
 That (too) would I have borne.
 With whom shall we quarrel ?
 Day and night this is my thought :
 785 The decree of Fate must be borne :
 And what again have I to do with empire ?”

Râjâ Pingal.

“ Who is born into the world hath joy and pleasure
 with him.

For fourteen years did Fate cause Raghû Nâth* to wan-
 der in the forests.”

Song.

- 790 “ Did Raghû Râf wander in the forests.
 Mother Kevakî gave him that trouble :
 And heavy grief fell upon Raghû,
 And he went to dwell in the forests.

* i.e., Râma ; allusion to the well-known tale in the *Râmâyana*.

- 795 Bipat Pahlâd ko hûf,
 Jis se jāneñ haiñ sab koñ.
 Bipat sir pe parī, Rājā,
 Karo yeh dūr sab sānsā.”

Rājā Nal.

“ Ai Rānī, tum pe kahūñ yeh biptā kī bsein.
 Bhāve bas ban meñ āe, nek parī nahīñ chain.”

Rāgnī.

- 800 “ Chain parī nahīñ, Rānī.
 Chale biptā meñ zindagānī.
 Koṭ Narwar taje bhārī.
 Gharī dukh kī sahī sārī.
 Bāt woh hāth nā ātī.
 Bipat meñ kaun hai sāthī ?
 805 Amar jag men nahīñ koñ.
 Dīā dukh main sahā soñ.”

- 795 Trouble felt upon Pahlâd,
 As every one knows.*
 Trouble (too) hath fallen on thy head, Rājā ;
 So put away all thy sorrows afar.”

Rājā Nal.

“ O Rānī, I say to thee words of sorrow.
 It was Fate drove us to the forest, this joy seemeth not
 well to me ! ”

Song.

- 800 “ Rānī, I am not at ease.
 My life departeth in sorrow.
 I have given up great Narwar Fort.
 Every moment have I suffered grief.
 I cannot recall my word.†
 Who is a companion in sorrow ?
 805 No one is immortal in the world.
 The trouble given me have I borne.”

* The story of Prahládā is explained in Vol. II., p. 5.

† In the gambling match to his brother Pushkara.

Râjâ Pingal.

- "Is men kis kâ dosh hai ? nahaqq karo biyog.
 Dukh sukh tan ke sâth hain ; kîe Karam kî bhog.
 Kîe Karam kî bhog, Râojî, yeh biptâ sab par hoî.
 810 Râm Chandar kî Sîtâ nârî tiyâg diê ban men soî.
 Bûkh piyâs ke tarâs se jin jâe rahe Bâlmîk rikh ke pâsâ.
 Baiṭhe râj karo, Mahârâj, pûran Râm karen âsâ."

Râjâ Nal.

"Man kî man mân rakhiye, nâ kuchh chalâ upâo ;
 Bhâve ne ban men ân dîâ tarâo."

Râgnî.

- 815 "Kahân merî nâr Damwantî ?
 Binâ us bāt nahîn bantî ;
 Bipat men sang rahî mahârî.
 Bachan us ne nahîn hârî :

Râjâ Pingal.

- "What blame is there in this ? Thou sorrowest without
 cause.
 Pain and grief are with all ; it is the decree of Fate.
 It is the decree of Fate, Râjâ, all have this sorrow.
 810 Sîtâ, Râm Chandar's wife, was deserted in the forests.*
 In the misery of hunger and thirst she lived with Bâlmîk
 the saint.†
 Enjoy thy kingdom, Mahârâjâ, and God fulfil thy hope."

Râjî Nal.

"Let us keep our desires to ourselves, no plans avail ;
 Fate hath given us trouble in the forests."

Song.

- 815 "Where is my wife Damwantî ?
 Without her I can do nothing,
 That accompanied me in my troubles.
 She disregarded not my words,

* Allusion to the tale of Sîtâ's exile in the *Râmâyana*.

† Vâlmîki, the author of the *Râmâyana*, who received the banished Sîtâ at his house at Chitrakûta.

- Patî birt nâr hai merî.
 820 Rûhî merî charan kî cherî.
 Bichhar gai prân kî piyâri.
 Mere se ho gai niyâri :
 Jagat mein dharg merâ jînâ :
 Nahîn yehân an jal pinâ !”

Râjâ Pingal.

- 825 “ Damwantî hai mahil mein, chalo us ke pās.
 Râj karo sukh chain mein, mat na hot udās.
 Mat nâ ho udās, Râo, main do kar jo kahûn sârî.
 Dâr karo ab soch dilon kî ; sang chalo, Râjâ, mahâre,
 Karan-hâr Kartâ wahî hai, yeh hî bāt main samjhâûn.
 830 Ab nâ der karo, Mahârâjâ, sang chalo, main lo jâûn.”

Râjâ âe mahil mein, sab kâ hûâ milâp.
 Dekh apnî nâr ko Râjâ karat bilâp.
 Râjâ karat bilâp, Râo Pingal mukh bol kabî bânî.

- That is my virtuous wife.
 820 She was ever my slave.
 And the beloved of my life is separated from me.
 She is parted from me :
 It is useless for me to live in the world :
 I can neither eat nor drink (more) here ! ”

Râjâ Pingal.

- 825 “ Damwantî is in the palace, go thou to her.
 Rule at ease and pleasure, and be not sorrowful.
 Be not sorrowful, Râjâ, I tell thee all (the story) with
 both hands joined.
 Put away the sorrow of thy heart afar, Râjâ, and come
 with me.
 The Lord is the Doer, this do I tell thee.
 830 Make no delay, Mahârâjâ, let me take thee with me.”

The Râjâ went into the palace and met them all.
 And the Râjâ shed tears to see his wife.
 The Râjâ shed tears and Râjâ Pingal spake with his mouth.

Râjâ Pingal.

- 835 " Garh-matî haiñ nâr dât kî ; yeh lejo, nische jânî,—
Jo merî ho jâgî kaniyân, tumhare sût hogâ, Râjâ,
Us sang biyâh karûn, kaniyân kâ sakal karen hamarî
kâjâ."

Kirpâ hûî Jâgatamb kî, dharûn tumhârâ dhyân.

Jorî ân milâ dîe hatke Śrî Bhagwân :

Jagat meñ kîje merî sahâî.

- 840 Damwantî aur Râjâ Nal haiñ hatke dîe milâe.
Jaisî chand chakor kiran kî prît banî chhab châhî,
Sur munî jan sun kâd kane, terî mâyâ kîñî na pâî.
Sâng sampûran karke, Mâtû, pîchhe bhanet banâî.
Kahte Bansî Lâl, kul, Mât, tû Châr Jugoñ meñ dohâî.

Râjâ Pingal.

- 835 " Both our wives are pregnant : know this for certain :
If mine be a girl and thine a prince, Râjâ,
I will marry her to him, and the girl shall fulfil our
desires."

Earth-mother, thou hast been gracious and I worship
thee.

The Holy God hath rejoined the pair :

Be Thou (also) my saviour in the world !

- 840 Damwantî and Râjâ are again joined together.
As the partridge desires the glory of the moon's rays,
So heroes and saints delight in Thee, but have not
fathomed Thy mysteries !
I finish this my lay, Mother, and then I worship thee.
Saith Bansî Lâl,* Mother, thou art worshipped through-
out the Four Ages.

* The author of the poem, see Vol. I., pp. 122, 209, 366 ; Vol. II., p. 2.

No. XXXI.

THE LEGEND OF RÂJÂ DHOL,
AS SUNG BY TWO SCAVENGERS FROM BIBIYÂL
VILLAGE, NEAR AMBÂLÂ

[This legend has not, as far as I know, any foundation in the classics like the preceding one, though Dhol is always described as the son of Nala. Nala's son classically was Indrasena, and Dhola is a very unlikely form to occur in a Sanskrit work.]

[It describes the love of Dhol and Mârwan, the daughter of Râjâ Pingal of Pingalgarh, situated in Sangaldip. These names do not help us much. Pingala is a classical name connected with the Nâgas or Serpent Race, and if Sangaldip is for Śâkala-dvîpa (or Śâka-dvîpa), the kingdom of Pingala is placed in the Northern Panjâb, an appropriate situation for the kingdom of a Nâga monarch. Dhol comes from Narwargarh, or Nalkot, the modern Narwâr, as seen in the preceding legend, in the Gwâlior State, and a place always connected with the legend of Nala. The holders of Narwâr were for ages Kachhwâhâ Râjpûts, a fact brought out in this story by making Dhol's wife to be Sammî Kachhwâhî.]

[The language of this poem is much more filled with Persian words—all by the way in a corrupted form—than is usual in such productions.]

TEXT.

Râg Râjâ. Dhol beṭâ Râjâ Nal kâ.

Simar Bhawânî Sârdâ; ghaṭ meṇ pûre gyaṇ !

Tin sau sâth suhelîân le lain apne sâth,

Sarwar tâlân uṇ āwandî Rânî Mârwan.

Châdar mauzâ kholke dhar diâ sarwar tâl :

TRANSLATION.

The Song of Râjâ Dhol, Son of Râjâ Nal.

“I worship Bhawânî and Sârdâ,* may they fulfil me
knowledge in my heart !”

Taking 360 maidens with her

Princess Mârwan came to the lake.

She took off her veil and clothes and placed them beside
the tank ;

* In vague imitation of the real bards. Sâradâ is Saraswatî, the Goddess of Learning, and Bhawânî is Devi

- 5 Mâr mâr chhâlân jaisî bar gâi sarwar tâl meñ :
 Tardî Rânî yeh phirî sarwar ke tâl meñ.
 Bol suhelân ; kyâ kaheñ ? " Rânijî Mârwan,
 Araz suno meri bintî, araz sun man lâe.
 Chhotî chhotî biyâhî tere bâbal ke nagar meñ ;
- 10 Barî muklâwâ jâeñ.
 Kyâ terâ bâbal nirdhanâ ? kyâ dhan kî ūchh ?"
 Aisâ tânâ mârâ chubhî kalijâ phâns.
 Ho dilgîr mahilon ūwatî, chal mâtâ ke pās.
 Is ne kahâ, " chhotî chhotî biyâhî, barî muklâwâ jâeñ.
- 15 Kyâ merâ bāp nirdhanâ ? kyâ dhan kî ūchh ?"
 Mâtâ kahe, " nâ terâ bāp nirdhanâ, nâ dhan kî ūchh."
 Rânî kahe, " kahân biyâhî ? kahân mângî ? mere bar ko
 deo batlâe !"

- 5 And springing up she entered it,
 And the Princess began to swim about in it.
 Said the maidens ; what said they ? " O Princess
 Mârwan,
 Hear our petition and harken to our prayer.
 When we were little we were married in thy father's city :
- 10 When we grow up we shall go to our husbands.
 Is thy father poor ? Is there any lack of wealth ?"*
 Their reproaches sank into her heart.
 Sorrowfully she entered the palace and went to her
 mother.
 Said she, " When they were little, they were married,
 and when they grow up they will go to their
 husbands.
- 15 Is my father poor ? Is there any lack of wealth ?"
 Said her mother, " Neither is thy father poor, neither is
 there lack of wealth."
 Said the Princess, " Where was I married ? where was
 I betrothed ? show me my husband !"

* That he hath not arranged thy marriage.

- Mâtâ kahe, "sât dinân kî tû thî, nau din kâ Dhol :
Thâlfî katorâ biyâh karâ, Narwargarh ke mân."
- 20 Rânî kahe, "kin galion Dhol base ? Kyûnkar hogâ mel ?"
Dhore Târwan kharî Mârwan se kare jawâb :
"Bat barî mukh chhotâ, kahtî âve lâj."
Ratrâ palang bichhâke phûlon sej bekhar ;
Tân dupattâ so rahon Rânjî Mârwan, jî.
- 25 Râjâ Dhol ko yâd karon Râjâ kî betî Mârwan.
Supne meñ Dhol milo Râjâ kî betî Mârwan.
Chalî mahil ko âwandî Rânî Mârwan.
Sânj parî, din dhul gai, Rânjî Mârwan
Soî mahil ke mân, jî.
- 30 Adhî râť naukandh gai, Thâkurjî Prabhûjî !

- Said her mother, "Seven days old wast thou, nine days
old was Dhol :
Ye were married in a platter and a cup at Narwargarh."
- 20 Said the Princess, "In what street doth Dhol dwell ?
Where shall I meet him ?"
Târwan* standing beside spake to Mârwan :
"Great words from a little mouth† bring shame to the
speaker."
Making a red bed and covering it with flowers,
And spreading shawls on it Princess Mârwan lay asleep.
- 25 And Mârwan the king's daughter remembered Râjâ
Dhol.
In her dreams Mârwan the king's daughter met with
Dhol.
Princess Mârwan went into the palace.‡
The evening fell and the day closed in, and the Princess
Mârwan§
Slept within the palace.
- 30 It was dead of night at midnight, O my God, my Lord !

* Sister to Mârwan.

† This is a proverb.

‡ This and the next five lines are rather confused.

§ Jî, sir, at the end of the lines is not repeated in the rendering.

- "Supne meri Dholâ mile, sâjan sâjan merâ.
 Mujhe milâ supne ke mâû, jî."
 Pahar râh rah gai Pingal kî betî nân:
 Kunjân ne pâyâ kharât, jî:
 35 Rânî kî ânkî khul gai, jî.
 Uthke baiñhî ho gai Mârwan,
 Dil se kare jawâb, jî:
 "Rain kâ supnâ mujhe bhâ gayâ, Thâkurjî merâ !"
 Kunjân ne pâyâ kharât, jî.
 40 Barî fajar pahrâ nûr kâ, Thâkur Thâkur merâ !
 "Araz suno merâ, bintî merî, mâtâ piyârî:
 Merî sun dil kî bâh, jî.
 Rain kâ supnâ bhâ gayâ, merî mâtâ piyân.
 In kunjân ne pâyâ kharât, jî.
 45 In kunjân ko marwâe de, merî mâtâ piyârî:
 Sarwar tâlân ko de purwâe, jî."

(Said Mârwan), "In a dream I met Dhol, my love, my love.
 I met him in a dream !"

A watch of the night remained to Pingal's daughter,
 When the cranes* made a noise,

- 35 And the Princess opened her eyes.

Mârwan sat up

And said in her heart :

"The dream of the night hath taken hold of me, O my
 God !"

The cranes made a noise.

- 40 The light of the early morn came upon her, O my God,
 my God ! (Said she) :

"Hear my prayer and my petition, mother dear.

Hear the desire of my heart.

The dream of the night took hold of me, my mother dear,
 And the cranes made a noise.

- 45 Slay these cranes, my mother dear,
 And fill up the lake."

* Properly wild geese ; but here I think the well bred bird *Kulang* is meant, which is a species of crane, the *Ardea Sibirica*.

- Bolî Târwan, " kyâ kahe merî bahin Mârwan ?
 Yeh kunjân haiu dusor kî, merî Mârwan,
 Yeh jânêñ Narwargah ko roz, jî."
- 50 In tâlân se sobhâ ghanî ; merî suntî kyûñ nabîñ bāt ?
 Likhke chitthî bhej do kunjân ke pankh par,
 Jâke degeñ Dhol ko de, jî.
 Barî fajar paharâ nûr kâ Rânî Mârwan
 Suhelîân lî bulâe, jî.
- 55 Tîn sau sâth suhelîân aur Rânî Mârwan
 Sarwar tâlân ko jâen, jî :
 " Araz suno morî bintî, mere kunjân piyâre ! "
 Sat Jug sachâ pahrâ birt dâ, jî.
 Kunjân karen jawâb, jî :
- 60 " Mun ke bhed batâ de, rukkâ de likhâ, jî. "
 Bolî Mârwan, kyâ kâhen ? " mere kunjân piyâre, jî, "
 Meri chitthî tum lejâo Râjâ Dhol pe, jî."

- Said Târwan, " What saith my sister Mârwan ?
 These cranes are strangers, my Mârwan !
 And they go daily to Narwargah.
- 50 The lake beautifieth the place : why dost thou not hear
 my words ?
 Write a letter and send it on the wings of the cranes,
 And they will go and give it to Dhol."
 In the early morn at the hour of dawn the Princess
 Mârwan
 Called her maids.
- 55 Princess Mârwan with 360 maidens
 Went to the lake. (Said she) :
 " Hear my prayer, my beloved cranes ! "
 It was the Golden Age of virtue,*
 And the cranes spake :
- 60 " Tell (him) the secrets of thy heart and write a letter."
 Said Mârwan, what said she ? " My beloved cranes,
 Take my letter to Râjâ Dhol."

* When animals could talk.

- Bole kunjân, "merî araz suno, Rânî Mârwan ;
Tum suno hamâri bât.
- 65 Likh likh chitṭhîân sârî kî bândh do,
Hamâre pankhân ke bândh, jî."
Likh likh chitṭhîân dîe pankhân ke bândh, jî.
Dharke dâri lagâte kunjân pâr.
Narwargarh ko âute kunjân dusore.
- 70 Sarwar tâlân bar gae kunjân piyâre :
Budhî kunjân pîchhe rah gaf, jî ;
Baiṭhî sarwar ke pâl par, jî.
Pûchhe budhî kunj sab kunjân se !
"Woh Râjâ Dhol ko chitṭhî dikhâ dîe, jî."
- 75 Itnî sunke bâhir âwateñ kunjân piyâre :
Hâth joṛ karen bintî budhî kunj se :
"Tere nau par lagte pair, jî ;
Hamâri chitṭhî to gal gaf, bahin hamâri, jî !
Hamâri jân bachâ de ; sun, kunj, merî bât, jî !

Said the cranes, "Hear our prayer, Princess Mârwan,
And hearken to our words.

- 65 Write thy letters and tie them,
Tie them to our wings."
She wrote the letters and tied them to their wings,
And the cranes flapped their wings and flew away :
The strange cranes flew to Narwargarh.
- 70 The kindly cranes entered the lake ;
But an old crane remained behind,
And sat on the banks of the lake.
Said the old crane to all the cranes :
"Show the letters to Râjâ Dhol."
- 75 Hearing this the kindly cranes came out,
And with joined hands (!) besought the old crane :
"We lay our heads nine times at the feet.
Our letters have been wetted, sister !
Save our lives ; O crane, hear our words !

- 80 Rājā ko tū apnī chitṭhī de dikhāo, jī."
 Urī kunj chalke āve mahil ke māt, jī.
 Ā mundeṛī baithī, baithī mundeṛī jāe jī.
 Rājā Dhol wa Rānī chaupur khelte jī.
 Dekh kunj ko Dhol mahil meṁ baṛ gā, jī.
- 85 Tīr kumār jaise lāutā Rājā Dhol, jī,
 Kunj ne chitṭhī de ger, jī.
 Sammī Kachhwāhī ne uṭhā līe, jī.
 Sarsar chitṭhī bānchī, jī:
 Rānī Mārwan kī likhī hain aṣṭok, jī.
- 90 Itnī meṁ Rājā Dhol āyā, jī.
 Rānī ne us ko dekhke chitṭhī phūnk de, jī.
 Jaltī chitṭhī dekhkar Rānī se kare jawāb, jī:
 "Yeh to kyā chitṭhī tū ne phūnk de, Sammī Kachhwā-
 hī?
 Yeh to de thī kunj ne ger, jī."

- 80 Show thy letter to the Rājā."
 The crane flew up and entered the palace,
 And sat on the parapet, sat on the parapet.
 Rājā Dhol was playing *chaupur* with his Queen,*
 And seeing the crane Dhol entered the palace.
- 85 As Rājā Dhol was fetching his bow and arrows
 The crane dropped the letter.
 Sammī, the Kachhwāhā,† took it up,
 And quickly read the letter, (and knew that)
 Princess Mārwan had written the verses.
- 90 Meanwhile Rājā Dhol came up,
 And the Princess seeing him burnt up the letter.
 Seeing the letter burning he said to the Queen:
 "What letter is this that thou art burning, O Sammī,
 thou Kachhwāhā?
 The crane let it drop."

* This is evidently the sole occupation of a Rājā in the villagers' estimation. See below in this legend. See Vol. I., p. 242 ff.

† Dhol's wife. The allusion is to the Kachhwāhās, a well-known tribe of Rājputās, who, for many centuries, held Narwargarh or Narwār.

- 95 Bolî Rânî : kyâ kahe ? " Râjâ Dholâ, jî,
 Us gaon meñ koî lâgî nâhn, jî.
 Likhke chitthî de dîe, jî, Rânî Mârwan ne
 Bhejî kunjân ke hâth, jî !
 Kâgân hâth sanerî, chirîân hâth salâm !"
- 100 Itnî sunke Dhol hûa man meñ dilgîr, jî.
- Rânî Mârwan dekhe hî bâth, jî.
 Ghar kâ Brâhman bulâ lîâ Rânî Mârwan, jî.
 Â Brâhman ne dîe kalyân, jî :
 " Terî kalyân, terî kul kî kalyân, jî !"
- 105 " Merî chitthî tû le jâe, Dâdâjî Brâhman :
 Tum le jâîyo Dhol ke pâs, jî.
 Narwargarh ko tum jâîyo sâjan pe, jî.
 Dhol sâjan ko do milâe, jî."
 Pâñch asharfî us ko de dîe buddhe Brâhman.
- 110 Chalâ ghar ko âutâ buddhâjî, Brâhman, jî :

- 95 Said the Queen, what said she ? " O Râjâ Dhol,
 There is no messenger in her village,
 (And so) Princess Mârwan wrote a letter and gave it
 To a crane !
 (It is) a message by a crow, a salutation by a bird !"*
- 100 Hearing this Dhol became sad at heart.

- The Princess Mârwan waited.
 The Princess Mârwan sent for the household Brâhman.
 The Brâhman came and made salutation :
 " Prosperity to thee, prosperity to thy race !"
- 105 " Take thou my letter, Father Brâhman :
 Take it to Dhol.
 Go thou to Narwargarh to my love,
 And make a meeting with Dhol my love."
 Five gold pieces gave she to the old Brâhman.
- 110 The old Brâhman went home

* A well-known proverb ; it means that such are never delivered.

- Pānch asharfī de dīe apnī Brāhmanī ko, jī :
 " Tum is se karo guzārā, jī."
 Majilon majilon chal parā buddhājī Brāhman :
 Woh to Narwargarh ko jāe, jī.
 115 Chālā mahil ko āwandā Rājā Dhol pe, jī :
 Khaskhas ke bangalon meñ āntā Dhol ke pās, jī.
 Āke kalyān dīe Rājā Dhol ko.
 " Kis desān se terā āunā, Dādājī Brāhman ?"
 " Pingal des se ānā Narwargarh ke mān, jī."
 120 Dastāvez to de dīe Rājā Dhol ko.
 Sarsar us ko bānchtā Rājā Dhol,
 Apne man meñ khushī ho jāe, jī.
 Brāhman lekar chale apne mahil meñ, jī.
 Thamak thamak āwandā mahil meñ, jī ;
 125 Rānī se kartā jawāb, jī :
 " Pingalgarh se ānā Dādājī Misar kā :
 Is kā ratī ā palang bichhā do, jī."

- And gave the five gold pieces to his wife, (and said) :
 " Do thou live upon these."
 Stage by stage went the old Brāhman,
 Going to Narwargarh
 115 He went to the palace of Rājā Dhol,
 He went to Dhol in the thatched house,
 And saluted Rājā Dhol.
 " From what land art thou come, Father Brāhman ?"
 " I am come from Pingal to Narwargarh."
 120 He gave the letter to Rājā Dhol.
 Rājā Dhol quickly read it,
 And was pleased in his heart.
 Taking the Brāhman with him he went into the palace.
 Jauntily went he into the palace
 125 And spake to the Queen.
 " Father Brāhman hath come from Pingalgarh,
 Make a red bed for him."

- Itni kahke Râjâ chal parâ, jî.
 Kache sût kâ palang bichhâ dîâ bhaiwarî kî mân:
 130 Chittî châdar tân de palang par, jî.
 Phir usî Brâhman ko bulâ lâ Rânî ne, jî:
 " Merî araz suno, Mahârâj, jî."
 Jab Brâhman â gîâ mahil ke mân, jî,
 Bolî Rânî, " tujh ko âkhde, buḍḍhe se Brâhman,
 135 Âo, tum jâo palang par baiṭh, jî."
 Jab woh palang par baiṭhâ buḍḍhâ sâ Brâhman,
 Woh to gir parâ bhaiwarî ke mân, jî.
 Wahân se palang uṭhâ lâ Rânî Samunjî Kachhwâhî, jî.
 Âke Dhol Râjâ, Rânî se kare jawâb :
 140 " Mujhe deo Brâhman ko batâe, jî."
 Bolî Rânî ; kyâ kahe ? " Râjâjî Dholâ jî,
 Woh bhâg gîâ Brâhman mahil se, jî."
 Râjâ Dhol ko sunke us kâ lagâ farâk, jî.

- Saying this the Râjâ went away,
 She made him a bed of unwoven thread over the well,
 130 And spread a white sheet over it.
 Then the Queen called the Brâhman (and said) :
 " Hear my petition, Mahârâj,* (and come)."
 When the Brâhman came into the palace,
 Said the Queen, " I say to thee, old Brâhman,
 135 Come and sit on thy bed."
 When the old Brâhman sat on the bed
 He fell into the well.
 Queen Sammî, the Kachhwâhâ, took away the bed.
 Came Râjâ Dhol and said to the Queen :
 140 " Let me see the Brâhman."
 Said the Queen ; what said she ? " O Râjâ Dhol,
 The Brâhman hath fled the palace."
 Hearing this Râjâ Dhol became sorrowful.

* Common form of address to Brâhmins.

- Wahân Rânî Mârwan Brâhman kî dekh bâṭ, jî.
 145 "Khabar sâr mujhe nâ dîe, jî, buḍḍhe Brâhman.
 Tîn sau sâṭh kos se Nal Râjâ kâ Ḍholâ.
 Kaun jāne Brâhman mar gâ?" Mîrâsî lîâ bulâe, jî.
 Jai jawâhir bâṭ kare woh Mîrâsî kâ laṛkâ.
 "Garj dîwânî main phirûn, mere bâbal kâ Mîrâsî :
 150 Mere garjân pûro, jî.
 Tîn sau sâṭh kos base Nal Râjâ kâ Ḍhol.
 Mere Ḍhol sâjan ko milâ de, jî."
 "Terâ bhijâ jāûngâ, Pingal kî beṭî Mârwan :
 Mere laṛkoṅ kâ kaun aḥwâl, jî?"
 155 "Le jâ pânch aṣharfî, tere wârî jâwân, Mîrâsî :
 De jâ mîrâsan ke hâṭh, jî.
 Sanjam se laṛkoṅ ko, sanjam se kare guzârân."
 Leke pânch aṣharfî jāio Mîrâsî kâ laṛkâ :
 Rangale dutârî meṅ pâutâ, jî,

- Princess Mârwan awaited the Brâhman.
 145 "The old Brâhman hath brought me no news.
 It is 360 *kos* from Ḍhol the son of Nal :
 Who knows but that the Brâhman be dead ?" She sent
 for her Minstrel.
 The Minstrel made his salutation.
 "I am in great straight's, O Minstrel of my father ;
 150 Do thou help me.
 At 360 *kos* hence dwelleth Ḍhol the son of Nal.
 Make me to meet with Ḍhol my love."
 "I will go whither thou sendest O Mârwan, daughter of
 Pingal :
 But what will happen to my children ?"
 155 "Take five gold pieces, as I am thy sacrifice, Minstrel,
 And give them to thy wife,
 That she may carefully, carefully feed her children."
 The Minstrel took the five gold pieces
 And put them into his painted fiddle,

- 160 Sânwaliâ Mirâsî, jî.
 Woh ãukre mângne gîâ bhâl :
 ãukre kâ kânsâ mâtâ Sânwaliâ Mirâsî.
 Ohalâ apne ghar ko âve, jî.
 Pânchoñ sâtoñ larkoñ ko le rahe mîrâsan, jî.
- 165 ãukroñ kî dekhî bâñ, jî.
 Dûr se âwate ko dekhke Mirâsî ko,
 Us ne teorî lî charhâe ;
 Mathe meñ pâpî bâñ, jî :
 " Kis dâtî ne bharmâ lîâ ãukre dîe jo chhor ?
 170 Âj ke ãukre kahân gañwâ de, sun sâjan merâ ?
 In larkon kâ kaun ahwâl ?"
 " ãukre meñ se tujhe kyâ khânâ, sun mîrâsan merâ ?
 Tû to nân pulâo urâo, jî !"
 " Ukhtî kamâñ mujhe dikhâ de, sun sâjan merâ."
 175 Rangalâ dutârî jhârdâ, woh Mirâsî kâ larkâ :
- 160 Did Sânwaliâ, the Minstrel.
 He gave up begging
 And tossed away his begging-bowl, did Sânwaliâ the
 Minstrel.
 He went to his own house.
 His wife was playing with her half-dozen sons,
 165 And waiting for the scraps.
 She saw the Minstrel coming from afar,
 She frowned heavily,
 And her countenance was wrathful (and she said) :
 " What witch hath charmed thee that hast given up
 begging ?
 170 Where hast lost to-day's scraps, my husband ?
 What will become of these boys ?"
 " What have scraps to do with thee, my wife ?"
 " Do thou cook bread and stews !"
 " Show me thy earnings, O my husband."
 175 The Minstrel shook out his painted fiddle :

- Ghar men ho gai dekhke mât, jî !
 Apne man men sochtâ Mîrâsî kâ larkâ, jî, mîrâsan se bole :
 " Râni Mârwan bhejî hai Dhol ke pās.
 Tere kyâ man bhâutâ ? Tu to mîrâsan haigî merî :
 180 Mujhe man ke bhed batâu, jî."
 Jab mîrâsan samjhâtî apne khâvind ko :
 " Sun merî bāt, jî.
 Gharî men jâtâ, pal men jāiyo, jî.
 Râni kî sandesâ pûro, jî."
 185 Man men apne sochtî, man men kare bichâr ;
 " Gharî men kaḥtâ pal men kaḥh :
 Pichhe man bhâutî khâwan."
 Jab sunke Mîrâsî mîrâsan se kare jawâb :
 " Sher, baghîre, chîte kâ râstâ ;
 190 Woh to jāenge mujh ko khâe, jî.
 Apne hâthon kî do rotîân, jî,

- And the household were pleased at what they saw.
 Thinking in his mind the Minstrel spake to his wife and
 said :
 " Princess Mârwan hath sent me to Dhol.
 What thinkest thou ? Thou art my wife.
 180 Tell me the secret (thought) of thy heart (as to
 this)."
 Then said his wife to her lord :
 " Hear my words.
 If thou hadst to go in an hour, go in a moment,
 And fulfil the Princess' message."
 185 She thought in her heart and pondered in her soul :
 " If I had to send him in an hour I would send him in
 a moment,
 That I might enjoy myself to my heart's content."
 When he heard his wife said the Minstrel :
 " The way is of tigers and wolves and leopards ;
 190 They may eat me on the way.
 Give me two loaves with thy hands,

- Mujhe ziâfat de jimâe, jî.”
 “ Bhûn pakâ dîn tujhe khichrî, sun sâjan sâjan merâ ;
 Tujhe jholke deûn jimâe.”
- 195 “ Khichrî khichrî kyâ kahe ? Khichrî barî bakhân !
 Kab pakâoge ? kab bhawanâ ? kab jimke Narwargarh
 ko jâûn ?
 Apne hâthon kî do rotîân, sun, mîrâsau merî,
 Hâzir kâ melâ jimâiye jî.
 Ser dhâî âtâ chholân kâ lâiye, jî :
- 200 Sawâ sawâ ser ke do rot, jî.
 Chutkâ kalar nûn kâ, panch châr ghathe lâiye, jî.
 Chûlo se nîcho sarkâ deîye, jî.”
 Tukre torke mukh meû pâ liâ Mîrâsî ke bete ne :
 Ghatâ liû thâ dabâe, jî.
- 205 Tukrâ to mukh meû phûl gû Mîrâsî ke bete ke :
 Ghathe meû se chhut gai ânkh meû chhipt, jî !

- And let me eat them in safety.”
 “ I will cook thee a dish of rice and pulse, O my love,
 my love :
 I will give thee food in plenty.”
- 195 “ Rice and milk, rice and milk, what sayest thou ? Rice
 and milk is lofty fare !
 When will it be cooked ? when will it be put in the
 oven ? when shall I eat it and go to Narwargarh ?
 A couple of loaves from thy own hands, hear, my wife,
 That are ready, give me to eat.
 Bring two and a half *seers* of pulse,
 200 And make me loaves of one and a quarter each.
 Sprinkle a little salt on them and bring one or two
 onions :
 And give me a loaf from off the hearth.”
 The Minstrel broke off a piece and put it in his mouth,
 Mixing the onions with it.
- 205 The bread swelled in the Minstrel's mouth,
 And the onion spirted into his eyes !

- Ghathe kâ khânâ to pahle ronâ, jî, Thâkur, Thâkur merâ !
 Palkân se chaltâ nîr, jî.
 Jab mîrâsan boltî Mîrâsî ke beṭe ko :
 210 "Bhojan pāve yâ ro rahâ, sun sâjan merâ, jî ?"
 "Bhojan hî Bhagwân hai, sun mîrâsan merî :
 Mujh ko laṛkoñ kâ â gîâ daregh, jî.
 Kûṇḍâ sonṭâ lâ de, sun mîrâsan merî :
 Sâkhe mirchân lâe de, jî."
 215 Devî Surastî manâ lie Mîrâsî ke beṭe ne ;
 Awalân kar lî yâd, jî.
 Dharke ragîâ lagâ dîâ, jî,
 Bhang lie banâe, jî.
 Aur dafû patlu pûlâ pîve thâ, jî ;
 220 Gâṛhâ sûkhâ lîu banâe, jî.
 Pānch châr piyâlâ pîtâ Mîrâsî kâ laṛkâ.
 "Hukkû tâjû karke lâ de, mîrâsan merî :

- To eat onions is to weep,* O my God, my God !
 The water ran from his eyes.
 Then said his wife to the Minstrel :
 210 "Art eating or weeping, O my husband ?"
 "Food is indeed God,† hear, my wife ;
 I was (sorrowful for) the separation from my sons.
 Bring me pestle and mortar, hear, my wife :
 And bring me some dry pepper."
 215 The Minstrel called on Devî and Saraswatî,‡
 Thinking first of them.
 He began to pound.
 And prepared some *bhang*.§
 Before he used to take it thin,
 220 Now he made it thick and strong.
 The Minstrel drank off four or five cups. (Said he) :
 "Make ready my pipe, my wife,

* This is a proverb.

† This is a proverb.

‡ See first line.

§ The intoxicant *bhang* is made by grinding hemp leaves to a fine powder and mixing with water.

- Mujhe kone mein khindrâ bichhâ de, jî.”
 Hukke kâ pinâ amal chah gâ Mirâsi ke betë ko.
- 225 Kone mein gâ kathâ ho jî.
 Panchon sâton larke ko le chali mirâsan us kî :
 Chali bazâr kî sair ko, jî.
 Ghûmtî ghûmtî âi halwâi ke dûkân ko.
 Sharfi dhar di halwâi kî bāt, jî :
- 230 “ Changî changî shirnîn mujhe dilâiye, jî.”
 Changî changî shirnîn le le halwâi ke larke se.
 Thorâ thorâ larcon ke hâth mein rakh dâ, jî :
 Aur sab chât lî âp, jî.
 Dusri pheri chalke âutî bhañiâre ke dûkân pe :
- 235 “ Bhojan dâut mujh ko de de, meri nagari kî Bhañiâri.”
 “ Jo tere man bhâve le le, meri Mirâsan.”
 Asharfi rakh di us kî tandûr par, jî :
 “ Nân pulâo mujhe de de kofta, meri Bhañiâri :
 Zardâ pulâo change change de de, jî.”

- And let me sleep in a corner on a mat.”
 As he smoked the pipe the Minstrel was overcome,
 225 And became insensible in the corner.
 His wife took her half-dozen sons ;
 And went for a walk in the market.
 Wandering about she came to a confectioner's shop.
 She put down a gold piece in the confectioner's shop,
 230 (Saying) : “ Give me the best of sweetmeats.”
 The confectioner gave her the best of sweetmeats ;
 A few she gave into her children's hands,
 And all the rest she ate up herself.
 Next she came to an eating-house, (saying) :
- 235 “ Give me of the best food, my Cook's wife of the town.”
 “ Take to thy heart's desire, my Minstrel's wife.”
 She put down a gold piece at the eating-house, (saying) :
 “ Give me bread and stew and roast, my Cook's wife :
 Give me an excellent stew.”

- 240 Thorâ thoṛâ laṛkoṇ ke hâth meṇ rakh dîâ, jî :
 Bâkî sab chât lîâ âp, jî.
 Ghûmtî ghûmtî chalî gharân ko jâe, jî.
 Rangalâ charkhâ to âke ḍhâ lîâ, jî.
 Ghûngat lîâ nikâl, jî.
- 245 Lambâ ghûngat ḍâlke dohrâ de sunâe :
 " Terâ suhâg so mainṇ raṇḍî rahûn, jî.
 Katne katke khâûn, jî :
 Apnâ laṛkoṇ ko tû sâṁ le, jî."
 Hâth nâ dhoe, kulî nâ kare, jî :
- 250 Mîrâsî man meṇ kare bichâr, jî :
 " Pâuchon sâtoṇ laṛkoṇ ko rahî sâṁ, jî ;
 Ghar ko rahî thî sâṁ, jî."
 Rangalâ dutârâ khûṇḍe se utâr lîâ Mîrâsî ke laṛke ne .
 Chalâ shahr ko jâe, jî.
- 255 " Rânî Mârwan ne mujhe bhej dîâ Narwargarh ko,
 Us so kyâ ḍungâ jâwâb, jî?"
- 240 A little she gave into her children's hands,
 And all the remainder she ato up herself.
 Wandering along she returned home.
 She got out her painted spinning wheel,
 And she got out a veil.
- 245 Putting on a long veil spake she (to her husband)
 " I had rather be a widow than married to thee.
 Spinning will I support myself:
 And do thou support thy own sons."
 He washed not his hands, he rinsed not his mouth ;
- 250 The Minstrel thought in his heart :
 " She always supported the half-dozen sons :
 She always supported the household."
 The Minstrel took his painted fiddle from off the peg,
 And went to the city, (saying to himself) .
- 255 " Princess Mârwan sent me to Nawargarh,
 What shall I answer her now ?"

- Apne sochtâ Mîrâsî ke laṛke kâ,
 Âp kahte kahe bāt, jî :
 “ Nîche kar lûn sârangî kî târ, jî :
 260 Nîche gûngâ âwâz, jî.”
 Bârâh muṭhî kî târ charḥâ lie, jî ;
 Wahân pe pahunchî âwâz, jî.
 Jab man meñ sochtâ Mîrâsî kâ laṛkâ ;
 Man meñ soch bichâr :
 265 “ Do mahînâ to bâniyon meñ guzâr dūn, Ṭhâkur Prabhû
 more !
 Do mahînâ guzâr dūn Sayyidân ke.
 Main do mahînâ guzâr dūn Shekhon meñ, jî.
 Chhah mahînâ batîṭ karân, sun, Ṭhâkurjî mere
 Jo Rânî Mârwan pûchhângî, Pingal kî betî,
 270 Us se jaisâ kaisâ dūngâ jawâb, jî.”
 Urd bazâr meñ âve Saṁwaliâ Mîrâsî kâ ;
 Woh to mâre prem kî târ, jî.

- Thought the Minstrel to himself,
 Consulting with himself:
 “ I will tune my fiddle low,
 260 And I will sing with a low voice.”
 He strung a string of twelve ells,
 And tuned his voice thereto.
 Then thought the Minstrel to himself,
 Thinking in his heart :
 265 “ Two months will I spend with the merchants, O my
 God, my Lord !
 Two months will I spend with the Sayyids,
 And two months will I spend with the Shekhs.
 Six months will I sing, hear me, O my God,
 And when Princess Mârwan, Pingal's daughter, asks me
 questions
 270 I will give her a suitable answer.”
 So Saṁwaliâ the Minstrel went into the crowded market,
 And he sang a song of love.

- Charhî mahil âpar ke dekhti Rânî Mârwan ;
 Kharî sukhâwan kesh, jî.
 275 Kân bulel bar gaf Mîrâsî beṭe kî :
 Par gaf kân bulel, jî.
 Apnî bândî ko bulâkar bândî se karî jawâb :
 “ Nau târ kâ koṛarâ tû le dast ke bîch, jî ;
 Do châr korarâ mârke Mîrâsî ke beṭe ko.
 280 Tum lâo mahil ke bîch, jî.”
 Nau târ kâ koṛarâ bândî ne le lîe hâth meñ :
 Woh to jâe Mîrâsî ke pûs, jî :
 “ Mahilon Rânî bulâutî tujh ko, Mîrâsî ke larke !
 Tujhe Rânî ne kar lîâ yâd, jî ! ”
 285 Chupkâ chupkâ âge ho lîâ chalâ mahil ko jâe, jî ;
 Kartâ Rânî se jawâhir, jî.
 “ Bâveñ hâth tere kyâ parâ, Mîrâsî ke larke ?
 Hâth dahine kyâ parâ, jî ?

- Mounting her palace (roof) Princess Mârwan was
 looking (about her),
 Standing drying her hair.
 275 The song of the Minstrel caught her ear ;
 His song caught her ear.
 She called her maid and said to her :
 “ Take a whip of nine thongs in thy hand,
 And give the Minstrel three or four blows with it,
 280 And bring him into the palace.”
 The maid took a whip of nine thongs in her hand,
 And went to the Minstrel, (and said) :
 “ The Princess calls thee within the palace, Minstrel !
 The Princess hath remembered thee ! ”
 285 Silently and quietly he entered the palace
 And saluted the Princess. (Said she) :
 “ What lies at thy left hand, Minstrel ?
 What lies at thy right hand ?

- Bâven bâth, Lâl Khân lakṛī paṛā, jī !
 290 Dahine bâth sârâ, jī !
 Lâl Khân lâkṛī men pair de de, jī,
 Tere piṇḍe par phirungī sâr."
 " Lâl Khân lakṛī main pair nâ dūn, Rânî Mârwan.
 Mero piṇḍe par na sâr."
 295 " Main to jānūn thâ ādhī tiāhī pahunch gā, jī.
 Tū ne merī jīṛī ko lāyā daregh, jī !"
 Bole Mīrāsī, " Dastāvez mujhe likhā de, jī.
 Main to Ḍhol dūngā dikhāe, jī."
 Korā sâ kāghaz mangā lā, jī :
 300 Baith chauhāre ke chhānūn meṇ, jī,
 Likh dī dastāvez, jī.

Dastāvez.

" Chaḥtā joban yūn chaḥā, jūn Sānūn kī lor :

- At thy left hand lie the stocks !*
 290 At thy right hand a whip !
 I will put thy feet into the stocks,
 And flourish the whip over thy body."
 " I will not let my feet into the stocks, Princess Mârwan,
 Nor the whip upon my body."
 295 " I thought that thou hadst reached a half or a third of
 the way.
 'Thou hast brought sorrow into my life !'
 Said the Minstrel, " Write me a letter,
 That I may show it to Ḍhol."
 She sent for fair paper,
 300 And sitting in the shade of the balcony,
 She wrote a letter.

Letter.

" My youth was flourishing as flourish the clouds in
 July.†

* The stocks in India are always called " Lâl Khân's rods." I do not know why.

† The wettest month of the rains in India.

- Charhtâ joban main to gherâ, jûn gherâ mâli bâgh.
 Dhultâ joban merâ yûn, jûn bâlû kâ rît.
 305 Angan sūkhe bâjrâ, sun, Rājâ Dholâ :
 Bhû meû sūkhe jawâr, jî.
 Rânî sūkhe pîû ke Dholâ sajan kî nâr !
 Amb pakke, ras chû gâf, chûsanwâlê dûr !
 Sûkhî gehûn kureh gâf, silâ baṭoro ân !
 310 Chhân purânî ho gâf, khurkan lâge bân̄s.
 Hâth na dhoṭ, kuli na karî, tere ghar meû zât kuzât :
 Peṭ gharâ, sir dûlar, sângar toran jâeû !
 Nau tûnk kî padmanî Rânijî Mârwan :
 Tolî phûlân de bhâr !
 315 Patlî patlî kûmnî main Mârwan,
 Khâûn dhâû chârûn, jî ! ”

- Blooming youth encompassed me as a garden encom-
 passeth the gardener.
 Now my youth is declining as a wall of sand.
 305 The millet is drying up in the yard ; hear, Rājâ Dhol,
 The millet is drying up in the earth,
 The Princess is pining for her love, the wife of Dhol
 her husband !
 The mango is ripe, its juice drips and the gatherer is
 far !
 The wheat has ripened, come and take the gleanings !
 310 The thatch is growing old, the bamboos creak.
 She washeth not her hands, she rinseth not her mouth,
 that low woman in thy house :
 Belly like a pitcher, head like a basket, she gathereth
 strange fruit !
 (But) a peerless beauty is Princess Mârwan,
 Weighed beside flowers !
 315 A slim and slender maid am I, thy Mârwan,
 Eating but two and a half (grains of) rice ! ”

- Mârwan ne pâtf likhî, " Sâjan sâjan merâ ! "
 Woh to de de Mîrâsî ke hâth, jî.
 Âgârî âgârî kar liâ Sâuwaliâ Mîrâsî kâ ;
 320 Châlî shahr se jâe, jî.
 Chal bâghon men âutâ Sâuwaliâ Mîrâsî kâ.
 Woh to chalâ chalâ jâe, jî ;
 Âge to mil gaî Rewâ Mâlî kî.
 Sâun ko bichârdâ Sâuwaliâ Mîrâsî kâ.
 325 Sir par khârî rakh dî Mâlî kî larkî :
 Khârî men pâ rahî tarkârî.
 Âsâ us ko lag rahî, jî.
 Bhârî abkonî mil gaî Rewâ Mâlî kî.
 " Jekar Rewâ mil gaî mujh ko Mâlî kî,
 330 Main lâûn Dhol ko sâth, jî ! "
 Âgârî âgârî jaisâ âutâ Sâuwaliâ Mîrâsî kâ ;

- Mârwan wrote the letter, (saying), " O my love, my
 love ! "
 She gave it into the Minstrel's hands,
 And sent Sâuwaliâ, the Minstrel, forward on his road ;
 320 Going (back herself) from the city.
 Sâuwaliâ, the Minstrel, went into the garden.
 Going on the road
 He met Rewâ, the Gardener's daughter.*
 And Sâuwaliâ, the Minstrel, bethought him of the omen.
 325 The Gardener's daughter had her basket on her head,
 And the basket was full of garden fruits.
 'Then had he hope.
 Rewâ, the Gardener's daughter, was (also) pregnant.
 (Said he) ; " Since I have met with Rewâ, the Gardener's
 daughter,
 330 I will bring Dhol with me ! "
 As Sâuwaliâ, the Minstrel, was going onwards,

* The bard is here anticipating in the confusing way common to his class. Rewâ was the chief of Mârwan's maids. See below line 1043.

Āgārī to ghorewālā mil gīā ghoṛe kâ sawār :
 Woh to ḍolā le rahā sāth, jī.

“Thākūr, mujh ko ghorewālā mil gīā, jī :

335 Main to lāūn Ḍhol ko sāth, jī.”

Majilon majilon chal parā Sānwaliā Mīrāsī kâ ;
 Narwargarh ko jāe, jī.

Sawā sau kos pakke par ā gīā āve chaukī ke pās, jī.

Bole chaukidār ; kyā kahe ? “Sun, rāste kâ musāfir,

340 Kahān se āyū ? kahān ko chalā ? Sun, rāsto kâ musāfir.”

“Pingalgarh se ā gīā, sun, chaukī ke sipāhī :

Main Narwargarh ko jāūn, jī.

Sānwaliā merā nām hai, sun chaukī ke sipāhī.”

Bole sipāhī, “tujhe kyā kahūn ? Sūn, Sānwaliā Mīrāsī :

345 Hamārī nagarī meñ nā baṛo, sun, Sānwaliā Ḍāḍhī ke,

He met in the way a horseman on a horse,

Taking a bride's palanquin with him.

(Said he) : “ O God, since I have met a horseman (thus),

335 I will bring Ḍhol with me !”

Stage by stage Sānwaliā, the Minstrel, went on,

And went to Narwargarh.

Going 125 kos on the metalled road* he came to a
 guard.

Said the guard ; what said he ? “ Hear, traveller on
 the road,

340 Whence comest thou ? Whither goest ? Hear, traveller
 on the road.”

“ I am come from Pingalgarh, hear, keeper of the guard,
 And I go to Narwargarh.

Sānwaliā is my name, hear, keeper of the guard.”

Said the guard, “ What shall I tell thee ? Hear, thou
 Minstrel Sānwaliā :

345 Enter not into our city ; hear, thou Minstrel Sānwaliā,

* Observe this *very* modern expression.

- Nagar men nâ barîye mûl, jî."
 Devî Sârdâ manâ lie Sâñwaliâ Mirâsî ne :
 Is ne ablâ kar lî sâr, jî.
 Dharke ragrâ lagâ dîâ Sâñwaliâ Mirâsî ne ;
 350. Sâkhâ dîâ banâe, jî.
 " Mardân ke, piyâlâ pî lo, jî :
 Thorî thorî chuskarî le lo, jî."
 Woh sipâhî labar gotê râte ke basnewâlê :
 Bhar bhar piyâlâ pilâ dîe Sâñwaliâ Dâdhî ne.
 355 Charas kâ sulfâ pilâ dîâ Sâñwaliâ Dâdhî ne.
 Sulfâ kâ pinâ amal ho gîâ sipâhî ko :
 Nashe men ho gae chor, jî.
 Chhâtî pe pair rakhke lakh gîâ Sâñwaliâ Dâdhî ne,
 Narwargarh ke mân, jî.
 360 Narwargarh men bar gîâ Sâñwaliâ Dâdhî kâ.
 Sâñj parî, din dhul gîâ, dhan kâ lagâ bhîr, jî.

- Go not into the city at all !"
 Sâñwaliâ, the Minstrel, called on Devî and Sârdâ :
 This did he first.
 Then ground he (the *bhang*), did Sâñwaliâ, the Minstrel.
 350 And he made it thick (and said) :
 " My braves, drink a cup :
 Take each a little sip."
 The guard were stout swaggerers on the high road,
 And Sâñwaliâ, the Minstrel, gave them a full cup each.
 355 Sâñwaliâ, the Minstrel, gave them each a cup of *bhang*.
 Drinking of the cup overcame the guard,
 And they were shamefully drunk.
 Putting his feet on their breasts Sâñwaliâ, the Minstrel,
 went on
 Into Narwargarh.
 360 Sâñwaliâ, the Minstrel, entered Narwargarh.
 It was evening as the day declined and the cattle began
 to collect,

- Chalke Siryâ Kumhârî ke bâr meñ â gîâ, jî.
 "Âj kî rain bisrâm de, nagar kî rî Kumhârî :
 Bhulke ko ðere kûnch, jî."
- 365 "Par jâ gadhân kî dahlez meñ, terî wârî jâwân, musâfir."
 Âsarh Jeth ke samân hûî. "Merî nagar kî Kumhârî,
 Tale se bharṣâ mâre, mere Thâkurjî ;
 Ūpar se khâegî kharṣâ, jî.
 Changî jagâ batâ de, nagar kî Kumhârî."
- 370 "Charh jâ is purṣâl par, wârî jâwân, musâfir."
 Charh gîâ purṣâl par Sânwaliâ Dâḍhî kâ :
 Sahîh sânj rahâ so, jî.
 Adhî rât garhtâl bajî Râjâ Dhol kî ;
 Chalâ bâhir jangal ke shikâr, jî.
- 375 Rangalâ dutârâ sânwârtâ Sânwaliâ Dâḍhî kâ.
 Bole Mîrâsî ; kyâ kabē ?

- And going on he came to the door of Siryâ, the Potter's
 wife, (and said) : ♣
 "Give me a night's rest, O Potter's wife of the city,
 In the morning I make a march."
- 365 "Lie down in the asses' stall, I am thy sacrifice, O
 wayfarer."
 It was the season of May and June* (and he said) : "My
 Potter's wife of the city,
 The smell arises from beneath, by my God !
 And the heat destroys me from above.
 Show me some better place, O Potter's wife of the city."
- 370 "Come up these stairs, I am thy sacrifice, O way-
 farer."
 Sânwaliâ, the Minstrel, went up the stairs,
 And slept (there) the early evening.
 At midnight were sounded the gongs of Râjâ Dhol,
 As he went without for sport in the forests.
- 375 Sânwaliâ, the Minstrel, took out his painted fiddle.
 Sang the Minstrel : what sang he ?

* The hottest time of the year.

Râgni.

- “Sun Govind, Govind merâ !
 Is Mârwan ne pâti likhî, sun, Nal Râjâ ke Dhol,
 Baiṭh chaubâre kî chhâûn, jî.
 380 ~ Ânâ gerî mor sî, dhar mashtak par hâth :
 ‘Âwan âwan kar rahâ lâ dîe bârah mās !’
 Chhân purâni ho gal, khurkan lâge bân̄s !
 Kyâ tere kâghaz gal gae ? kyâ siyâhî kî ūchh ?
 Rânî ko bharosâ tere nâm kâ, tere nâm kî oṭ !
 385 Mârwan mârân jog, kâṭan jog karîr :
 Bayân chûrî jog haiñ, pahine jog sarîr !
 Angan sūkhe bâjrâ : bhûñ sūkhe jawâr !
 Rânî sūkhe pîû ke, Dhol sūjan kî nâr !
 Hâth nâ dhoe, kulî na karî, jî,

Song.

- “Hear me, O my God, my God !
 Mârwan hath written a letter, hear me, Dhol, son of Râjâ
 Nal,
 Sitting in the shade of the balcony.
 380 The peacock-formed shed tears and put her hand to her
 head (saying) :
 ‘He both been twelve months in coming, coming !’
 The thatch hath waxed old, and bamboos are cracking !
 Hath thy paper rotted ? Hast thou lack of ink ?
 The Princess hath faith in thee, hath confidence in thy
 name.
 385 Mârwan is losing her beauty, suffering as the acacia.*
 Her bracelets become her arms, her body becomes the
 keeper !
 The millet is drying up in the yard, the millet is drying
 up in the earth !
 The Princess pineth for her love, the wife of Dhol her
 husband !
 She washeth not her hands, she rinseth not her mouth,

* This particular tree grows in the deserts only, as a rule. See line 632 below.

390 Ghar men zât kuzât !

Motî pînî, zâng bal, sâlgar toran jâin !”

Itnî bāt jab sun le Rānî Sammijî Kachhwāhî,

Dil men soch bichāre, jî :

“ Jis Mirāsî kî sifāt sunon thî,

395 Prabhû, Prabhû merâ, jî !

Woh to â gîâ nagar ke mân, jî ! ”

Zanânâ bhes utārtî Sammijî Kachhwāhî,

Kar lîâ mardānâ bhes, jî.

Nau tār kâ korara lîâ hāth ke bich :

400 Chal Siryâ Kumhārî ke āve, jî.

“ Rāt ke chor batā de, jis ne rāton ko pâyâ kharāt :

Kūnch kî sūlî de dūngî, jî !

Rāton pâyâ kharāt Rājâ Dhol ke ānkh na lage, jî !”

“ Sāuj ko wakt mujh ko yeh to namānâ dekhe thā, jî.

390 That low woman in thy house !

Stout of belly, fat of thigh, the gatherer of wild fruit !”

When Queen Sammî the Kachhwāhî heard these words,
She thought in her heart :

“ The Minstrel whose praises I had heard,

395 O my God, my God !

Hath come into the city !”

Sammi, the Kachhwāhî, put off her women's clothes,

And put on men's clothes.

She took a whip of nine thongs in her hand.

400 And went to Siryâ, the Potter's wife, (and said) :

“ That thief of the night, who made a noise in the night,

I will have him hanged (at once) !

Owing to the noise in the night Rājâ Dhol never closed
his eyes !”

(Said the Potter's wife) ; “ In the evening he seemed to
me to be quiet enough.

- 405 Charh jā us pursāl par nagar dalichā* līnā dekh
 Kān būchke par rahā Mirāsī kā, jī."
 Woh to sipāhī ūpar charh gīā, jī:
 Thokar mārke ūthā dīā sote musāfir ko.
 "Rāton tū ne shor machāyā, musāfir chitrā, jī:
 410 Rājā Dhol ke ānkh nā lage, jī.
 Kūnch kī sūlī tayyār kare, musāfir chitrā, jī:
 Tū to ho le mere sāth, jī."
 "Aisī taisī meñ gaī Mārwan, jī,
 Ūpar se gayā Rājā Dhol, jī!
 415 Merī jān bachā le, sipāhī sājan, jī:
 Mujh ko denā chhor, jī."
 Jab sipāhī boltā, "tū sun, musāfir, bāt, jī,
 Mujhe gūnṭh-girā dīkhā de, musāfir jī:
 Mujhe paisā dhelā denā, de, jī."
 420 Do asharfī nikāltā Mirāsī, jī;
 Woh de dīe sipāhī ko, jī.

- 405 Go up the ladder and take a look over the city lanes,
 And see where the Minstrel is squatting."
 The (sham) soldier went up
 And kicked up the sleeping traveller, (and said):
 "Thou didst make a noise in the night, my fine traveller,
 410 And Rājā Dhol never closed his eyes.
 He is getting ready a halter (for thee), my fine traveller:
 Follow thou me."
 (Said the Minstrel): "Perdition fall on Princess Mārwan,
 And after her on Rājā Dhol!
 415 Save thou my life, friendly soldier,
 And let me go."
 Then said the (sham) soldier, "Traveller, hear my words,
 Show me thy pocket:
 And thou must give me some cash."
 420 The Minstrel took out two gold pieces
 And gave them to the (sham) soldier.

- Do asharfî le leñ musâfir se, jî,
 Dîâ darwâzâ se nikâl, jî.
 Bole sipâhî, " musâfir, jî,
 425 Tû sun bhâî bintî, jî,
 Yehân se tû bhâg jâ, jî :
 Pichhâ phirke mat dekhnâ, mere sâjan, jî."

- Âgârf âgârf chal parâ Mirâsî :
 Devî lî thî manâe, jî.
 430 " Mere chitrâ, mere sâjan ho, jî :
 Rangalâ dutârâ utârtâ, mere chitrâ, jî."
 Woh to Rangalâ dutârâ bajâe, jî :
 " Âyâ thâ âsâ karke is nagar meñ, jî ;
 Ab chalâ nirâsâ ho, jî !"
 435 Râjâ Dhol chalâ âvo thâ, jî.
 Us kî âwâz Dhol ne sun lî, jî.
 " Jaunsî bât tû to gâtâ âve thâ, jî,

- Taking two gold pieces from the traveller
 He put him out of the gate.
 Said the (sham) soldier, " Traveller,
 425 Hear thou my words.
 Run thou away from here,
 Without even looking back, my friend."

- The Minstrel went onwards,
 And invoked Devî.
 430 (Said she) :* " My wise one, my beloved one,
 Take out the painted fiddle, my wise one."
 He played on his painted fiddle, (and sang) :
 " With hope came I into this city,
 Without hope do I leave it !"
 435 Râjâ Dhol was passing
 And he heard his song. (Said he) :
 " What thou wast singing on thy way

* i.e., the Goddess.

- Wahî mujhe gâke sunâ de, jî.
 Tujhe parâî kyâ parî, mere chitrâ, jî ?”
 440 “ Ghorêwâlâ, tujhe apne kâam se kâam, jî.”
 “ Terâ dohrâ mere man basâ, mujhe dohrâ deîye sunâe,
 jî.”
 “ Âyâ thâ âsâ karke is nagar mân, jî :
 Chalâ mainî nirâsâ ho, jî.”
 Bahân pakarke piche bîhlâ lîâ, ab chalâ mahil ko jâe, jî.
 445 Dekh Mîrâsî ko Rânî man meñ sochî, jî.
 Ghorâ bândh Râjâ gursâl meñ chalâ mahil ko jâe :
 Chalâ mahil ko âve : chalâ mahil ko jâe, jî.
 Bole Râjâ Dhol, “ Merî Rânî, jî,
 Is ko palang denâ bichhâe, jî.
 450 Change bhojan jimâ deîyo, merî Rânî ho.
 Is ko khûb karwâo ashnân, jî.”
 Sunke Rânî ne palang toshak lî bichhâe, jî :

- Do thou sing to me.
 Why sing for another, my wise one ?”
 440 “ Horseman, mind thine own affairs.”
 “ Thy song hath sunk into my heart, do thou sing to
 me.”
 “ With hope came I into this city,
 Without hope do I leave it !”
 (The horseman) seized him by the arm, sat him behind
 him and took him to the palace.
 445 Seeing the Minstrel the Queen thought in her heart.
 The Râjâ fastened the horse in the stable and went into
 the palace :
 Went into the palace : went into the palace.
 Said Râjâ Dhol : “ My Queen,
 Make a bed for him ;
 450 And give him good fare, my Queen,
 And bathe him well.”
 Hearing this the Queen prepared a bed,

- Chandan chaukî bichhâ dîe, jî :
 Dahî phulel mangâyâ ho, jî.
 455 Ang mal mal nahântâ woh Mirâsî ;
 Le Allah kâ nâm, jî.
 Râni Mârwan kî poshâk thî, jî,
 Woh to pahinî Mirâsî ne, jî.
 Dhât ser âtâ chhole kâ Râni ne gundûr lâ :
 460 Sawâ sawâ ser kî do rotî pakwâî, jî.
 Chutkâ dhar kalar nûn kâ, do ghaṭhe pyâz ke, jî :
 Chauke ke niche khaskâ dîâ, jî.
 Râni ne Mirâsî se kare jawâb, jî :
 " Bhojan lâûn to jîm le, jî."
 465 Ṭorke ṭukrâ mukh meñ pâyâ, jî.
 Mukh meñ gîâ phûl, jî : ghaṭhe kî par gâi chhînt, jî.
 Ghaṭhâ khânâ ronâ : palkoñ se bahe nîr, jî.
 Sammî Kachhwâhî bolî, " Bhojan pâve kyûn rove hai, jî ?

- And placed a sandal-wood stool,
 And sent for curds and cosmetics.
 455 The Minstrel anointed his body and bathed.
 And called on God !*
 The robes that were Princess Mârwan's
 The Minstrel put on.
 The Queen kneaded two and a half *seers* of flour
 460 And made loaves of one and a quarter *seers* each.
 She sprinkled salt over them and put in two onions,
 And took them out of the hearth.
 Said the Queen to the Minstrel :
 " I bring the food, eat it."
 465 He broke a piece and put it into his mouth.
 It swelled in his mouth and the onion spirted.
 To eat onions is to weep : the tears flowed from his eyes.
 Said Sammî the Kachhwâhâ, " Having got thy food
 why weepest ?

* He is described as a Hindû up to this, and now we have *Allah* for God!

- Man ke bhed batā de, jī !”
- 470 Mīrāsī kâ betā bole, “ Rānī, jī,
 Bhojan hī Bhagwān hai, merī Rānī, jī.
 Bhojan ko nahīn rotā, sun, jī chitrā merī.
 Main to rotā Mārwan ke bhāg ko, jī.
 Sangaldīp kī padmanī merī Rānī, toī phūlān kī bhār, jī.
- 475 Patlī patlī kāmīnī khāve dhātī chāñwal, jī.
 Bārāh Khān kâ Rājā Dhol hai, pake bārāh khān.
 Main bārāh khān kī sifāt sunōn thā, dekhlī ik hī khān.
 Rānī Mārwan se nā jīmā jāe, Thākūr, Thākūr merā :
 Yeh to bhojan āve jīmā na jāe, jī !”
- 480 Pāñch chār tukre tōrtā Mīrāsī kâ,
 Khesh men līe pāe, jī.
 Khaskhas ke bangalā men āutā woh to chitrā, jī :

- Tell me the secrets of thy heart ?”
- 470 Said the Minstrel, “ O Queen,
 Food is indeed God,* my Queen.
 I weep not over my food ; hear, my wise lady,
 I weep for Mārwan’s fate.
 My Princess, the beauty of Sangaldīp is weighed
 against flowers.
- 475 A slim and slender maiden she, eating two and a half
 (grains of) rice.
 Rājā Dhol, (the Lord) of twelve Lords, is eating twelve
 (kinds of) food.
 I heard the praises of these twelve kinds of food, and I
 see but one.
 Princess Mārwan will never eat this, my God, my God :
 She will never eat *this* food !”
- 480 The Minstrel broke off four or five pieces,
 And put them into his dress.
 The wise one went into the thatched house,

* See above line 210.

- Rājā se jākar kare jawāhir, jī :
 Gode se godā milā diā, jī.
 485 Khesh men hāth pā līā Mīrāsī :
 Woh tukre kādhke Rājā ke sām̄hne rakh diē, jī :
 “Sūtāk kī padmanī Rānī Mārwan, jī :
 Woh to tole phūlān kī bhār, jī.
 Patlī patlī Rānī Mārwan merī chātār ho :
 490 Woh khāvo dhāt chānwal, jī.
 Bārāh Khān kā Rājā Dhol thā, jī ;
 Pakke bārāh khān, jī.
 Main to sifāt sunōn thā, jī :
 Main to dekh ik hī khān, jī !
 495 Yeh bhojan Rānī Mārwan se, jī :
 Us se jīmā na jāe, jī !”
 Dastāvez de diē Mīrāsī ke larke ne.
 Dastāvez dekhke sarsar bānchtā, jī.
 Ho dilgīr mahilon ko chal parā, jī.
-

- And saluted the Rājā,
 And sat down beside him.
 485 The Minstrel put his hand into his dress
 And taking out the pieces laid them before the Rājā,
 (and said) :
 “ Princess Mārwan is a peerless beauty,
 Weighed against flowers.
 A slim and slender (maid) is my wise Princess Mārwan,
 490 Eating but two and a half (grains of) rice.
 Rājā Dhol (is Lord) of twelve Lords,
 And eats twelve kinds of food.
 I heard their praises,
 But I see only one !
 495 This food the Princess Mārwan
 Will never eat !”
 The Minstrel gave him the letter.
 He read the letter rapidly
 And being sorrowful he went into the palace.

- 500 Ave mahil ke mân, jî :
 Âke palang par let, jî : rahâ palang par let, jî.
 Sammî Kachhwâhî bolti, " Sun Râjâ Dholâ, jî,
 Boltâ kyûn nahî hai, jî ?
 Kyûn tû dî hai pîth, jî ?
- 505 Kyûn nashtar khode bhînt, jî ?
 Kaunsi Rânî tere chit basî ? Kaunsi dî utâr, jî ?"
 " Nâ main detî pîthî, merî Rânî ho :
 Nâ main nashtar khod, jî.
 Rânî Mârwan chit basî, Sammî di basâr, jî."
- 510 Boli Sammî : kyâ kahe ? " Mere Râjâ chitrâ ho,
 Kueñ meñ kankar dahî, rang meñ dahî majit, jî !
 Sej charhâ bâlam dahî, mere chitrâ ho ;
 De de sove pîth, jî."
 Bole Dhol Râjâ, " Sun, Rânî meri,
- 500 He went into the palace,
 And laid him on his bed ; laid him on his bed.
 Said Sammî, the Kachhwâhâ, " Hear, Râjâ Dhol,
 Why speakest not ?
 Why turnest thy back on me ?
- 505 Why makest scratches with thy nails ?*
 What lady hath entered thy heart ? Whom dost thou
 discharge ?"
 " I am not turning my back on thee, my Queen,
 And I am not scratching with my nails.
 Princess Mârwan hath entered my heart and Sammî do
 I discharge."
- 510 Said Sammî : what said she ? " My wise Râjâ,
 Stones are thrown into the well and madder into the
 paint. .
 Thou dost enjoy thy bed, O my wise (husband),
 Turn thy back and sleep."
 Said Râjâ Dhol, " Hear, my Queen,

* To lie on an old bed and scratch the ground with the nails is a common Panjâbi way of showing great sorrow.

- 515 Hath nâ dhoe, kuli nâ kari, meri Sammijî Kachhwâhi !
 Mere ghar meñ hai zât kuzât !
 Moñ pinî tere zâng par, Sammi, hai, Kachhwâhi :
 Tere tak mandherî ho jâe, jî !
 Nau tâng kî padmani woh to Râni haigi Mârwan :.
- 520 Tole phûlân ke bhâr, jî.
 Patlî patlî kâmnî khâve dhâi châñwal, jî.
 [Lambî badhî kyâ hove ? Lambî badhî khajûr, jî :
 Charbhe jo meve châkh le, gir jâe chiknâ-chûr :
 Panchhî chhâñ nâ baithî, phal lagte haiñ dûr.]
- 525 Peñ garhâ, sir dâlî, meri sâjan ho !
 Sâgar toran jâeñ, jî !”
- Barî fajar pahrâ nûr kâ, jî :
 Chal hâthiôn pe âve, jî.

- 515 Thou dost not wash thy hands, nor rinse thy mouth, my
 Sammi, thou Kachhwâhâ !
 My wife is a low woman !
 Fat is thy belly above thy thighs, O Sammi, thou
 Kachhwâhâ.
 And thy stature is short !
 Princess Mârwan is a peerless beauty,
- 520 Weighed against flowers.
 A slim and slender maid, eating two and a half grains of
 rice.
 [What is a tall thing ? A tall thing is the date palm :
 Who climbs will eat the fruit, who falls will become as
 dust.
 Birds sit not in its shade, and its fruit is up on high.]*
- 525 Thy belly is a pitcher, thy head a basket, my dear !
 Thou gatherest strange fruit !”

It was early morn at the hour of dawn,
 When (Râjâ Dhol) went to his elephants.

* This is evidently some well-known saying. It has no connection with the text and is in a different metre.

- Sat Jug sachâ parâ birt dâ, mere Thâkur, jî !
 530 Tan man karen jawâb, jî.
 "Tîn sau sâth kos se Pingal ke betî Mârwan :
 Mujhe Rânî milan kâ jog, jî."
 • Hâthî the Balkh Bukhâre ke khare râtab khâven.
 Dholâ dhanî amâe, "Mujhe Rânî milan kâ jog."
 585 "Kas-kas bândho ambârîân, Râjâ Dholâ, jî.
 Mâthâ bandî sândhûr ke, Râjâ ke Dhol.
 Garh koṭ denge ṭor, jî."
 Bole Dhol, "Tum kyâ kaho, hâthîon ke mahâuto ?
 Langar beṛe in ke kâṭ do, jî :
 540 Bahir khokre bajâo bâns, jî :
 Tavele se un ko kâṭh do, jî.
 In merâ kahnâ na mânâ, jî."

- It was in the days of the Golden Age, my God,
 530 When body and soul could speak.
 (Said he to them), "Mârwan Pingal's daughter is 360
 kos hence,
 Take me to the Princess."
 The elephants were of Balkh and Bukhâra* and were
 eating their food.
 Said the comely Dhol, "I long to meet the Princess."
 535 (Said their driver) : "Put on the saddles, O Râjâ Dhol,
 And the vermilion spot on their foreheads, Râjâ Dhol.
 And we will break down thy forts."†
 Said Dhol, "What are ye saying ? O drivers of the ele-
 phants,
 Take off their chains and fetters
 540 And sounding hollow bamboos behind them,
 Turn them out of the stable.
 They have not obeyed my words."

* A vague figure of speech, meaning valuable. Elephants, of course, do not come from these places.

† i.e., they refused to go.

- Dâsrî pherî phirke antâ Nal Râjâ kâ betâ :
 Woh âve karhân ke pâs, jî.
- 545 " Araz suno merî bintî, bhâî karhâ piyâro,
 Tum kharî rât khâen, jî.
 Pingalgarh meñ Rânî Mârwan Râjâ Pingal kî betî.
 Mujhe Rânî milan kâ jog, jî.
 Tîn sau sâth kos base Rânî Mârwan :
- 550 Mujhe Rânî do milâe, jî."
 Bole karhâ, " Tujhe kyâ kahen Nal Râjâ ke Dholâ ?
 Kas-kas band lo pûṭalân, jî.
 Salitâ do ladâe, jî.
 Gin gin de do muhârîân chaleñge sâre tîn kos, jî."
- 555 " Morî yakkâ tum kâdh lo, ûñṭon ke sarwânôn :
 In ke bajâ do kokhre bâns :
 Thâñ se bâhir in ko kâdh do, jî."
 Ho dilgîr chalke âwandâ Râjâ Nal kâ betâ :

- Next the son of Râjâ Nal
 Came to the camels.
- 545 " Hear my prayer, my beloved camels,
 Ye spend an easy time.
 In Pingalgarh is Princess Mârwan, daughter of Râjâ
 Pingal ;
 I long to meet the Princess.
 Princess Mârwan dwells 360 kos hence ;
- 550 Take me to the Princess."
 Said the camels, " What shall we say to thee, Dhol,
 thou son of Nal ?
 Fasten on our saddles,
 And put on the saddle-cloths :
 Give us two cakes each and we will go 3½ kos."
- 555 " O camel-riders, take off their headstalls,
 And beat hollow bamboos at them
 And turn them out of the paddock."
 Sorrowfully the son of Râjâ Nal went on,

- Raste meñ karhā karhā thā Mārwan ke ghar kā.
 560 Rājā se kare jawāb, jī :
 “ Ghūngrū kyūn līe haiñ hāth, jī ?
 Kyūn lī hāthon lāj jī ? ”
 “ Kis gal bāndhūn ghūngrū, meri Bhabūlī karhā ?
 Kis gal bāndhūn lāj, jī ? ”
 565 “ Mere gal bāndho ghūngrū, jī :
 Mere gal bāndho lāj, jī.”
 “ Tin tangoñ kā pūngrā kyūnkar pahunchūn jāe ? ”
 “ Tin tangoñ mat jāniye charoñ deñ milāe ! ”
 Bole Dhol, “ Sun, Bhabūlī karhā, jī,
 570 Nishāñī pattā mujhe lāke de dikhāe, jī.”
 “ Pahilā pahrā rain kā main Pingalgarh kī karūñ sair :
 Dūjā pahrā rain kā char lūñ nāgar-bel, jī :

- And on the road was a camel belonging to Princess
 —Mārwan,
 560 That spake to Rājā (Dhol) :
 “ Why hast bells in thy hand ?
 Why hast thou a string ? ”
 “ On whose neck shall I bind the bells, my camel
 Bhabūlī ?
 On whose neck shall I bind the string ? ”
 565 “ Bind the bells on my neck,
 And bind the string on me.”
 “ But how can I reach her on one that is lame on three
 legs ? ”
 “ Hold them not to be three legs, they are as good as
 four ! ”
 Said Dhol, “ Hear, thou camel Bhabūlī,
 570 Go and bring me the proofs of her.”
 (Said the camel), “ In the first watch of the night
 I wander over Pingalgarh ;
 In the second watch of the night I will graze on the
 betel bed :

- Tijâ pahrâ rain kâ pî lûn sarwar nîr, jî :
 Chauthâ pahrâ rain kâ kar lûn Narwargarh ki sair.”
- 575 Bole Dhol, “ Bhabûli karhâ, jî,
 Mujhe nishâni pattâ de lâe, jî.”
 Sunke Râjâ ki bât ko karhâ kare jawâb :
 “ Bândh kajâwe tîndi lâd do, jî : ”
 Bândh kajâwe tîndi lâd de, andhâ diâ biñhâe.
- 580 Pahilâ pahrâ rain kâ Pingalgarh kar li sair :
 Dûjâ pahrâ rain kâ bâghon char li nâgar-bel.
 Bole karhâ, “ Sun, bhâi andhe hâfiz,
 Tû sût le nâgar-bel, jî :
 Sût kajâwe pûr le, bhâi andhe hâfiz.”
- 585 Tijâ pahrâ rain kâ pî liâ sarwar nîr, jî.

- In the third watch of the night I will drink of the lake:
 In the fourth watch of the night I will wander over
 Narwargarh.”
- 575 Said Dhol, “ Bhabûli, thou camel,
 Bring me the proofs of her.”
 Hearing the words of the Râjâ, said the camel :
 “ Fasten on the boxes, load up the pots.”*
 He fastened on the boxes and loaded up the pots and
 sat a blind man (on the camel's back).
- 580 In the first watch of the night (the camel) wandered over
 Pingalgarh :
 In the second watch of the night he grazed on the betel
 bed.
 Said the camel, “ Hear, friend blind-man,
 Take slips of the betel plant :
 Fill the boxes with slips of the betel plant, friend blind-
 man.”
- 585 In the third watch of the night he drank of the lake.

* i.e., for the betel plants and the water he would bring to prove he had been to Pingalgarh

Dharke ghotâ lagâ diâ, us ko kudrat die dikhâe, jî.
 Jab hâfiz se samjhâutâ woh Bhabûlî karhâ :
 "Tujhe kudrat di dikhâe ! Dikhâyâ Pingal kâ des!"
 Bole hâfiz, kyâ kahe ? "Tû ne mujhe râton kîâ kharâb !
 590 • Ulte-pulte ghotâ mârke tîndân le pûr, jî !"
 Hâfiz waise andhâ ho giâ, châtâr jî !
 Chauthâ pahrâ rain kâ, Thâkur Thâkur merâ,
 Â giâ Narwargarh ke mân, jî.

Barî fajar pahrâ nûr kâ Râjâ âyâ karhâ ke pâs :
 595 Man apne mon sochtâ Râjâ Nal kâ Dholâ.
 Jahân karhe ko chhor giâ thâ, dekhâ us hî thaur.
 Chalke karhâ pâs âwandâ Râjâ kâ betâ ;

He dipped into the water and showed his (miraculous)
 power,
 Then said Bhabûlî the camel to the blind man.
 "I show thee my power and show thee the land of
 Pingal !"*
 Said the blind man ; what said he ? "Thou hast spoilt
 my night !"
 590 Dipping into the water thou hast filled the pots !"
 The blind man at once went as blind as before, my
 friend.†
 In the fourth watch of the night, my God, my God,
 He came to Narwargarh.

In the early morn at the hour of dawn came Râjâ
 (Dhol) to the camel,
 595 Thinking in his heart was Dhol the son of Nal,
 He went to see the place where the camel had been
 fastened.
 The Râjâ (Dhol) went up to the camel ;

* Reference to the common superstition that a dip in sacred water
 will cure blindness.

† For his ingratitude.

- Âve karhâ ke pās, jī.
 “ Nishānī pattā dikhāe de, mere Bhabūlī karhâ :
 600 Mujhe pattā nishānī de dikhāe !”
 Bole Bhabūlī karhâ, “ Sun, Rājā, merī bāt,
 Hāfiz andhe ko le pūchh, jī.”
 Bole hāfiz, “ is ne kīā mujhe rāton ko kharāb,
 Is Bhabūlī karhâ ne, jī.”
 605 Baith nishānī Rājā ko dikhāntā Bhabūlī karhâ.
 Nāgar-bel dekh lī Rājā Dholā ne, aur dekh līā nīr
 Bole Rājā Dhol, karhâ se kare jawāb :
 “ Narwargarh se Pingalgarh kī tayyārī kar lo, jī.”
 Bole karhâ, kyā kahe, jī ? “ Sun, Rājā Nal ke bete,
 610 Merī sun le tū bāt, jī ;
 Hārā thakā main ā glā, jī, suu Rājā Dholā.
 Merā hār dehyo utār, jī.
 Apnā ilāj main āp batā dūn, jī.

- Went up to the camel (and said) :
 “ Show me the proofs, Bhabūlī, my camel,
 600 Show me the proofs !”
 Said Bhabūlī the camel, “ Rājā, hear my words
 Ask the blind man.”
 Said the blind man, “ he spoilt my night,
 Did this camel Bhabūlī.”
 605 Bhabūlī the camel sat down and showed the Rājā the
 proofs
 Rājā Dhol saw the betel plants and he saw the water.
 Spake Rājā Dhol to the camel :
 “ Get ready (to go) to Pingalgarh from Narwargarh.”
 Said the camel, what said he ? “ Hear, son of Rājā
 Nal,
 610 Hear my words,
 Sore and tired have I come, hear me, Rājā Dhol.
 Take off my halter.
 I tell the way to cure me myself.

- Haldī dūdhī mujhe pilā dīye, kbāṇḍ de de ghol.
 615 Sarwar tāl meṇ nhalā deīyo mujhe, Nal Rājā kā beṭe :
 Mujhe nhalā deīyo pandrāḥ din, jī.
 Sachī motīṇ kī jhūl bane, jī, mere chitrā, jī.
 • Morī yakkā banwāīye, jī, mere sājan, jī.”
 Karhā kī banāt banā dīe, jī :
 620 Kar dīe solāḥ singār, jī.
 Hīre pane sakht pūnchhar ke lage, jī :
 [Lālōṇ jarī kumān, jī.]
 Dūdh pilā de, khilāven chāsnī, jī.
 Karhā rātab khāe, jī.
 625 Rānī Sammī par khabar hūī, mere chitrā :
 “ Karhā kī hūī tayyārī, jī.
 Rājā jāvegā Pingal des, jī.”
 Battīs abran sārī woh to Sammījī Kachhwāhī :
 Lagā dīe solāḥ singār, jī.

- Give me turmeric and milk mixed with sugar :
 615 And bathe me in the lake, thou son of Rājā Nal.
 Bathe me for fifteen days.
 Make me a cloth of real pearls, my wise one,
 And a strong head-stall, my friend.”
 He made the camel's clothing
 620 And he covered him with the 16 ornaments.*
 He set diamonds and gems on his crupper.
 [And the bow was set with jewels].†
 He gave him milk and the finest bread,
 And the camel ate his food.
 625 Queen Sammī had news, my wise one,
 That the camel was being got ready,
 For the Rājā to go to Pingal land.
 Sammī, the Kachhwāhā, decked herself in the 32 kinds
 of jewels,‡
 And the 16 ornaments.

* See Vol. I., p. 443.

† A well-known line brought in for show merely.

‡ See line 620.

- 630 Māṅ bharī thī sindhūr kī, bāl bāl motī pawe, jī.
 Sālū pahine Dakhanī, chālī karhā ke pās, jī.
 " Chhātū meṁ bāndhūn karer kī; chārūn nāgar-bel ko."
 " Nāgar-bel terī āj charūn, jī :
 Merā wahī roz kā jaṇḍ karer :
- 635 Pānī pītū gāndlā, jī :
 Chhīkarh dā karh khātūn, jī."
 " Hath joṛ bintī karūn, mere Bhabūlī karhā :
 Tere naubar lāgūn pair, jī.
 Jis wakt Dhol ko chāhe, mere karhā, jī :
- 640 Us wakt de de jawāb, jī."
 " Bachan Dhol ko maiṁ dīe, sun, Sammī rī Kachhwāhī :
 Maiṁ to us ko le jāūn sāth jī."
 " Hāth joṛ kare bintī, tū to Kanth Kanth kar le :
- 630 She put on the vermilion spot,* and put pearls into her hair.
 She put on Dakhanī kerchief, and went to the camel.
 (and said) :
 " I will tie thee under the shade of the acacia†; I will graze thee in the betel bed."
 " I graze thy betel bed daily,
 Daily (I stand under) the acacia.
- 635 Filthy is the water I got,
 And refuse is my food."
 " I join my hands, Bhabūlī, my camel,
 And lay my head at thy feet.
 When Dhol desireth thee, my camel,
- 640 Do thou refuse him."
 " I gave my word to Dhol, O Sammī, thou Kachhwāhā,
 And I will take him with me."
 " With joined hands I pray thee, I make thee my Lord,
 my Lord :

* The sign of a married woman

† This tree is much valued for its shade in wild tracts. The *karer* or *jaṇḍ* is the *acacia leucophloea*.

- Tû to de deŷye jawâb, jî !”
- 645 “Jo jawâb main de dūn Nal Râjâ ke beṭe ko,
 Woh to degâ mujh ko dâgh, jî.”
 Bole Sammî, phir kahe, karhâ se kare jawâb :
 “Dâghon kî nahanî sulâfân ghârûngî mîthe tel.”
 Chalke mahilon ko â gaî Sammijî Kachhwâhî.
- 650 Adhî râṭ naukandh gaî Râjâ Dhol kî khul gaî ânkḥ.
 Mohrî yakkâ le liâ Nal Râjâ ke beṭe ne :
 Woh to âve karhâ ke pâs, jî.
 Umbaṛ âyâ Râjâ ko dekhke Bhabûlî karhâ :
 Tuk langrâ ban jâe, jî.
- 655 Bol karhâ ko Nal Râjâ kâ Dholâ,
 Karhâ se kare jawâb, jî :
 “Achhe achhe ko chhor giâ main, Bhabûlî karhâ.”
 “Ghabharâke jab main uṭhâ, jî,
 Tâng utar gaî kolî se, jî!”
- Do thou refuse him.”
- 645 “If I refuse the son of Râjâ Nal,
 He will put scars on me.”
 Then said Sammî, speaking again to the camel ;
 “With sweet oil will I bathe and blot out his trifling
 scars.”
- Sammî, the Kachhwâhâ, went to her palace.
- 650 At midnight at the dead of night Râjâ Dhol opened his
 eyes,
 His strong head-stall took the son of Râjâ Nal,
 And came to the camel.
 Seeing the Râjâ, Bhabûlî the camel cried out,
 And became a little lame.
- 655 Said Dhol, the son of Râjâ Nal,
 Speaking to the camel ;
 “I left thee quite well, thou camel Bhabûlî.
 When I got up suddenly
 Thy thigh went out of joint !”

- 660 Jab Mîrâsi kahe Sânwaliâ, jî :
 " Râjâ mere, suntâ kyûn hai bāt, jî ?
 Do châr phâlîân lo mangâe, jî :
 Gînthâ* barâ sâ lo sulgâe, jî."
 Dharke gînthê to lagâe dîe, jî :
 665 Us meñ phâlîân de takâe, jî.
 Jis wakt karhâ ne dekh lî pā dîâ bahut karât.
 Sammî ne jaisâ sun pâyâ, Thâkur Thâkur merâ,
 Châlî karhâ pe jâe, jî :
 Chalke karhâ pe âutî Sammîji Kachhwâhî ;
 670 Râjâ Dhol se karî hai jawâb, jî :
 " Rukkâ raulâ kyûn pawâ dîâ, jî ?
 Mujhe man ke bhed batâe, jî."
 " Achhe-bhachhe ko chhor gîâ thâ main Bhabûlî karhâ,
 Chûle se tûtî gâi tâng, jî !
 675 Us ko mainî dîngâ dâgh, jî :

- 660 Then said Sânwaliâ, the Minstrel :
 " My Râjâ, why listen to him ?
 Send for two or three irons
 And heat them in a large fire."
 He made a fire
 665 And put the irons into it.
 When the camel saw this he made a great noise.
 As soon as Sammî heard it, my God, my God,
 She went to the camel ;
 And Sammî, the Kachhwâhî, reached the camel,
 670 And spake to Râjâ Dhol :
 " Why hast thou raised all this disturbance ?
 Tell me the secret of thy heart."
 " I left Bhabûlî the camel sound and well,
 And he has broken his leg at the thigh !
 675 I am going to fire him :

- Main karhâ ko dũgâ dâgh, jî."
 Sammî kahe, " Sun, Râjâ merâ Dholâ,
 Merî araz suno man lâe, jî.
 Tîn sau sâth karhâ mere bâp ke, jî :
 680 Gadhe ko deŷyo kumhâr kâ dâgh, jî :
 "Karhâ tek legâ tâng jî."
 Sunke Râjâ ne gadhâ mangâ lâ, jî :
 Mîrâsî pakarke ger diâ, jî :
 Dâgh gadhe kî tâng, jî :
 685 Karhâ tek de tâng, jî.
 Chalke Râjâ mahilon ko âutâ, jî.
 Jab jâke Rânî samjhântî, jî.
 Rânî ne pahrâ diâ lagâe, jî.
 Din kâ pahrâ lagâ diâ, jî :
 690 Rât ko kamar se bândh le, jî.
 Din meñ Dhol samjhautâ Sâñwaliâ Dâdhî ko :
 " Rât ko paṭkâ bândhke rahî so, jî :

- I will fire the camel."
 Said Sammî, " Hear, my Râjâ Dhol,
 Hear my words with thy heart.
 The 360 camels are my father's (present) :
 680 Fire a potter's ass,
 And let the camel put his thigh on it."
 Hearing this the Râjâ sent for a (potter's) ass ;
 And the Minstrel seized it and threw it,
 And they fired the ass's thigh
 685 And put the camel's thigh on it.*
 The Râjâ went into the palace,
 And the Queen conjured him.
 She set a watch on him.
 A watch she set in the day,
 690 And she tied him to her waist at night.
 Next day said Dhol to Sâñwaliâ, the Minstrel :
 " She ties me at night to her kerchief when she sleeps :

* And so cured it!

- Ādhī rāt mujhe jagā denā Sānwaliā Dādhī ke,
Tayyārī lenge kār, jī.”
- 695 Sahīh shām parke so rahā Mīrāsī kā :
Bhulke ho jāe sawer, jī.
Barī fajar chalke āutā Rājā Dholā pe.
“ Sahīh shām parke so rahā, jī, main Mīrāsī kā.”
Agle roz jaisā so rahā Nal Rājā kā Dholā,
- 700 Sahīh shām chalke āutā Sānwaliā Dādhī kā.
Jaisī Rānī parī sotī Nal ke betē kī,
Woh to patkā rahī thī bāndh, jī.
Pesh-kabz jaisā kādhtā Sānwaliā Dādhī kā,
Patkā diā thā kāt, jī.
- 705 Rangale dutāre kī khūṅṭī kādhtā, jī :
Rānī ke mūṅh se angustānā nikālke khūṅṭī dīo, jī, pāe.
Rājā Dhol ko jagāe ke Sānwaliā Dādhī kā,
- (But) wake me at midnight, thou Minstrel Sānwaliā,
And make ready to go.” *
- 695 In the early evening the Minstrel laid him down to
sleep,
And when it was early morning,
In the early morn he went to Rājā Dhol.
(And said), “ I the Minstrel, slept the early evening.”*
Next day as Dhol the son of Rājā Nal was sleeping,
- 700 In the early evening went to him Sānwaliā, the Minstrel.
As the Queen of the son of Nal was sleeping,
Her kerchief was bound to him.
Sānwaliā the Minstrel drew his dagger
And cut the kerchief.
- 705 He took out the key† of his painted fiddle,
And taking the (Rājā's) signet-ring from the Queen's
mouth he put in the key.
Then Sānwaliā the Minstrel awakened Rājā Dhol,

* But he means apparently to say that he overslept himself.

† Screw for tightening the strings.

- Woh to chale karhe ke pās, jī.
 Mohrī pakki banā diā karhā Bhabūlī kâ :
 710 Karhā se banāt banā diē, jī.
 Karhā par Dhol baiṭhā Nal Rājā kâ beṭā.
 Narwargarh se chal rahā Rājā Dholā,
 Pingalgarh ko jāe, jī.
 Pahilā pahrā rain kâ, Thākur Thākur merā,
 715 Chal berīān pe āve, jī.
 Kachī kachī ko jharṭā Rājā kâ beṭā :
 Pakkoñ ko love khāe, jī.
 Dharke karhā ḍapṭā diā Rājā Dhole ne.
- Adhī rāt naukaṇḍh gai Rājā Dholā ko ;
 720 Woh to Pingalgarh ko jāe, jī.
 Sarwar tālān meñ āwandā Nal Rājā kâ beṭā.
 Sarwar tālān meñ jāe, jī :
 Āke pānī pilā diā karhā ko Sarwar tālān men :
 Pānī diā thā pilāo, jī.

- And he went to the camel.
 He made a strong headstall for Bhabūlī the camel,
 710 And he made him a cloth.
 Dhol the son of Nal sat upon the camel,
 And Rājā Dhol started from Narwargarh,
 And went to Pingalgarh.
 In the first watch of the night, O my God, my God,
 715 He came to the (Queen's) plum trees.
 The unripe ones he threw aside,
 And he ate the ripe ones.
 And then Rājā Dhol spurred on his camel.
- At midnight at the dead of night Rājā Dhol
 720 Reached Pingalgarh.
 He went to the lake, did the son of Rājā Nal,
 He went to the lake,
 And watered his camel at the lake,
 He watered his camel.

- 725 Pahar bhar rain rah gae, sun, Thākur Thākur merā,
 Woh to Pingalgarh men ae, jī.
 Bari fajar pahrā nūr kā, Prabhū Prabhū merā;
 Woh to Pingalgarh ko ae, jī.
 Chalke bāghon men jā bare Nal Rājā kā Dholā.
- 730 Nanwā Dhobī kapre dho rahā Rānī Mārwan ke,
 Bole Nanwā, to kyā kahe? "Karhā ke aswārā,
 Karhā ko rokke chālāo, jī.
 Rānī Mārwan poshāk sūkhe, karhā ke aswārā."
 Sunke Rājā usi kartā jawāb, jī:
- 735 Sone kā ṭakā de diā Nanwā Dhobī ko:
 "Mujhe dikhā de poshāk, jī."
 Pallā uthāke dikhā diā Nanwā Dhobī kā:
 Woh to pallā diā dikhāe, jī.
 Bolā Rājā, "Sun, Nanwe Dhobī ke,
- 725 There was a watch of the night left, O my God, my God,
 When he went into Pingalgarh.
 In the early morn at the hour of dawn, O my God, my
 God,
 He went into Pingalgarh.
 Dhol, the son of Rājā Nal, went into the garden.
- 730 Nanwā the Washerman was washing the clothes of the
 Princess Mārwan.
 Said Nanwā; what said he? "O camel-rider,
 Stay thy camel and go,
 That I may dry the Princess Mārwan's clothes, O camel-
 rider."
- Hearing this spake the Rājā,
 735 Giving a piece of gold to Nanwā the Washerman:—
 "Show me her clothes."
 Nanwā the Washerman lifted up his sheet and showed
 the clothes.
 He showed the clothes.
 Said the Rājā, "Hear, Nanwā Washerman,

- 740 Mujhe Râni de de dikhâe, jî."
 Bole Nanwâ, to kyâ kahe ? " Karhâ ke aswârâ,
 Mujhe kyâ kuchh degâ inâm, jî ?"
 " Râni Mârwan ko milâ de, Dhobi ke,
 Mûnh mângâ le le inâm, jî."
 745 " Apnâ karhâ tû de deiye, karhâ ke aswârâ,
 Tujhe Râni ko dângâ milâe, jî."

Sat Jug sachâ pahrâ birt dâ, Thâkur Thâkur merâ,
 Tan man kare jawâb, jî.

- Bari fajar jaisi ho gai, Thâkur Thâkur merâ ;
 750 Wahân Sammi Kachhwâhi ki khul gai ânkhen jî.
 " Ik to bairi purwâ bâl thî, Prabhû mere :
 Dûje bairi ho gai nind, jî :
 Tije bairi Dom kâ Sânwaliâ, jî ;
 Mere khûnî de gîâ mûnh ke bâr, jî."

- 740 Show me the Princess."
 Said Nanwâ ; what said he ? " O camel-driver,
 Give me some reward."
 " Show me the Princess Mârwan, Washerman,
 And take what reward thou wilt."
 745 " Give me thy camel, O camel-rider,
 And I will bring thee to the Princess."

- It was the true time of the Golden Age, O my God, my
 God,
 When body and soul could speak.
 It was early morn, my God, my God,
 750 When Sammi the Kachhwâhâ opened her eyes.
 (Said she) " My first enemy was the eastern breeze,
 my God,
 And my second enemy was sleep :
 My third enemy was Sânwaliâ the Minstrel,
 That put the key into my mouth."

- 755 Chalke woh âutî Sammîjî Kachhwâhî ;
 Woh to âve berîân ke pās, jî.
 “ Yehân ko Râjâ Dhol gîâ, merî berîo piyârî ?
 Mujhe dîjo batâe, jî.”
 “ Pakke pakke khâ gîâ Nal Râjâ kâ betâ :
- 760 Woh to kachhî ke lâ gîâ dher, jî !”
 Sarwar tâlân men âutî Sammîjî Kachhwâhî :
 “ Yehân ko Râjâ Dhol gîâ, bhâî sarwar tâlo ?”
 Bole sarwar tâl, kyâ kahe ? “ Sammîjî Kachhwâhî,
 Woh to pahunch âe Pingal des.”
- 765 “ Karhâ ko mâr jâ bijlî, karhâ ke aswârâ !
 Khâ jâe kâlû nâg, jî !
 Dil nahîû lagtâ merâ, kharî bâghon men dîlûn.
 Dhol gîâ pardes, âj kis se bolûn ?”
 Rotî rotî chali âutî Sammîjî Kachhwâhî :
- 770 Woh to âi mahil ke mân jî.,
-
- 755 Sammî the Kachhwâhâ went
 And reached her plum trees, (and said) :
 “ Came Râjâ Dhol hither, my beloved plums ?
 Do ye tell me.”
 “ The ripe ones ate the son of Nal
- 760 And threw down the unripe ones into a heap !”
 Sammî the Kachhwâhâ went to the lake (and said) :
 “ Came Râjâ Dhol hither, friendly lake ?”
 Said the lake : what said it ? “ O Sammî, thou Kachh-
 wâhâ,
 He hath gone to Pingal land.”
- 765 “ Lightning strike the camel and the camel-rider !
 May the black snake bite them !
 Unhappy is my heart, I weep in the midst of the gardens.
 Dhol hath gone abroad, to whom shall I tell it to-day ?”
 Weeping went Sammî the Kachhwâhâ,
- 770 Going into her palace.

- Wahân pakarke karhe ko le chalâ Nanwâ Dhobî kâ,
 Apne ghar ko âutâ, jî :
 Lâke charkhe se bândh diâ Nanwâ Dhobî ne !
 Dhoban kare jawâb, jî :
- 775 , " Aisâ bhoṇḍâ jânwar âyâ, sâjan sâjan morâ,
 Jis ko dekhke mainṁ ḍar jâîn, jî."
 Itnî bâṭ sunke ghusse ho gîâ Bhabûlî karhâ ko :
 Woh to charkhâ leke chal parâ, jî.
 Chalke bâghonṁ meṁ âutâ Râjâ Dhole pe ;
- 780 Râjâ se kare jawâb, jî :
 Puchhe, " Dhol, tujhe kyâ kahâ Bhabûlî karhâ ?
 Mujhe man ke bhed batâiye, jî.
 Barî barî bâṭen woh kahî Nanwe Dhobî kî.
 Charkhâ leke chalâ âyâ mainṁ tere pâs, jî."
- 785 Zinposh utârke Bhabûlî karhâ kâ,
 Râjâ nîche leve bichhâo, jî.

- Taking the camel behind him Nanwâ the Washerman
 Went to his own house,
 And fastened it to his spinning-wheel ! did Nanwâ the
 Washerman.
 Said his wife :
- 775 " Such a dreadful creature hath come, my love, my
 love,
 The sight of which doth frighten me."
 Hearing this Bhabûlî the camel became wroth,
 And taking the spinning-wheel he went off.
 He went into the garden to Râjâ Dhol
- 780 And said to the Râjâ :
 What saith Bhabûlî the camel ? " Dhol,
 Tell me the secrets of thy heart.
 Dreadful words said that Washerman Nanwâ,
 And taking his spinning-wheel I am come to thee."
 785 Taking off the saddle-cloth from Bhabûlî the camel,
 The Râjâ spread it beneath him.

- Chalke pânî ko âutî Rewâ Mâlî ki,
Chalî kûen pe jâe, jî.
“Kyâ tere dâman ghâlîâ ? kyâ gal gâle zanjîr ?
790 Dâkh lakherî ohhorke khâve jaṇḍ karer ?”
“Dâkh lakherî terî nâ charûn, sun, Rewâ Mâlî kî ;
Merâ roz kâ khâ jâ jaṇḍ karer.”
“Kahân se âyâ ? kahân jâegâ, karhe ke aswârâ ?
Mujhe ḍîjiye sâch batâe jî.”
795 “Narwargarh merâ âunâ, sun, Rewâ Mâlî kî ;
Merâ Pingalgarh ko âunâ, jî.
Râjâ Dhol merâ nâm hai, sun, Rewâ Mâlî kî.”
“Yehân se karhâ nikâl luṇ, karhâ ke aswârâ !
Merâ bâgh kiâ thâ pâemâl, jî !
800 Birwâ bûṭâ sârâ khâ liâ, jî !

- Came Rewâ the gardener's daughter* for water,
Coming to the well. (Said she to the camel) :
“Is thy skirt caught ? Are there chains about thy
neck ?
790 That leaving the ripe grapes, thou eatest the acacia ?”
“I eat not thy ripe grapes, hear Rewâ, thou gardener's
daughter,
Daily I eat of the acacia.”
(Said she), “Whence comest thou ? Whither goest, thou
camel-rider ?
Tell me the truth.”
795 “I come from Narwargarh, hear, Rewâ, thou gardener's
daughter,
And I go to Pingalgarh.
My name is Râjâ Dhol, hear, Rewâ, thou gardener's
daughter.”
“I will send thy camel hence, thou camel-rider !
He hath ruined my garden !
800 He hath eaten all the shrubs and trees !

* The chief of Mârwan's maids : see above line 323.

- Bâgh kiâ barbâd, jî !”
 Bole Dhol, to kyâ kahe ? “ Rewâ Mâlî ki,
 Merî sun lo tû bāt, jî :
 Terî Mâlî kî zāt hai, sun Rewâ Mâlî kî :
 805 Mandî bol na bol, jî ;
 Main Râjâ Dhol hûn ; sun, Rewâ Mâlî ki,
 Terî mâr utâr dūn khāl, jî.”
 Sunke Rewâ kare jawâb, jî :
 “ Hāth jo karūn bintî, karhū ke aswārā ;
 810 Terî naubar lāgūn pair, jî.
 Ham Râjâ ke rakhwālîe ; sun, Râjâ Dholā,
 Hamārē kahne kâ burā na mân, jî.”
 Pūchhe Dhol, “ Sun, Rewâ Mâlî kî,
 Tū mujhe apne bhed aur mahil batāiye, jî.”
 815 Apne mahil batātūî woh Rewâ Mâlî kî :

- He hath destroyed my garden !”
 Said Dhol ; what said he ? “ Rewâ, thou gardener’s
 daughter,
 Hear my words :
 Thou art a gardener,* thou gardener’s daughter, Rewâ,
 805 Speak not harsh words.
 I am Râjâ Dhol ; hear, Rewâ, thou gardener’s daughter,
 I will beat thee till thy skin is torn.”
 Hearing this said Rewâ :
 “ With joined hands I beseech thee, camel-rider ;
 810 I lay my head at thy feet.
 I am the Râjâ’s guard (over the garden) ; hear, Râjâ
 Dhol,
 And take not my words ill.”
 Said Dhol, “ Hear, Rewâ, thou gardener’s daughter ;
 Tell me the secrets of thy palacc.”
 815 Rewâ the gardener’s daughter showed all the secrets,

* i.e., low-caste compared to a Râjpût like Dhol.

Dio makân kî nishânî batlâc, jî.
 "Sîdhî galî pe âîyo, karhâ ko aswârâ,
 Wahân haigâ nîm kâ per, jî."

- Sânjh part, din dhul gîâ, jî ;
 820 Dhan kâ lagâ bhîr, jî.
 Chalke nagar ko âutâ Nal Râjâ kâ betâ.
 Wahân galî men kînten dhân, jî,
 Dhân kîntî tag neve, "Mûsal kî nihârôn.
 Mujho Rowâ kî galî do batâc, jî."
 825 "Dhân kîntî hamârâ tag neve, sun, karhâ ko aswârâ,
 Ham hui mûsal kî nihâr, jî.
 Nîb kâ por us kâ mahil hui, karhâ ko aswârâ :
 Tû jâko lerâ dekh, jî.
 Raho to rîdhoî khichî, jâc to ras bhar khîr."

And the way to recognise the house : (saying),
 "Go straight down the lane, camel-rider,
 There is a *nîm* tree there."

- It was evening and the day declined,
 820 And the crowd of cattle began.
 The son of Râjâ Nal went into the city.
 In the lane he found (women) husking rice.
 They were husking the rice and bending their heads.
 "O slaves, huskers of the pestle,"
 (Said he to them), "show me Rewâ's lane."
 825 "Husking the rice we bend our heads, O camel-rider :
 We are slaves of the pestle.
 Her house is by the *nîm* tree, O camel-rider.
 Go and see.
 (But) stay and we will give thee rice and pulse, go and
 she will give thee rice and milk to thy desire."

- 830 " Bhîrî gali, kho · ghar, nahîn milan kâ jog."
 " Nainâ meû ras bândh lo, jhak mârenge log."
 Charî karîâ ko âutâ Râjâ Nal kâ betâ.
 Karîâ ko bithâundâ Râjâ Nal kâ Dholâ ;
 Karîâ se niche âve, jî.
- 835 Nîb ke peṛe se bândhtâ Bhabûlî karîâ ko :
 Woh to deve nîb se bândh, jî.
 Safâ dalân andar koth î, jî :
 Rewâ ne palang diâ thâ bichhâe, jî.
 " Jam jam, Dhol, tum â jâo, Nal Râjâ ke betâ
- 840 Tum jâo palang par baith, jî."
 Rewâ kâ Mâli wahân âw andâ,
 Woh kar rahî garam pânî, jî.
 Chandan chunkî bichhâ diê us Rewâ Malî ne.
 Dahî phulel lîâ mangûe, jî.
- 830 " Narrow is your street, dirty your houses, I have no
 wish to know you "
 " Then go and fast thy eyes (on her) and let the
 people jeer !"
 Riding his camel the son of Râjâ Nal went on.
 Making his camel sit, Dhol the son of Râjâ Nal
 Came from off it.
- 835 He fastened Bhabûlî the camel to the *nîm* tree,
 Fastened it to the *nîm* tree.
 Clean was her house and yard
 And Rewâ placed him a couch.
 " Come, Dhol, son of Râjâ Nal, for thou art welcome,
 welcome. "
- 840 Come and sit upon this couch."
 The gardener, Rewâ's husband, came up,
 And she* made him some warm water
 Rewâ, the gardener's daughter, placed him a sandal-
 wood stool,
 And sent for curds and cosmetics,

* Promptly putting Dhol into a hiding place

845 Bândhke dhâr âpar gertî thî Rewâ Mâlî kî.

"Kit ka-wâ ? Kit bakerû, jî ?

Kit sarwar ? Kit nîr, jî ?

Tû nain kahân rahî lagâe jî ?"

"It karwâ ; it bakerû ;

850 It sarwar ; it nîr, jî.

Baisar uljî hâr meñ nainon rahî suljâo, jî."

Nhâyâ dhoyâ chal âutâ woh Mâlî kâ lakâ, jî :

Lîe rasof jîm, jî :

Chal bâghon meñ âutâ Mâlî kâ la-kâ :

855 Chalke Dhol pe ântî Rewâ Mâlî kî ;

Sâri rât chaupur kheltî lakî Mâlî kî.

Ho gâñ bhulke sawer, jî.

Boli Rewâ ; "Sun, Râjâ, merî bât, jî,

845 And she poured a stream of water over him, did Rewâ
the gardener's daughter.

(Said he*), "Where is thy ewer ? and where thy pitcher ?

Where is the lake ? Where is thy water ?

Whither are thine eyes straying ?"

"Here is my ewer : here my pitcher :

850 Here is the lake : here the water.

My nose-ring was entangled in my necklace and my
eyes turned to it."

So the gardener bathed and washed and came,

And had his food.

Then the gardener went into his garden,

855 And Rewâ the gardener's daughter went to Dhol

And played at *chaupur* with him all night.

It was early morning,

And said Rewâ ; "Râjâ, hear my words,

* Catching her eyes straying towards Dhol.

- Râni Mârwan ko lâungi, tum chalo Nau-lakkhe Bâgh.”
- 860 Sunke karhâ par chaṛḥ giâ Nal Râjâ kâ beṭâ :
 Woh chalâ bâgh ko jâe, jî.
 Chal mahilon ko âutî Rewâ Mâli kî :
 Chal mahil ko jâe, jî :
 Mârwan se kare jawâb, jî :
 865 “ Narwargah se â giâ Râjâ Nal kâ Dholâ :
 Woh to âyâ Nau-lakkhe Bâgh, jî.
 Apuî bândi ko bhej de sahelî ke pâs, jî.”
 Us ne li sahelî bulâe,
 Tin sau sâth sahelîân Mârwan kî
 870 Chale mahilon ko âveñ, jî.
 Bolî Mârwan, “ Suno mere sang kî, jî, sahelî,
 Merî suntî kyûn nahîn bâṭ, jî ?
 Tum karo ik rūp, ik singâr :
 Tum karo bâgh meñ sairî sâth, jî.”

I will bring the Princess Mârwan, go thou to the Nine-
lâkh Garden.*”

- 860 Hearing this the son of Râjâ Nal mounted his camel
 And went into the garden.
 Rewâ the gardener's daughter went into the palace.
 She went into the palace,
 And spake to Mârwan !
 865 “ Dhol, the son of Nal, hath come from Narwargah,
 And into the Nine-*lâkh* Garden.
 Send thy handmaid for thy maidens.”
 She called her maidens.
 The 360 maidens of Mârwan
 870 Came into the palace.
 Said Mârwan, “ Hear, my maidens ;
 Why hear ye not my words ?
 Put ye on the same form and the same jewels,
 And go ye and wander in the gardens.”

* See Vol I, p. 488.

- 875 Chai bhāghon meñ āntī Rānī Mārwan :
 Woh chail bhāgh meñ jāe, jī.
 Bolī Rewā, "Sun, karhā ke aswārā,
 Tū suntā kyūn nahīn bat, jī ?
 Kin desūn se terā āunā, karhā ke aswārā ?
- 880 Mujhe man ke bhed batāīye, jī."
 "Narwargāh se main ā gīā, sun, hār-hamelī-wālī :
 Nal Rājā kā main Dhol hūn, āyā Mārwan ke pās, jī.
 Kis Rājā ke bhāgh hai, hār-hamelī-wālī ?"
 Bolī, "Pingal Rājā kā shahr hai, Rānī Mārwan kā bhāgh,
 jī.
- 885 Yehān karhā nikāl le, karhā ke aswārā :
 Hamārā bhāgh kī barbād, jī.
 Tero barge Dhol bahot se āe, jī ;
 Sun, karhā ke aswārā, jī !"
 "Mere bargā Dhol koī nahīn āyā, sun, Mālī kī larkī :
- 875 Princess Mārwan went into the garden ;
 Went into the garden.
 Said Rewā, "Hear, O camel-rider,
 Why hearest thou not my words ?
 Whence comest thou, O camel-rider ?
- 880 Tell me the secrets of thy heart."
 "I am come from Narwargāh, hear, thou wearer of
 necklaces :
 I am Dhol the son of Nal come for the Princess Mār-
 wan.
 What king's garden is this, thou wearer of necklaces ?"
 Said she, "This is Rājā Pingal's city and Princess
 Mārwan's garden.
- 885 Take thy camel hence, thou camel-rider :
 He hath destroyed my garden.
 Lots of Dhols like thee have come,
 Hear, thou camel-rider !"
 "No Dhol like me hath come, hear, thou gardener's
 daughter ;

- 890 Main Nalkotân kâ Râjâ hâu, jî."
 Bole Dhol, to kyâ kahe ? "Sang kî rî sabell,
 Terî mâr urâ dũn khâl, jî !
 Âth kũnen, nau bâolî, solâh sau panihâr !
 Betâ pũchho Râo kâ, kin chhelân kî nâr ?"
- 895 "Âth kũnen, nau bâolî, sun, karhâ ke aswârî,
 Ham hai solâh sau panihâr, jî.
 Un chhelân kî gorîyân, karhâ ke aswârî,
 Tere bargo un ke charvedâr, jî !"
 "Kâho kâ terâ gharî, jî ?
- 900 Kâhe kâ terâ dol, jî ?
 Kâhe kâ leju inđvî, pânî ke bharnowâlî ?
 Kyâ, Râni, terâ mol, jî ?"
 "Sone kâ merâ gha.â, sun, karhâ ko aswârî :
 Rûpe kâ merâ dol, jî.
- 890 I am the Râjâ of Nalkot!*"

Said Dhol ; what said he ? "O company of maidens,

I will beat you till your skins crack !

Eight wells, nine cisterns and 1,600 water-bearers !†

The son of Râjâ (Nal) asks, whose wives are ye ?"
- 895 "Eight wells, nine cisterns there are, hear camel-rider,

And we are 1,600 water-bearers,

We are the loves of those, camel-rider,

Who have servants like thee."
- "Of what are your pitchers ?
- 900 Of what your buckets ?

Of what your ropes and pads,‡ ye bearers of water ?

What is thy value, Lady ?"

"Golden is my pitcher, hear, camel-rider :

Silver is my bucket.

* i.e., Narwargarh.

† The badinage that follows is quite *de rigueur* between the bride-groom and the bride's companions.

‡ See Vol I., p. 542.

- 905 Ratan jatan kī ṇḍvī, sun, karhā ke aswārā :
 Resham kī ḍor, jī :
 Lākh take mahārā mol, jī !"
 " Miṭhī kā tumbhārā garbā, sun, pānī bharnewālī :
 Saḥī chamṛī kā tumbhārā ḍol, jī :
- 910 Ghās phūs kī ṇḍvī, pānī kī bharnewālī.
 Thārā kānī kaurī mol, jī !"
 Sunke bāt Rewā Mālī kī kare jawāb :
 " Bāwēn pair terā pānchā bhījā, karhā ke aswārā :
 Apnā pāejā* lenā sambhāl, jī."
- 915 Apnā pāejā Rājā ne līā uṭhāc :
 Sab ko giā padam to dekh, jī.
 Bolī Rewā kyā ? " Suno, Rājā, merī bāt :
 Sahelton meṇ se Mārwan le pahichān, jī."
 Bole Ḍhol, " Tum suno, pānī kī bharnewālī ;
- 920 Tam sun lo merī bāt, jī.
-
- 905 Jewelled my pad, hear, camel-rider :
 Silken is my rope :
 A hundred thousand pieces my value !"
 " Earthen is thy pitcher, hear, water-carrier :
 Rotten leather thy bucket.
- 910 Grass thy pad, water-carrier :
 A *kaurī* thy value !"
 Hearing this said Rewā the gardener's daughter :
 " Thy left leg is wet, camel-rider,
 Look to thy drawers."
- 915 The Rājā pulled up his drawers
 And they all saw the lotus (mark†).
 What said Rewā ? " Hear, my words, Rājā.
 Choose out Mārwan from among her companions."
 Said Ḍhol ! " Hear, thou water-bearer,
- 920 Hear my words.

* For *pāe-jāma*.

† Evidently one of the " signs" of this hero.

- Karhâ charhke main baithûn, sun, pâni bharnewâlî,
 Mere sâmhne ko sab lakh jâo, jî.
 Main lûngâ, Mârwan ko lûngâ, pahchân, jî."
 Charhke karhâ, pâr karhâ ho giâ Nal Râjâ kâ betâ.
 925 Tîn sau sâth saheliân Mârwan kî,
 Woh lakhen karhâ ke pâr, jî.
 Jab âi Rânî Mârwan, âi karhâ ke pâr,
 Karhâ ne ger diê jhâg, jî.
 Bole Râjâ Dhol, "Tîn sau sâth saheli, jî,
 930 'Tum suno merî bân, jî.
 Aglî se pichhlî Mârwan nâr, jî!"
 Bole saheliân, "Sun, Râjâjî, bân:
 Kîtne kâ terâ karhâ hai, jî?
 Kitnî kî terî jân, jî?"
 935 Bole Dhol, "Tum kyâ kaho, solâh sau panihârî?
 Main araz karûn, suno man lâo, jî.
 Nau lakh kâ yeh karhâ, suno, tum sârî saheli,

- I will mount my camel, hear water-bearer,
 And do you all pass before me,
 And I will choose, I will choose out Mârwan."
 So the son of Râjâ Nal mounted his camel and stood,
 925 While the 360 maids of Mârwan
 Went past the camel.
 When Princess Mârwan came, came to the camel,
 It bowed down.
 Said Râjâ Dhol, "Ye 360 maidens,
 930 Hear ye my words,
 The maid before the last is Mârwan!"
 Said the maids, "Hear our words, Sir Râjâ,
 What is thy camel worth?
 What thy life?"
 935 Said Dhol, "What are you saying, ye 1,600 water
 bearers?
 I answer you, listen carefully:
 Nine lakhs for my camel, hear, all ye maids,

- Aṭhārāh lākh kī jān, jī !”
 Bolī sahelīān, “ Sun, karhā ke aswārā,
 940 Hamārī suntā kyūn nahīn bāt, jī ?”
 “ Do kauṛī kā terā karhā, sun, karhā ke aswārā,
 Terī tīn kauṛī kī jān, jī !”
 “ Terī Mālī kī zāt hai, sun, Rewā Mālī kī,
 Tū to kare kare jawāb, jī !”
 945 Bole Rewā, “ Rājā, tū kyā kahe ‘ Mālī’ Mālī kī ?
 Mere se kaise kare jawāb, jī ?
 Karhā ko leke jāīyo Pingal kī Kachahrī, jī:
 Mārke tīr kaṭorī ko utār lo, jī:
 Kachahrī ko āīyo, jīt, jī.
 950 Us Kachahrī ko jītke Kālī Bāghon meñ jūe ;
 Wahān jāīyo nāg ko mār, jī.
 Khaskhas ke bangalā meñ jāīyo baith, jī.”

- Eighteen *lākhs* for my *life* !”
 Said the maids, “ Hear camel-rider,
 940 Why hearest thou not our words ?
 Two *kaurīs* for thy camel, hear camel-rider,
 Three *kaurīs* for thy life !”
 “ Thou art but a gardener, hear, Rewā, thou Gardener’s
 daughter,
 And thou givest sharp answers !”
 945 Said Rewā, “ Rājā, why sayest ‘ Gardener’ to the Gar-
 dener’s daughter ?
 How is my answer sharp ?
 Go take thy camel to Pingal’s Court
 And shoot down the three cups with thy arrow,*
 And go and win before the Court.
 950 Winning before the Court go into the Black Garden,
 And slay the serpent there,
 And go and stay in the thatched house.”

* A favorite ordeal on these occasions.

- Charhke karhâ ko chal paṛâ Nal Râjâ kâ kanwar, jî :
 Chalâ Kachahrî ko jâe, jî.
- 955 Tarkash kanî nikâlke, jî pare takâe, jî :
 Joṛke kanî katorî ke dîtâ mâr, jî.
 Girke katorî niche âve Kachahrî ke mân, jî.
 Nâ koî doâ salâm kare Nal Râjâ kâ beṭâ :
 Ka hâ Kachahrî ke bâr, jî.
- 960 Bole Pingal, " Sun, karhâ ke aswârâ, jî,
 Cheṛhke karhâ ko jâiye Kâlî Bâghoñ meñ.
 Tere barge Dhol bahot âve, karhâ ke aswârâ.
 Dhaske karhâ cheṛhtâ Nal Râjâ kâ Dholâ,
 Woh to Kâlî Bâghoñ meñ jâe, jî.
- 965 Kâlî Bâghoñ meñ âutâ Nal Râjâ kâ beṭâ,
 Âve darwâzâ ke mân, jî.
 Wahânṁ derâ lagâ dîâ Nal Râjâ ke bete ne.
 Âdhî rât naukanḍh gaî, Thâkur Thâkur merâ,
 Nikalâ wahân se sâmp, jî.

- Mounting his camel the son of Râjâ Nal
 Went in the Court.
- 955 Taking an arrow out of his quiver, he took aim,
 Letting fly the arrow he hit the cups.
 Down fell the cups into the midst of the Court.
 The son of Râjâ Nal would salute no one,
 Standing at the door of the Court.
- 960 Said Pingal, " Hear, thou camel-rider,
 Spur on thy camel into the Black Garden.
 Many Dhols likḥ thee have come, thou camel-rider.
 Dhol, the son of Râjâ Nal, spurred on his camel,
 And went into the Black Garden.
- 965 The son of Râjâ Nal went into the Black Garden,
 And entered the gate.
 The son of Râjâ Nal took up his abode there.
 At midnight at the dead of night, O my God, my God,
 Out came the serpent.

- 970 Rājā Dhol ke ānkh khul gae, jī.
 Khandā sūtke pānch chār tukre banā diē, jī :
 Dhāl ke nichhe dabāntā Nal Rājā kā Dholā.
 Barī fajar pahrā nūr kā, sun, Gobind, Gobind merā,
 Dhol chalā khaskhas ke bangalā ko jāe, jī.
- 975 Khaskhas bangalā ko āutā Nal Rājā kā Dholā :
 Woh to chalā bāghon meñ jāe.
 Parke rahā, jī, soe, jī.
 Shām parī, din dhul giā, Prabhū, Prabhū merā ;
 Chal kūneñ pe āutā Nal Rājā kā Dholā.
- 980 Nhāve dhoe tilak lagāve, Karte ko shīsh niwāve, jī,
 Baithā palothī mār, jī.
 Pahar bhar rain bīt gaf Nal Rājā ke bete ko :
 Pinjrā kī kul khol dī sherbān ne, jī.
 Sher khaskhas ke bangalā ko āve, jī.
- 985 Paidā Kartā manā līā Nal Rājā ke bete ne.
- 970 Rājā Dhol opened his eyes,
 Taking out his sword he cut it into four or five pieces.
 And Dhol, the son of Rājā Nal, hid it under his shield.
 In the early morn at the hour of dawn, hear, my God,
 my God,
 Dhol went into the thatched house.
- 975 Coming out of the thatched house Dhol, the son of Rājā Nal,
 Went into the Garden.
 He lay down and slept.
 It was evening and the day declined, O my God,
 my God,
 And Dhol, the son of Rājā Nal, went to the well,
- 980 Washed and bathed, put on his (sectarial) marks and
 bowed his head to the Creator,
 And sat him at his ease.
 A watch of the night passed over the son of Rājā Nal,
 When the keepers opened the locks of the (tiger's) cage.
 The tiger went to the thatched house.
- 985 He worshipped his Creator, did the son of Rājā Nal ;

- Pahilâ bâth lagautâ Nal Râjâ kâ Dholâ,
 Sher ke tukre kar dîe do, jî.
 Paṛke woh so rahâ, jî, Nal Râjâ ka betâ, jî.
 Pahar bhar rain rah gai, Prabhû mere Ṭhâkur ;
 990 Chale shernî jâe, jî.
 *Baithî mahiloñ men dekhtî Rânî Mârwan.
 Bolî sahelî, " Rânijî Mârwan, jî,
 Râjâ Dhol ko yeh mâr de shernî khud âke .
 Woh to sote ko deve mâr, jî.
 995 Is shernî ko de mâr, jî, Rânî Mârwan."
 Ger kamand niche utar gai Rânî Mârwan :
 Woh to âve bâghoñ ke mân, jî.
 Sûtke khaṇḍâ le lîâ Rânî Mârwan :
 Us ne bâth men le lî dhâl.
 1000 Paidâ Kartâ manâ lîâ Rânijî Mârwan ;
 Sûtke khaṇḍâ jaisî mâtî Rânî Mârwan,
 Shernî kar dîe tukre do, jî.

- And Dhol, the son of Râjâ Nal, at his first blow
 Cut the tiger in two.
 Then the son of Râjâ Nal laid him down to sleep
 A watch of the night passed, O my God, my God,
 990 When the tigress came.
 Sitting in her palace Princess Mârwan saw her.
 Said a maid, " O Princess Mârwan,
 This tigress will herself slay Râjâ Dhol ;
 As he is sleeping she will slay him.
 995 Do thou slay this tigress, Princess Mârwan "
 Throwing down a (scaling) ladder Princess Mârwan
 went down,
 And went into the Garden.
 Princess Mârwan drew her sword,
 And took a shield in her hand.
 1000 Princess Mârwan called on her Creator,
 And as Princess Mârwan struck with her sword
 The tigress fell in two pieces.

Pakar kamand charh gal Râni Mârwan ;
Chali mahil ko jâe jî.

- 1005 Barî fajar, pahrâ nûr kâ, jî.
Boli saheli, " Sun, Râni Mârwan,
Is Dhole ko jagâe mahil men kûn, jî."
Chali sahelân bâgh men ;
Bolen sahelân, " Nal Râjâ ke Dholâ,
1010 Tû suntâ kyûn nahin bât, jî ?
Bahot soyâ, uth jâg, jî :
Karbâ apnâ tayyâr karo, Nal Râjâ ke Dholâ.
Râjâ, chalo Kachahrî ko mân, jî,
Pingal Râjâ pe jâyo, karo us se do bât, jî."
1015 Apnâ karbâ singartâ Nal Râjâ kâ Dholâ :
Jotish-rûp* manâeke lûâ karbâ pe aswâr, jî.
Charh karbâ ko âutâ Nal Râjâ kâ kanwar, jî,

Seizing the (scaling) ladder Princess Mârwan went
up it,
And entered the palace.

- 1005 It was early morn at the hour of dawn.
Said a maiden, " Hear, Princess Mârwan,
I will awaken Dhol and bring him to the palace."
The maidens went into the Garden
And said the maidens, " Dhol, son of Râjâ Nal,
1010 Why hearest not our words ?
Thou hast slept much, now wake up,
And make ready thy camel, Dhol, son of Râjâ Nal.
Go, Râjâ, into the Court,
Go to Râjâ Pingal and speak to him."
1015 Getting ready his camel, Dhol, the son of Râjâ Nal,
Called on God and mounted his camel.
Mounting his camel went the son of Râjâ Nal

- Usî Kachahrî ke mân, jî.
 Jai jawâhir kare Râjâ Dholâ,
 1020 Bole Pingal, " Sun, Mahârâjâ Dholâ,
 Kis desân se âunâ ? Kya hai terâ nâm ?"
 " Narwargarh se â gîâ ; Râjâ Dholâ merâ nâm.
 Sangaldîp ko â gîâ, sun, Râjâ Pingal,
 Mujhe Rânî milan kâ jog, jî.
 1025 Sârî chaukiân sarkârî, sun, Râjâ Pingal,
 Chaukiân ko âyâ mâr, jî.
 Terâ hukm sab birt rahâ, Râjâ Pingal,
 Mujhe kyâ kuchh degâ jawâb, jî."
 " Apnâ pâûn kâ kaprâ uthâ le, Nal Râjâ ke betê ;
 1030 Main lûn nishânî dekh, jî."
 Apnâ kaprâ uthâ lîâ, Nal Râjâ ke betê ne :
 Pair padam us kâ dekhtâ Râjâ Pingal,
 Mâthe meñ chandar mân, jî.
 Bole Pingal, " Râjâ Dholâ, jâo mahil ke bîch, jî."

- Into the Court
 When Râjâ Dhol made his salute
 1020 Said Pingal, " Hear, Râjâ Dhol
 Whence comest thou ? What is thy name ?"
 " I am come from Narwargarh ; Râjâ Dhol is my name.
 I am come to Sangaldîp, hear, Râjâ Pingal,
 I am desirous of meeting the Princess.
 1025 All thy guards, hear, Râjâ Pingal,
 I have defeated and am come.
 I have obeyed thy commands,* Râjâ Pingal,
 Make me an answer."
 " Draw up the clothes of thy leg, thou son of Râjâ Nal,
 1030 I will then see the signs."
 He drew up his clothes, did the son of Râjâ Nal,
 And Râjâ Pingal saw the lotus on his feet
 And the moon on his forehead.
 Said Pingal, " Râjâ Dhol go into the palace."

* To come here.

- 1035 Chalke mahilon ko autâ Nal Râjâ kâ betâ ;
 Karhâ ko diâ bâghon men chhor, jî !
 Nhâve dhoe, tilak lagâutâ Nal Râjâ kâ Dholâ ;
 Karte ko shîsh niwâ, jî.
 Pânchoñ lâve bastar Nal Râjâ kâ Dholâ ;
- 1040 Pânchoñ lâve hathiyâr, jî.
 Khilwat-khânâ men jâ barâ Nal Râjâ kâ Dholâ ;
 Woh to khilwat-khânâ men jâe, jî.
- Barî jo thî saheli Hirâ Mâlî kî,
 Us kâ thâ Rewâ nâm, jî !
- 1045 Battis abran sârtî Rewâ Mâlî kî :
 Râjâ Dhol pe Mârwan banke jâe, jî.
 Sej par jaisâ baiṭhâ Nal Râjâ kâ betâ,
- 1035 The son of Râjâ Nal went into the palace,
 And left his camel standing in the garden.
 He bathed and washed and put on his (sectarial) mark,
 did Dhol the son of Râjâ Nal,
 And bowed his head to the Creator.
 Putting on the five garments,* Dhol, the son of Râjâ
 Nal,
- 1040 Put on the five arms.†
 And Dhol, the son of Râjâ Nal, went into the private
 apartments ;
 He went into the private apartments.
- The chief (of Mârwan's) maidens was the daughter of
 Hirâ, the Gardener,
 Her name was Rewâ.
- 1045 Rewâ, the Gardener's daughter, put on the 32 ornaments
 And went to Râjâ Dhol as Mârwan.
 The son of Râjâ Nal sat on the couch

* i.e., full-dress.

† i.e., fully armed.

- Patel-soz jaisī bāltī Rewā Mālī kī.
 Chālī Rājā ke pās, jī,
 1050 Sewā meñ ānkar phirī ās pās, jī.
 Pāen ko kharī hove Rewā Mālī kī,
 Rājā sirbāne ko phire mūñh, jī.
 Hāth joṛ kare bintī Rājā se :
 " Main kar rahī terī ās, jī."
 1055 " Main Rājā kā betā ; sun, Rewā Mālī kī,
 Mujhe rājāon-wālī karnī rīt, jī !"
 Itnī bāt Dhol ne kabe, sun Rewā Mālī kī,
 Apne man men hūī udās, jī.
 Chalke Mārwan pe āutī Rewā Mālī kī,
 1060 Rānī se kare jawāb, jī .
 " Bārāh Khān ke yeh Dhol hai, jī :
 Kīsī kī nahīn suntā bāt, jī !"
 " Battīs abran sārke, larkī Sunār kī,

- And Rewā, the Gardener's daughter, lit the torch.
 She went to the Rājā
 1050 And wandered about him, doing him service.
 Rewā, the Gardener's daughter, stood at the foot of the
 couch
 And the Rājā turned his face towards the head.
 With joined hands she besought the Rājā :
 " I remain in hopes of thee."
 1055 " I am a King's son ; hear, Rowā, thou Gardener's
 daughter,
 I can but love the daughters of kings !"
 Hearing these words of Dhol, Rowā, the Gardener's
 daughter,
 Was abashed in her heart.
 Rewā, the Gardener's daughter, went to Mārwan,
 1060 And spake to the Princess :
 " Dhol is lord of twelve lords,
 And listeneth to none !"
 (Said Mārwan), " Thou Goldsmith's daughter, put on
 the 32 jewels,

- Tum jâo Dhol ke pās, jī.”
- 1065 Battīs abran sārke Sunār kī larkī,
 Âve Dhol ke pās, jī.
 Chal sejân pe âve Sunār kī larkī ;
 Dekh sūrat ko boltâ Nal Rājâ kâ betâ :
 “ Bhalâ chāhe, tū jâo, tum Rânī kī saheli,
 1070 Tum jâo mahil se bâhir, jī.”
 Mâre sharam âutī larkī Sunār kī,
 Woh to âve Rânī ko bâr, jī.
 “ Betâ hai Râjpût kâ ; sun, Rânī Mârwan,
 Woh to kisī kī nahîn mânī bāt, jī.”
- 1075 Pahilâ pahrâ nūr kâ, sun, Thâkur Thâkur merâ,
 Woh Târwan kare jawâb, jī :
 Battīs abran sārke Rânī Târwan,
 Âve Dhol ke pās, jī :
 Bolī Rânī Târwan, “ Nal Rājâ ke betē,
 1080 Tū suntâ kyûn nahîn bāt, jī ?
- And go thou to Dhol.”
- 1065 The Goldsmith's daughter put on the 32 jewels
 And went to Dhol.
 The Goldsmith's daughter went up to his couch,
 Seeing what she was spake the son of Rājâ Nal :
 “ If thou seek thy good, go, thou maid of the Princess,
 1070 Go thou without my palace.”
 The Goldsmith's daughter went away abashed,
 And went to the Princess's door, (and said),
 “ This is a Rajpût's son ; hear, Princess Mârwan,
 He listeneth to none ”
- 1075 At the first hour of dawn, hear, my God, my God,
 Spake Târwan :
 She put on the 32 jewels, did the Princess Târwan,
 And went to Dhol :
 Spake the Princess Târwan, “ O son of Rājâ Nal,
 1080 Why hearest not my words ?

- Tîn dafâ main â chukî, Nal Râjâ ke betê,
 Ât tere pâs, jî.”
 “Sangaldîp kî padmanî tum sab sahelî.
 Tumharî sab kî ik hî nihâr, jî.
 1085 Jo chitthî mujh ko likhkar bhejî thî, jî,
 Us kâ hâl sunâ de, jab main jânûn Mârwan.”
 Bolî Târwan, “Sun, Râjâ Dholâ,”—
 Râjâ se kare jawâb, jî,—
 “Ham Rajpûtân kî betiân, jî.
 1090 Ham nahîn kartî pardâ fûsh, jî.
 Motâ chalan tere des kâ, jî :
 Motî dekhî châl, jî :
 Aur Rajpûtân kî betiân, jî,
 Kyûn aveñ tere pâs, jî,”
 1095 “Koi dohrâ apnâ likhâ sunâ dêiye, jî,
 Jab main jânûn Mârwan, jî !
 Jab mere dil ko âve karâr, jî !”

- Three times have I come, thou son of Râjâ Nal,
 Have I come to thee.” (Said he),
 “Ye are all the maidens of the beauty of Sangaldîp.
 Ye all bear the same form ;
 1085 The letter that was sent to me,
 Who can tell it me, will I know to be Mârwan.”
 Said Târwan, “Hear, Râjâ Dhol,”—
 Spake she to the Râjâ,—
 “We are Râjpût’s daughters,
 1090 We observe the rule of seclusion.
 Unmannerly are the ways of thy land,
 Unmannerly is thy gait.
 And other Râjpût’s daughters :—
 Would they come to thee ?”
 1095 “Sing me some verses of thine own,
 And I will know thee for Mârwan !
 And my heart will be satisfied !”

- Ho dilgîr chal pañ Râni Târwan, jî.
 Bolî Târwan, "Suno, sab sahelîo, jî;
 1100 Nâ chûke talwâr se Râjâ kâ betâ;
 Nâ chûke tîr se, jî:
 Woh to degâ ik hî rastâ kâdh, jî.
 Battîs abran sâr le, Bahin Mârwan;
 Solâh solâh le singâr, jî."
- 1105 Patel-soz balke Râni Mârwan
 Âve Râjâ Dhol ke pâs, jî.
 Râni Mârwan jûn dekhâ jûn korâ kûneñ ke bâr:
 Angan sūkhe bājrá, bhû meñ sūkhe jawâr:
 Râni sūkhe pîû kî, bare mard kî nâr.
 1110 Basar rahî, basâr die, basâr, basâr!
 Râni sej charhî dekhî, jî,
 Jûn kûneñ pe dekhê panihâr!
 "Mujhe takmâ tere nâm kâ, rakhîye nâm kî tek!

- Princess Târwan went away abashed.
 Spake Târwan, "Hear, O ye maids:
 1100 "This king's son failed not with the sword,
 Nor failed with the arrow.
 He will treat us all alike.*
 So put on the 32 jewels, Sister Mârwan;
 Put on the 16 ornaments."
 1105 Lighting the torch, the Princess Mârwan
 Went up to Râjâ Dhol.
 Princess Mârwan gazed at him, like a thirsty woman
 at a well.
 The millet dried in the yard, the millet dried in the field;
 The Princess pined for her love, the great warrior's wife.
 1110 Forgotten was she, forgotten, forgotten, forgotten!
 The Princess sat on the couch, and looked
 As a water-bearer looks at a well!
 (Said she), "My hope is in thy name, my trust is in thy
 name!

* i.e., punish us.

- Tîn sau sâth Dhol banke â gae, jî :
- 1115 Dîe bâgh se nikâl, jî.”
 Pakaṛ kalijâ baith gaî Râjâ ke pâs :
 Woh to gaî sejâñ pe baith, jî ;
 Dîe chaupur bichhâe, jî.
- Khilwat-khânâ meñ baithâ Nal Râjâ kâ beṭâ ;
- 1120 Woh khilwat-khânâ meñ jâeñ, jî.
 Bole Dhol, “ Sun, Rânî, merî bâṭ,
 Narwargarh ko chal paṛo, suno hamârî bâṭ.”
 Baṛî fajar pahra nûr kâ mâtâ se aur sahelon se kare
 jawâb :
 Bolî mâtâ, “ Dîn jahez le lo, jâiyo Dhol ke sâth.”
- 1125 Râjâ Dhol karhâ pe hûe sawâr :
 Chalke âe Narwargarh ke mân,
 Tore nukâre bajen Narwargarh ke mân,
 Wahân ho rahe mangalchâr !
- Sham Dhols 360 have come
- 1115 And I turned them out of my garden.”
 Taking him by the waist the Princess sat beside him :
 Sat beside him on his couch,
 And they laid the *chaupur*-board.
- Dwelling in the private apartments, the son of Râjâ Nal,
- 1120 Went into the private apartments.
 Said Dhol (to Mârwan), “ My Queen, hear my words,
 Let us go to Narwargarh, hear my words.”
 In the early morn at the hour of dawn she spake to her
 mother and her maids.
 Answered her mother, “ Take thy dowry and go with
 Dhol.”
- 1125 Râjâ Dhol mounted his camel
 And went to Narwargarh.
 The drums sounded in Narwargarh
 And there were rejoicings !

No. XXXII.

RĀJĀ RATTAN SAIN OF CHITTAUR, AS TOLD BY A BARD FROM THE KAPURTHALĀ STATE.

[This story is a very garbled version of the well known Rājput legend of the sack of Chittaur by 'Alāu'ddīn Khiljī in 1303 A.D. The accepted version is given at length by Tod, *Rajasthan*, Vol. I., pp 202 ff, in his usual magniloquent fashion.]

[The story shortly is this. During the reign of Rānā Lakam Sain, Chittaur was attacked by 'Alāu'ddīn under the following circumstances:—Bhīm Sain, the uncle of the Rānā, had married Padmanī, the daughter of Hamīr Singh Sisodhiā, of whose beauty 'Alāu'ddīn had heard, and whom he determined to possess. He accordingly entrapped Bhīm Sain into his camp and made his release conditional on the surrender of Padmanī. It was then agreed that Padmanī should be sent accompanied by her maidens, but they were to go in their *ḡoldās* or covered palanquins. Seven hundred *ḡoldās* were sent, but they contained armed men, and the bearers also were armed men. Bhīm Sain was given half an hour to bid farewell to Padmanī, of which he took advantage to escape to Chittaur, while a fierce fight took place between the Rājputs under Gaurā and Bādal, Padmanī's relatives, and the troops of 'Alāu'ddīn, after which 'Alāu'ddīn had to raise the siege. This is said to have taken place in 1275 A.D., an impossible date, as 'Alāu'ddīn did not begin to reign till 1295 A.D., and took Chittaur in 1303.]

[This expedient of using the *ḡoldās* of a marriage procession to conceal an armed force was successfully performed by Nawāb Mūsā Khān Baloch of Farrukhnagar, in recovering his principality from the officials of Rājā Ranjīt Singh of Bharatpūr (1768-1806 A.D.) He filled the *ḡoldās* of a large marriage procession with armed men and reached a fort called Shāhjahān-Abād, about 8 kos from Farrukhnagar, and full of Ranjīt Singh's troops. They all came out unarmed to look on at the sham procession and were therefore easily overpowered, and having possession of the fort, the Nawāb recovered Farrukhnagar and held it till his death.]

[The story of Padmanī, or Padmāvatī as she is also called, has given rise to much popular literature. There is a *Qissa-i-Padmāvat* in Persian verse by Hussain Ghaznavī and in Hindī verse by Malik Muḥammad Jīst, and a *Tuhfatul-Qulūb* in Persian prose by Bāt Gobind, dated 1653 A.D., translated into Urdu verse in 1796 by Mīr Zīā'ud-dīn 'Ibrat and Ghulām 'Alī 'Ishrat.]

QISSA RÂJÂ RATTAN SAIN, PISAR RÂJÂ CHITWAN
SAIN, WÂLÎ CHITTAURGARH.

Bayân kiâ giâ hai, ki Shâh Ghorî ke 'ahid men Râjâ Rattan Sain hukumrân thâ, chunânche mabâin donoñ ke Chittaurgarh men Râvî Nadî par jang hûî, jis men Ghorî Shâh ne Râjâ Rattan Sain ko maghlûb kiâ, aur qilu' Chittaurgarh par qâbiz hûâ. Is waqt' a ko 'arsa takhmînan chûr sau baras kâ hûâ.

Shimrûn Sâhib apnâ; dhan Âd* Kanwârî !

Orh dushûlâ Rattan Sain gadî kî tayyârî.
Lâkhe Shâh† Diwân ne jhuk nazar guzârî.
"Lâ padmâwat Padmanî woh nâr hamârî!"

- 5 Itnî sunke Rattan Suin tan lagî katârî.
"Hat, re Baniye ! pare ho ! karo rîs hamârî !
Kaun kaun Bâman Baniye biyâh lâe sab nârî ?
Ab chalûngâ Sangaldîp ko tujhe lâ dûn Baniyânî."
Garh se niche utar giâ Diwân hazârî :
10 Garh niche utarke soch bichârî.

- Lâkhe Shâh Diwân Bhûre pe âyâ.
Hâth jor mujrâ kiâ, jhuk sîs niwâyâ.
"Tû beṭâ Râjâ Shâm kâ : tû bage siwâyâ !
Râjâ ghar janamke kyûn lâhnâ lâyâ ?
15 Sangaldîp kî Padmanî Râjâ biyâh kar lâyâ.
Hor ghanî se kyâ likhûn ? Pânî kyûn na pâyâ ?"
Itnî sun Bhûre ne jhaṭ 'araz lagâî :
"Ham bhâî ik haiñ, hamârî qismat niyâri :
Jo Padmâwat khûs len jâ lâj hamârî."
20 Garh se niche diâ utâr Diwân hazârî.

Diwân ne bhagwe rang lie, kapre alfî dârî.
Aṭak langh, Kâbul gae Diwân hazârî.

* For Aditi: observe the mixture of Hindî and Musalmân expressions here.

† For Sâh.

- Âge baiṭhe Ghorī Bādshāh Kachahrī sārī :
 Lākhe Shāh Diwān ne jhuk nazar guzarī.
- 25 " Chaṛh, jo Ghorī Bādshāh, thārī kalā sawārī !"
 Itnī sun Ghorī Shāh ne jhat āraj* lagāī :
 " Kitnā qilā' Chittaur kā ? kitnā bastār ?"
 " Bādshāh, bārāh kos meṁ dhare niyo hissār.
 Tin lākḥ Chittaur meṁ bāndhe talwār !
- 30 Chandah sai charkhe qila' par kare māro mār.
 Baseṁ mahājan, bāniye, bare sāhūkār :
 Motī, mohar, jawāhir kā karen baranj beopār."
 Itnī sunke Bādshāh dil meṁ ghabarāe.
 " Mere Allah-dīn Alāu'ddīn,
- 35 Nār begāne dekhke na khoḍ dīn !"
 " Hain Rājā Chittaur ke bare mard shauqīn :
 Hamāre mard ghore ko kāt ke bhar denge zīn :"
 Kahte Ghorī Bādshāh mere Allah-dīn.
 Itnī sun Lākhe Shāh ne jhat arāj† lagāī :
- 40 " Chaṛh jāo tum Chittaur par thārī kalā sawāl."
 Itnī sunke Bādshāh thūmak bajwāl.
 Sāt lākḥ chaṛh giā Mughal sipāhī :
 Manzilon manzilon chalke Chittauron āe.
- Jabḥī to Ghorī Bādshāh parwānā likhwāe :
- 45 Sharfū Qāzī khat likhe kar 'aqal shahūr.
 " Tum sun, Kābul ke Bādshāh, kyūn ban rahā hosh ?"
 " Bich meṁ," likhe, " Gangē jalī, āpar," likhe, " Qurān :
 Main ātā terī mulāqāt, tere darshan pāūn.
 Mujhe Sangaldīp kā bhod de, main chaṛhkar jāūn :
- 50 Sangaldīp ke bhūp sardār ko pakarḥkar lāūn."
 Itnī sunke Rattan Sain phardī mangwāl :
 Khat likh Rattan Sain kar 'aqal shahūr.
 Khat likh Rattan Sain kar 'aqal shahūr :
 " Tū sun, Kābul ke Bādshāh, kyūnkas rahā behosh ?
- 55 Tere kanion lag rahe chughalkhor, Dillī ke dūt.
 Bhāle chāhiye, tū Bādshāh, dere ko kar jā kūch."

* For 'aras.

† See above line 26.

- Itni sunke Bādshāh mārī jhat phūk.
 “ Milnā hai to mil jā, nahīn dere ko kar jā kūch.”
 Itni sunke Rattan Sain tājan purwāe,
 60 Ghorī Bādshāh ke dalān meñ chalkar āe.
 Āge baiṭhe Ghorī Bādshāh, jhuk sīs niwāe.
 Hānske bole Bādshāh, līe pās biṭhāe.
 Chaupur sār mangāe ke shatranj khilāe.
 Bāñh pakarke le bare tambā ke mālīn.
 65 Pairoñ meñ pās berīñ, gal tauq parāhe.
- Abhe Rām Dīwān ko dhake dilwāe.
 Abhe Rām Dīwān garh andar āe :
 Mātā Rattan Sain kī kiwāron āī.
 “ Kit gae Rājā Rattan Sain hamāre, bhāī ?”
 70 Itni sunke Abhe Rām ne kūk machāī.
 “ Ham donoñ rokar bichare, Bādshāh ghar shādī !
 Thārā Rājā pakarā, Bādshāh ne naubat bājī !”
 Mātā Rattan Sain kī kiwāron lāgī.
 “ Kit Sanglā ? kit Sangaldīp ? kit biyāhī ?
 75 Āwandī na sobhā līā nī-bhāgan āī !
 Ab jidhar nūn terī khushī chāhe chālī jāe !”
 Itni sunke Padmanī bhar ānsū roī.
 Doli andar baiṭh gal jhāmar girwāe.
 Hāthoñ meñ līe paplī kamarān bandhwāī.
 80 Manziloñ manzilon chal parī Sibhijī pe āī :
 Sibhijī ke bachan lī chālī dewar pe āī.
 Hāth joṛ mujrā kīā, jhuk sīs niwāe.
 “ Dewar, nā godī, nā ungālī, merā piyā dūr.
 Mere Rājā ke band chhurā lā, tū dīkhe sharm huzār !”
 85 Itni sun Bhūrō ne dil hūe gharūr.
 “ Jā, bhāwaj, tū chale jā nere yā dūr.
 Mere bāp kā sir dīā kāt, chilān ne khāe.
 Tum ko bhī de milān Ghorī Shāh ke tān.”
 Itni sun Mātā Bhuro ki Rhure pe āī.
 90 “ Paṭṭā terī ’umar kā likhwākar nā lāe.
 Nau mahīne rakhā udard meñ, jīū kar bachāī :
 Tainūn ghuṭī dī na zahar kī tūn bachdā nahī !”

- “ Mâtâ, woh hî gharî kyûn gai bhûl kar rang bihâî ?
 Mere bap kâ sir kaṭ chîlân ko pae ?
 95 Mere bairî phans giâ dâû meñ, tu dîe hai chhurwâe !”
 “ Bachchâ, augun ûpar gun karo, jag meñ bhalâî.”
 Itnî sun Bhûrâ Mâtâ se kahe, “ Sun, mât, bāt.
 Jehî Râjâ ko pakarâe dūn Bâdshâh ke pās.”
 Itnî sun Bhûre kî Rânî Bhûre pe âî.
 100 Hâth joṛ mujrâ kiâ, jhuk sis niwâe.
 “ Râjâ, tum charkhâ le lo rangalâ, pîrhâ le lo lâl.
 Charkhe mere baiṭh jâo, gharwâ le nâth,
 Tum pahino merî chûriâñ, main nûn le âo hathiyâr !
 Main takṛî hoke jâ larûn Ghorî Bâdshâh ke sâth !
 105 Haude se haudâ bheṛ dūn, sir pareñ ajât judâ !
 Chaṛhnâ hai to chaṛh jâ, nahin de do sâf jawâb !”
 Itnî sunke Bhûre ke tan boli khâî.

- Bhûre Bâdal ne chauk meñ kachahrî lî :
 Badnî â gae Badan Singh kachahrî chhâo.
 110 Shâh* Mañdan â gae sâhûkâr sampûran bare bhâgi.
 “ Mere bawan dhajâen mâl ke, main sabhî tyâgi !
 Mere Râjâ ke band chhurâ lî, sab pûran lâge !”
 Itnî sun Bhûrâ Shâh Mañdan pe âyâ.
 Hâth joṛ mujrâ kiâ, jhuk sis niwâyâ.
 115 Bhûre se Mañdan kahe, “ Koî hikmat kîjo.
 Solâh sai dolâ liâ, singâr hâth guptî dîjo.
 Dolâ andar deo bihâe : kisi bhed na dîjo.
 Mânî Pûnî lohâr ko sâth lo lîjo.
 Mânâ Pûnâ bharen bhes terâ chândî sonâ :
 120 Jin kî chhaṭên ûper dhare anâr lîmû se gahnâ :
 Jin kî zuluf laṭakke bhare mâng motîn kî lachhî !”

- Solâh sai dolâ liâ singâr, sūn Sibh kî khâî.
 “ Yehî se haṭ jâyo gharân nûn, jis se nâr piyârî !
 Hamâre gail so chaṛhe bandhî dudhârî !”
 125 Itnî sun sūrme de rahe kalkâr :

- Ghorī Shāh ke dalān meṁ par gaī shor pukār.
 Jab hī Sharfū Qāzī ne jhaṭ mashlat joṛī :
 "Tām dīn duniyā ke Bādshāh chhūṭe Khudāe !
 Dole meṁ padmāwat hai nahīn padmanī bharāe !
 130 Doloṅ ke bāns saṛkde, kahār honkde āe !"
 Itnī sunke Bādshāh ne araj lagāi.
 "Doloṅ kī talāsh de de mere tāīn."
 Itnī sunke Bhūre ne jhaṭ araj lagāē.
 "Padmāwat* roī doli meṁ bhar āūsū āī.
 135 Rattan Sain ko dekhtī kāmān madāī māī.
 Rattan Sain ko bhej de dolaṅ ke māhīn."
 Itnī sunke Bādshāh Rājā pe āe :
 Jandā ṭor mahil kā Rājā khulwāe.
 Rājā chhuṭā mahil se jaisā chalā kebrī.
 140 Dekh Rājā dolaṅ ko bhar āūsū rove.
 "Mere jīwande dola kyūn dende lāj gaṅwāe ?
 Badlā ab yeh bāp kā tāīn lāī sajāe !"
 Itnī sunke Bhūre ne jhaṭ araj lagāī :
 "Mānān Pūnān ladī terī ab lāī gori.
 145 Dolaṅ āīn baīṭhke donān kī joṛī."
 Itnī sunke Rattan Sain dil āī hoshiyar.
 Dola andar jā parā jhāmar girwāe.
 Mānān Pūnān lohār se berī kaṭwāī.
 Jab hī Sharfū Qāzī ik mashlat joṛī.
 150 "Dola meṁ ṭhak ṭhak ho rahī, ghan bāje bathoṛī.
 Berī kaṭī Rajpūt kī ! Āī honī torī."
 Itnī sunke Rattan Sain kī turt ā gāī ghorī.
 Hanwe hāth, pair rikāb, jhaṭ jabar gaī ghorī.
 Sarsar māī koṛaī daurā dī ghorī.
 155 Wājān wājān dī rahī tā bāgān morī.
 Garh andar ā barā Rajpūt hazārī.
 Itnī sunke Bhūre ne jhaṭ ghorī pherī,
 Ghorī Shāh ke dalān jā bāgān morī.
 Doloṅ se kūde sūrme deke kalkār.

- 160 Ghorī Shāh ke dalān men pāī dhand ghubār.
 Golf chalī karākār, paṛe rahe sankār,
 Jaisī māī pawan kī kināī kāhī.
 Pānch hazār paṛā khet, gintī na pāī,
 Akelā Bhurā kyā kare lashkar ke darmiyān ?
- 165 Lekar ghorī jā paṛā lashkar ke darmiyān :
 "Tum men naushā kaun dal kē singār ?"
 Allāhdīn 'Alāu'ddīn karde do pahār :
 Haude se niche dīe ger, dēkē tar-kasār.
 Itnī sun Ghorī Bādshāh ne pakāre kumār.
- 170 Bhaṛbhaṛ māī giāsiyān Arjun se bān.
 Tīr mārā Bhūre Kanwar ko langhā diā pār.
 Ghorī se niche diā ger, kar tīrkahī sār.
- Rājā royā Rattan Sain deke kalkār.
 Faujān andar āu baṛī deke lalkār.
- 175 Ghorī Shāh ne dīe bāng namāz guzārī !
 Karō deotā gū naṭ iko bārī !
 Ghorī Shāh ke hūe fatāh kachahrī sārī.
 Itnī sun Padmāwat ne tan barchhī māī :
 Nārī thīn, sab mar gāin Chittaurōn māmīn !
- 180 Ghorī Shāh dekhā koī nazar na āīn !
 "Jhuthā re, Lākhe Shāh Dīwān ! Padmāwat koī na pāī !"
 Lāke jandā chal paṛe Chittaurōn māmīn :
 Chhat Banūr men āke dere dīe lagāe.
 Bādshāh wahān mar gū, makān līe pāe.

TRANSLATION.

THE STORY OF RĀJĀ RATTAN SAIN, THE SON OF RĀJĀ CHITWAN
 SAIN, LORD OF CHITTAURGARH.

It is said that in the days of the Ghorī* kings Rājā Rattan Sain was an independent prince, and there was war between them on the Rāvi River at Chittaurgarh, in which the Ghorī king conquered Rājā Rattan Sain, and took Chittaurgarh. This happened about 400 years ago.†

* For Ghorī read Khiljī throughout.

† 600 would be nearer the mark.

I worship my Lord and the Infinite Goddess !

Clothed in shawls Rattan Sain sat on his throne.
Lākhe Shāh, the Minister, bowed and made his (customary) gift, (and said) :

“ I would have the beautiful Padmanī to wife !”

- 5 Hearing this Rattan Sain was very wrathful (and said) :
“ Off, thou Merchant.* Be off ! Thou makest me angry.
Shall Brāhmans and Merchants marry all the women ?
I will go to Sangaldīp† and get thee a Merchant’s daughter.”

- The great Minister went down from the fort,
10 And going down he pondered (within himself).

Lākhe Shāh, the Minister, came to Bhûrā,‡
With joined hands he prayed forgiveness§ and bowed
his head.

(Said he), “ Thou art the son of Rājā Shām and the best
of all.

Born in the king’s house why art thou disgraced ?

- 15 The Rājā (Rattan Sain) hath wedded Padmanī of
Sangaldīp !
And what shall I say of his wealth ? Why hast thou not
received thy share ?”

Hearing this spake Bhûrā quickly :

“ We brothers are the same, but our fate is separate :
If I take away Padmanī, the shame will be mine.”

- 20 And he sent down the great Minister from the fort.

The Minister dyed his clothes of a red hue, and put on
a mendicant’s dress.||

* This means that Lākhe Shāh was a Baniyā, (merchant) by caste.

† See ante, p. 276.

‡ Rattan Sain’s brother.

§ For speaking : Oriental custom.

|| *Alī* is a sleeveless shirt worn by mendicants as a distinguishing mark.

Crossing the Aṭak (Indus) the great Minister went to Kâbul.

The Ghorî king was holding his Court:

Lākhe Shâh, the Minister, bowed and made his gift.

- 25 (Said he), "Start thy army, O Ghorî king, (to Chittaurgarh)."

Hearing this said the Ghorî king quickly :

"How large is Chittaur fort? What is its population?"

"O king, it is a large fort covering twelve *kos*.

Three *lākhs** of swords are there in Chittaur.

- 30 And fourteen hundred guns blaze forth.

Bankers and traders and great merchants dwell there,

And deal largely in pearls and coins and jewels."

Hearing this the king was astonished in his heart.

(Said the Court), "O Allah-dîn 'Alâuddîn,†

- 35 Lose not thy virtue over a strange woman."

(Said he), "The Rājās of Chittaur are men of luxury,

And my men shall fill their horses' saddles."

Thus spake the Ghorî king 'Alâuddîn,

And hearing said Lākhe Shâh quickly :

- 40 "Go thou with thy army to Chittaur."

Hearing this the king had the (war) drums beaten.

Seven *lākhs*‡ of Mughal soldiers advanced,

And stage by stage they reached Chittaur.

Then the Ghorî king sent a letter,

- 45 And Sharfû, the Qâzi, wrote the letter with discretion.

(And said) "Why be uneasy, thou King of Kâbul?"§

And he wrote, "The Ganges is between us, and above us is the Qurân ;||

I have come to visit thee and see thee (only),

- 50 That thou mayest tell me of Sangaldip, whither I would advance."

* i.e., 300,000!

† Meant for 'Alâ'uddîn Khiljî.

‡ i.e., 700,000!

§ This must be a blunder of the bard: the "King of Kâbul" is writing the letter

|| Apparently an oath.

- When Rattan Sain heard this he sent for paper,
 And Rattan Sain wrote a letter with discretion.
 Rattan Sain wrote a letter with discretion, (and said),
 "Hear, thou King of Kābul, why art thou uneasy?
 55 Beside thee are the tale-bearers, the spies of Dehlī,
 If thou wishest thy welfare march thou back."
 Hearing this the king forthwith exclaimed,
 "If thou wilt meet me meet me, or I will march back."
 Hearing this Rattan Sain got ready his mare
 60 And went to the Court of the Ghorī king.
 The Ghorī king was sitting there and he bowed his head.
 Smiling spake the king and sat him down beside him.
 Sending for a *chaupur* board they played at chess (!)*
 Then seizing (the Rājā) by the arms they took him into
 the great tent.
 65 They put fetters on his feet and an iron ring about his
 neck.

- Abhe Rām, the Minister,† was pushed away.
 And Abhe Rām, the Minister, went back into the fort,
 And went to the door of Rattan Sain's mother.
 (Said she), "Where went my Rājā Rattan Sain, friend?"
 70 Hearing this Abhe Rām raised a cry (and said):
 "We two were separated weeping while the king's
 household rejoiced!
 The king hath seized thy Rājā and is beating his drums
 (over it)!"
 The mother of Rattan Sain leant against the door, (and
 said):
 "Where is the Maid of Sangal? ‡ where is Sangaldīp?
 whence came the bride?
 75 Unfortunate§ art thou, that thy coming brought no
 happiness.

* For the bardic notion on such things see Vol II., p. 282.

† Who had accompanied him ‡ i.e., Padmanī.

§ This term implies a reproach.

- Go now whither thou mayest desire !”
 Hearing this Padmanî wept bitterly.
 She sat in her covered palanquin.
 She took a dagger in her hand and girded her loins.
- 80 Going stage by stage she reached (a temple of) Siva,
 And taking an oracle from Siva she went to her husband's younger brother.
 With joined hands she asked forgiveness and bowed her head (and said):
 “ Brother, nor chick nor child (is mine) and my husband is afar.
 Release the Râjâ, for thou seemest an honourable man !”
- 85 Hearing this Bhûrâ hardened his heart (and said):
 “ Go, sister, go where thou wilt.
 He cut off my father's head and the kites ate it.
 I will send thee too to the Ghorî king.”*
- Hearing this came his mother to Bhûrâ (and said):
- 90 “ I have no written prophecy as to thy length of life.
 I bore thee nine months in my womb, and saved thee alive.
 Would that I had poisoned thee, that thou hadst not lived !”
 “ Mother, hast thou forgotten that hour when thou wast made a widow ?
 When he cut off my father's head and gave it to the kites ?
- 95 My enemy is in trouble and thou wouldst have me save him !”
 “ My son, do good for evil, that it may be well with thee in the world.”
 Hearing this said Bhûrâ to his mother, “ Mother, hear me,
 I will let the king keep the Râjâ his captive.”
 Hearing this came Bhûrâ's wife to Bhûrâ ;

* And so dishonour thee.

- 100 With joined hands she craved his pardon and bowed her head (and said) :

“ Râjâ, take my painted spinning wheel, and take my red stool.

Sit down to my wheel and make thee a nose ring.

Take thou my bracelets and I will take thy arms !

I will be strong and fight the Ghorî king !

- 105 Elephant shall meet elephant and heads shall fly about !
If thou be going, go, or deny outright !”

Hearing this, her words sank into Bhûrû's heart.

Bhûrû and Bâdal held an assembly in the market-place.

Badnî and Badan Singh attended the assembly.

- 110 Shâh Maṇḍan, the richest of all the merchants, also came
(and said) :

“ I give up (for thee) my 52 bags of riches !

Expend them all to release my Râjâ !”

Hearing this came Bhûrû to Shâh Maṇḍan.

With joined hands he asked pardon, and bowed his head.

- 115 Said Shâh Maṇḍan to Bhûrû . “ Make this plan.

Take 1,600 palanquins (with you) and take secret arms
in your hands.

Seat yourselves within the palanquins and tell the secret
to none.

Take Mânâ and Pânâ, the iron-smiths, (as women) with
you ;*

And cover Mânâ and Pânâ with thy vesture of silver
and gold ;

- 120 And put limes and pomegranates on their breasts for
ornaments :

And fill their hanging locks with coral and pearls.”

They adorned 1,600 palanquins and took an oracle from

Śiva, (and said) :

“ Go hence to your homes, all ye that love your wives !

* *i.e.*, dressed up as women : observe the force of putting the names of these men into female forms in the text.

They that go with us must fasten on swords!"*

- 125 Hearing this the warriors raised a shout,
And the noise of it reached the Ghorî king's Court.
Whereon Sharfû, the Qâzî, quickly made remark :
" God hath made thee king of the world and the faith !
They are no fair maids and girls that fill the palanquins !
130 The poles of the palanquins creak and the bearers
breathe heavily !"

Hearing this spake the king :

" Search the palanquins for me."

Hearing this spake Bhûrâ quickly :

" Padmanî is weeping bitterly in her palanquin,

- 135 And when she sees Rattan Sain she will be filled with joy.
Send Rattan Sain into her palanquin."

Hearing this the king came to the Râjâ,

And breaking open the lock of the prison took the Râjâ out.

The Râjâ came like a lion out of his prison,

- 140 And seeing the palanquins his eyes filled with tears, (and
he said to Bhûrâ) :

" Why sent ye her in marriage here, whilst I was alive
to shame me ?

Thou hast taken full vengeance for thy father !"

Hearing this said Bhûrâ quickly :

" I have brought Mânâ and Pânâ,† thy beautiful darlings,

- 145 Sit down in the palanquin and meet them."

Hearing this Rattan Sain understood,

And went into the palanquin and put down the blinds.

Mânâ and Pânâ, the iron-smiths, cut off his fetters.

Then Sharfû, the Qâzî, made remark :

- 150 " There is a noise of hammering and clanking within the
palanquin !

The Râjpût's fetters are being cut ! Thy fate hath come,
(O king) !"

Hearing this Rattan Sain quickly came to his mare.

* As the enterprise is very dangerous.

† The names are still *female* in the text.

- Hand on saddle, foot in stirrup, quickly he mounted his mare.
 Striking her quickly with his whip he galloped off the mare.
- 155 They shouted out to him to turn back.
 The great Râjpût entered his fort.
 Hearing this* Bhûrâ quickly turned his mare,
 And turned on the Ghorî king's camp.
 The warriors leapt from the palanquins and gave a shout.
- 160 And there was a great slaughter in the Ghorî king's camp.
 The guns thundered forth and there was a great disturbance.
 As when the wind blows the scum (of a pond) to the bank.
 Five thousand fell on the field beyond counting,
 But what did Bhûrâ alone in the midst of an army ?
- 165 He took his mare into the midst of the camp, (saying) :
 " Who is the jewel† of the army among you ?"
 And he cut Allahdîn 'Alâu'ddîn‡ into two halves,
 And cast him down from his elephant with a stroke of his sword.
- Hearing this the Ghorî king seized his bow,
 170 And shot arrows forth like Arjuna.§
 An arrow struck the Prince Bhûrâ and went through him.
 And the blows, arrows, and swords threw him down from his mare.
- The Râjâ Rattan Sain wept and cried out.
 And the (king's) army entered the fort shouting ;
- 175 And the Ghorî king made the (Muhammadan) call to prayer !||

* Something probably omitted here. † *Lit* , bridegroom.

‡ The bard seems to think 'Alâu'ddîn to have been a personage apart from the " Ghorî" king, whereas they were really the same

§ The Pândava , allusion to the story of the *Mahâbhârata*

| A dreadful thing to happen in a Râjpût fort.

- And all at once the millions of (guardian) goddesses fled !
 The Ghorî king gained the victory over the whole Court.
 Hearing this Padmanî ran a spear through her body,
 And all the women that were in Chittaur died !*
- 180 And the Ghorî king could find not one (and said) :
 "Lâkhe Shâh, the Minister, was a liar ! I have found
 no Padmanî !"
 Putting his lock on Chittaur he set out,
 And rested at Chhat-Banûr,
 Where the king died and had a tomb erected to him.†

* Allusion to the well-known Râjpût ceremony of the *sâma*, or *jauhar*, or immolation of the women, before making the final sally, when it was no longer possible to save a place from destruction. The Râjpûts claim that a *jauhar* was performed on this occasion, and again at the second sack of Chittaur by Akbar in 1533.

† This place is probably meant for the Chach or Indus riverain tract of the Râwal Pindî District, just as the bard has placed Chittaur on the River Râvi. 'Alâu'ddin, as a matter of fact, was buried at Dehli in 1316 A.D.

No. XXXIII.

THREE VERSIONS OF SARWAN AND FARĪJAN, AS TOLD IN THE DEHLĪ AND KARNĀL DISTRICTS.

[Sarwan and Farijan is the usual name of a well known ballad widely sung in the Dehli, Gurgāñ, Karnāl, Hissār and Rohtak Districts. It is specially interesting as being a pure myth concocted within the last fifty years for what may be called political reasons, and because it bids fair to become a permanent legend among the people.]

[Farijan, Faridan, Farjār and Pharījan are vulgar forms of the name of Mr. William Fraser, formerly Political Resident at the Court of the Mughal Emperors of Dehli, who was murdered for personal spite at the instigation of Nawāb Shamsu'ddin Khān of Lohārū on the 22nd March 1835. The murder formed the subject of a judicial enquiry and the Nawāb was executed on the evidence on 3rd October 1835. He was a man of very dissolute character, and the people who best remembered him, were the courtezans of Dehli that lived on his gifts. These women for some time afterwards were in the habit of singing songs in his praise and are, no doubt, responsible for the concoction of the purely mythical story of Mr. Fraser's intrigue with Sarwan, a *samsadār's* or farmer's wife, at the hands of her outraged husband. Sir William Sleeman, who, in his *Rambles and Recollections of an Indian Official*, 1844, Vol. II., p. 210ff, gives a complete account of the murder of Mr. Fraser, says that songs in honor of Wazīr 'Alī the murderer of Mr. Cherry and others at Banāras in 1798 A.D. were sung by courtesans there twenty years after the massacre for the same reason.]

[The true story is that Mr. Fraser had practically brought up the Nawāb Shamsu'ddin Khān, and was so disgusted at his debauched and licentious proceedings when he grew to man's estate, that he at last refused to admit him to his house at Dehli, of which the Nawāb had previously had free use. This so exasperated him that he employed Karīm Khān and Uniyā, an associate and an old servant, to assassinate him. The opportunity offered on the night of the 22nd March 1835, when Mr. Fraser was returning from a party given by the Bājā of Kishangarh, and Karīm Khān shot him dead about eleven o'clock at night. Uniyā got wind of attempts that were to be made on his own life by the Nawāb to destroy proofs of the affair and with some difficulty escaped from his clutches. He afterwards confessed his share in the crime to Mr. Simon Fraser and explained the whole of the circumstances at the trial held by Mr. Colvin, the judge. The result was the execution of Karīm Khān and the Nawāb.]

[In an Urdû work called *Târikh Makhsan Panjâb* by Mufti Ghulâm Sarwar Qureshî of Lâhor, 1877, at p. 26, the following account is given of Mr. Fraser's murder:—"Nawâb Shamsu'ddin Khân succeeded Nawâb Ahmâd Bakhsh Khân of Lohârâ. He had two brothers, Amînu'ddin Khân and Zîâ'u'ddin Khân, who claimed shares in the estate under their father's will. The case was laid before Mr. William Fraser, the Agent at Dehli, who reported to Government that according to the will all three brothers ought to have shares in the property. In revenge for this in October 1835 Nawâb Shamsu'ddin Khân had him murdered by his people. After an enquiry, which lasted a year, he was convicted and hanged and his estate at Firozpur confiscated and added to the Gurgâon District." Sir William Sleeman, however, is of opinion that the Government proceedings as to the partition of the estate had very little to do with the murder.]

I.

THE STORY OF THE MURDER OF MR. FARIJAR.

Mân Singh, a farmer of the village of Nagdhû, in the District of Karnâl, told the following story on the 22nd February 1884.

A very handsome youth, named Amî Chand, a farmer of the village of Ghughîânâ, in the Karnâl District,* got into trouble and became a convict, working on the Canals being made through the District.† One day it so happened that Mr. Farijar went out to examine the works and remarked Amî Chand and said to a convict warder,‡ "what a pity it is that so handsome a youth should be employed as a convict on excavation works!" He was so struck with the beauty of the youth that he mentioned it again and again§ till at last the warder said, "his beauty is nothing to his sister's." Upon this Mr. Farijar strongly desired to see her, and that same evening he sent for Amî Chand and promised to release and reward him if he would bring his sister to him. He consented and was released by Mr. Farijar, who supplied him with a horse and a servant, and sent him off to his village.

When Amî Chand reached home his friends were much surprised to see him, as they knew his time had not expired,

* It is really in the Dehli District.

† They were taken in hand by Lord Hastings and completed between 1817 and 1830.

‡ *Met qaidî* was the expression used, *met* being the English word *mate*.

§ This is a purely oriental notion and quite foreign to English habits, of course.

but he put them off with a story of services he had rendered so as to cause his premature release, and concealed the real facts.

He then went to his mother's house, but did not find his sister at home, for she had gone to her husband's house, and so he went there and told her that their mother was very ill, in fact dying, and wanted to see her. Her husband, however, declined to let her go home, and Amī Chand then told her privately that unless she could get away somehow that very day she would never see her mother alive again; so it was arranged between them that she should go to a certain well to draw water that evening, where he should meet her, and that they should go off together.

They met accordingly and he took her up behind him on his horse, but, instead of taking her to their mother, he took her straight to Mr. Farījar's tent, as he was then encamped upon the works.

As soon as her husband missed her he guessed that Amī Chand had taken her off and went at once to his mother-in-law, and found her quite well, and that she had seen neither her son nor her daughter. After a while he ascertained that Amī Chand had carried her off to Mr. Farījar.

This drove him quite wild, and going home to his village, he collected three or four friends and went with them to Mr. Farījar's tent, and found his wife Sarwan there, as he had been told. He addressed a petition to Mr. Farījar about the injustice of his acts, but got no answer and was turned out of the camp. So he went home and, watching his opportunity, murdered Mr. Farījar in revenge for the abduction of his wife.*

II.

THE SONG OF SARWAN AND FARĪDAN.

From a version procured from Dehlī.

TEXT.

Dhur Kalkatte se chalā Farīdan, Pānchoṅ Pīr manāe.
Lāṇḍā ghora buḍhā Farīdan Sarwan dhūṇḍan jāe.
Pānch muqām Dehlī men bole, chhattā Ghāṅḡanā gānū.

* There was nothing in the language of the story as taken down to make it worth while printing it in original.

Dhaule kûneñ par tambû tan gae, mekheñ de garwâe.

- 5 Galî galî chuprâsî ðoleñ, Sarwan lajhdî nâhîñ.

Bachhre chugâwandâ Amî Chand pakarâ mushkîñ de
bandwâe.

"Mushkîñ merî chhor de, Farîdan; Sarwan dûñ batlâe.
Bare bagar se Sarwan nikaal, chhoṭe bagar nûñ jâe
Sarwan bâjre mân."

Bâjrâ katti Sarwan pakarî, dântî dhûngî mân.

- 10 Sir par pîrhâ, baghal meñ charkhâ, pûñî latakî jâe :
Hâth meñ belâ, bele meñ kanghî dauî nâñ ke jâe.

"Ultî sultî menḍhiân gandhtî, thâḍâ lewan jâe.

Âo, rî bahino, mil lo, suhelî : phir milâ nahîñ jâe."
Ungalî pakarke, ponchhâ pakarâ, haude lî bithlâe.

- 15 Hâthî ke baude baiṭhî, Sarwan tap tap rondî jâe.

"Shahr Ghungûnâ, jam jam basiyo ! Amî Chaud basiyo
nâhîñ !"

Addhî rût pahar kâ tarkâ târe gindî jâe.

Pâñch Pîr kâ malîda sukhâ faujon meñ batâ jâe.

"Lahnge kâ pahinâ chhor de, merî Sarwan, sâya sînâ
lagâe.

- 20 Sûp kâ pahinâ chhor, merî Sarwan, ṭopî se naihâ lagâe.

Angî kâ pahinâ chhor de, merî Sarwan, peṭîkoṭ se naihâ
lagâe.

Pîrhî kâ baiṭhnâ chhor, merî Sarwan, kursî se naihâ
lagâe."

"Ṭopî kâ pahinâ chhor jâe, rût ke, pagîâ bandhan le.

Patlûn kâ pahinâ chhor jâe, rût ke, dhotî kâ bandhan le.

- 25 Koṭ kâ pahinâ chhor jâe, rût ke, mirjâe kâ pahinâ le.

Bûṭ kâ pahinâ chhor jâe, rût ke, jûṭî se naihâ lagâe.

Giṭ-piṭ bolî chhor de, Farîdan, sîdhî bolî le."

Translation.

Farîdan came all the way from Kalkattâ, worshipping
the Five Saints.*

Old Farîdan on his bob-tailed nag was searching for
Sarwan.

* See next version.

Five days he stayed at Dehli, the sixth at Ghûngânâ village.

The tents were pitched at the white well and the pegs driven in.

- 5 The messengers searched in all the lanes and found not Sarwan.

Amī Chand was seized grazing the cattle and his arms were tied behind him.

"Loose my arms, Farīdan, and I will show thee Sarwan. Sarwan went out of the great street through the little street into the millet-field."

Sarwan was caught cutting the millet with her sickle at her side.

- 10 Her stool upon her head, her wheel under her arm, and the skein hanging down.

Her cup in her hand and her comb in her cup she ran to the barber's wife.

"Braid up my tangled locks, the oppressor hath taken me.

O my sisters and my companions, come and see me; we shall not meet again."

He caught her hand and seized her by the waist and sat her in the (elephant) litter.

- 15 Sitting in the elephant litter, Sarwan dropped tears.

"Be happy, Ghûngânâ! But be not happy, Amī Chand!"

All night long till dawn she counted the stars.*

The sweets that had been vowed were distributed in the name of the Five Saints (by Farīdan).

"Leave off wearing thy (native) skirt, my Sarwan, and put on a (European) skirt.

- 20 Leave off thy (kerchief), my Sarwan, and wear a hat.

Leave off thy (native) petticoat, my Sarwan, and wear a petticoat.

Leave off sitting on a stool, my Sarwan, and sit on a chair."

* Idiom . to be very unhappy.

“Leave off wearing thy hat, thou doomed one, and fasten on a turban.

Leave off wearing trowsers, thou doomed one, and wear a loin-cloth.

25 Leave off wearing a coat, thou doomed one, and wear a quilt.

Leave off wearing boots, thou doomed one, and wear (native) slippers.

Leave off thy jargon, Farīdan, and take to plain speech.”

III.

THE BALLAD OF SARWAN AND PHARĪJAN.

This version is from a beautifully written manuscript in the Persian character sent to Mr. Delmerick in 1872 by the late Nawâb 'Alâu'ddîn Ahmad Khan of Lohâru, nephew of Nawâb Shamsu'ddîn Khan. It is in his own handwriting, with some 26 notes in English also written by him, for he was a man of considerable literary attainments.

TEXT

Châma-i-Sarwan.

I.

Dhur Kalkatte se chalâ Pharījan, Pānchon Pīr manâe.

Pānch muqâm Dehlī ke bole, chhattâ Gungânâ gâne.

Allah jāne, rī, Pānchon Pīr manâe.

II.

Dhaulī kûnin par tammû garâc, mekhen dī garwâc.

Huqqâ kitâ Mīn Chand paka â, berī dī thukwâc.

Allah jāne, rī, Pānchon Pīr manâe.

III.

“Ik chīz terī, kahe, Amīn Chand, dūsarī kahû kī nâe.”

“Merī ho, to de dūu, Pharījan ; dūsarī kī de na jāe.”

Allah jāne, rī, Pānchon Pīr manâe.

IV.

“Sarwan kâ jo bhed batâ de, bâthī dūn in'âm.”

Ghar ke bhedī bhed batâyâ, “Sarwan bājra mât.”

Allah jāne, rī, Pānchon Pīr manâe.

V.

Dhalâ ghorâ bhûrâ Pharjjan bâjrâ kûndtâ jâe.
Bâjrâ kattî Sarwan pâkarî, drântî dhûngî mâte.
Allah jâne, rî, Pânchoñ Pîr manâe.

VI.

Hâth pakarkar ghore bithlâ le, tis tis ânsû jâe.
Pânch pîr bâjrâ kâtâ, chhattâ na kâtâ jâe !
Allah jâne, rî, Pânchoñ Pîr manâe.

VII.

"Bâp ko tere Chaudhrî kar dûn, bhâî Thânedâr."
"Châchî tâñ sab â mil len, Mîn Chand milnâ nâe !"
Allah jâne, rî, Pânchoñ Pîr manâe.

VIII.

"Milnâ ho, to mil le, Mîn Chand ; phir milne kî nâe."
Hâth meñ bilwâ, bilwo meñ kângî, nâi ke ghar jâe.
Allah jâne, rî, Pânchoñ Pîr manâe.

IX.

"Ultî sultî mendhî gundhe, nâi kî : gundhan phir nâe."
Hâth pakarkar haude bithâ lî, hirnî kî jûn ñakar âe.
Allah jâne, rî, Pânchoñ Pîr manâe.

X.

Âdhî rût pahar kâ tarâ târe ginte jâe.
"Pîrhî baithnâ chhor de, Sarwan ; kursî baithnâ sikh."
Allah jâne, rî, Pânchoñ Pîr manâe.

XI.

"Lahngâ pharnâ chhor de, Sarwan, sâya pharnâ sikh."
Âge sunâr kî, pîchhe munihâr kî, bich meñ Sarwan,
jâe (1) Allah jâne, rî, Pânchoñ Pîr manâe.

XII.

"Pânch mohar kâ tikâ gharâ dûn ; mâtâ damaktâ jâe.
Assî mohar kî nath gharwâ dûn, totâ pharaktâ jâe."
Allah jâne, rî, Pânchoñ Pîr manâe.

XIII.

"Assî gaz ka lahngâ silâ dûn parû pharaktâ jâe."
"Pânch bhâî ke pâg utâre, phir bândhan ke nâe !"
Allah jâne, rî, Pânchoñ Pîr manâe.

XIV.

Bare bhâi ne dene kahe the, chhotâ detâ nâe.
 Pânch gâut kar lie bas men, Mîn Chand bas men nâe.
 Allah jâne, rî, Pânchoñ Pîr manâe.

XV.

Chhotî bagar se Sarwan nikasî bare bagar ko jâe.*
 Galî galî chuprâsî phir gae, ghar ghar thânedâr.
 Allah jâne, rî, Pânchoñ Pîr manâe.

Dhur Kalkatte se chalâ Pharîjan, Pânchoñ Pîr manâe.

TRANSLATION.

THE BALLAD OF SARWAN

I.

Pharîjan came all the way from Calcutta, worshipping
 the Five Saints.*

Five days he halted in Delhi, and on the sixth he went
 to Gungânâ village.†

God knows, dear, he worshipped the Five Saints.

II.

He pitched his tents at the white well, and drove in the
 pegs.

Mîn Chand was seized smoking his pipe and fetters were
 fastened on him.

God knows, dear, he worshipped the Five Saints.

III.

"One thing hast thou, they say, Amin Chand, that
 none else possesseth."

"If it be mine, I give it, Pharîjan - another's I cannot
 give."

God knows, dear, he worshipped the Five Saints.

* The *Panj Pîr* are really any five saints the author may remember or worship. The Nawâb says that here they mean (1) Khwâjâ Qutbu'ddin Bakhtîâr Kâkî Ūshî of Dehli, *ob.*, 1235 A.D.; (2) Khwâjâ Mu'amu'd-dîn Chishtî, of Ajmer, *ob.*, 1236 A.D.; (3) Shiekh Nizâmu'ddin Auliâ, of Dehli, *ob.*, 1325 A.D.; (4) Nasiru'ddin 'Abû'l-khair Abdu'llah Ibn 'Umar Al-Baizavi, *ob.*, 1286, and (5) Sultân Nasiru'ddin Mahmûd, Emperor of Dehli, *ob.*, 1266. The origin of the *Panj Pîr* is in the Five Holy Personages, *viz.* Muhammad, 'Alî, Fâtima, Hasan and Husain.

† The Nawâb says it is in the Sunpat sub-division of the Dehli District

IV.

"Tell me where Sarwan is hid, and I give thee an elephant in reward."

The house-spy told the secret, "Sarwan is in the millet-field."

God knows, dear, he worshipped the Five Saints.

V.

Brown Pharijan on his white horse destroyed the millet-field.

Sarwan he caught cutting the millet, with her sickle by her side.

God knows, dear, he worshipped the Five Saints.

VI.

Seizing her hands he sat her on the horse, dropping tears.

Five sheaves of millet she had cut, but could not cut the sixth.

God knows, dear, he worshipped the Five Saints.

VII.

"I will make thy father a Chaudhri, thy brother a Police Officer."*

"Let me go and see my aunts, Min Chand I will not see."

God knows, dear, he worshipped the Five Saints.

VIII.

"Min Chand, if thou wouldst see her, see her now : thou shalt not see her more."

A cup was in her hand, a comb was in the cup, and she went to the barber's house.

God knows, dear, he worshipped the Five Saints.

IX.

"Braid up my tangled locks, O barber's wife : thou shalt not bind them again."

He took her hand and seated her on the (elephant) litter, weeping like a doe.

God knows, dear, he worshipped the Five Saints.

* A Chaudhri is a local country magnate, and the country Police Officer is the embodiment of power in the villagers' ideas.

X.

All night till the dawn she counted the stars.*

"Give up sitting on a stool, Sarwan, learn to sit on a chair."

God knows, dear, he worshipped the Five Saints.

XI.

"Give up thy (native) skirt, Sarwan, and learn to wear a (European) skirt."

Sarwan went off in the midst of goldsmiths' and jewellers' maids.

God knows, dear, he worshipped the Five Saints.

XII.

"I will make thee an ornament of five gold pieces to shine on thy forehead.

I will make thee a nose-ring of eighty gold pieces and of glittering jewels."

God knows, dear, he worshipped the Five Saints.

XIII.

"I will make thee a skirt of eighty yards to become thy loins."

"Thou has pulled off the turban† of my five brethren, not to be fastened on again!"

God knows, dear, he worshipped the Five Saints.

XIV.

The elder brothers agreed to give her up, not so the younger.‡

Five villages were in their power, but not Min Chand.

God knows, dear, he worshipped the Five Saints.

XV.

Sarwan escaped from the little street into the great street.

The messengers searched every lane and the police every house for her.

God knows, dear, he worshipped the Five Saints.

All the way from Calcutta came Pharfjan, worshipping the Five Saints.

* Idiom, for being very unhappy. † Idiom, for utterly disgraced.
‡ i.e., Amin Chand.

No. XXXIV.

PŪRAN BHAGAT, AS SUNG BY SOME JATTS FROM THE PATIĀLĀ STATE.

[This forms the first *mahāl* or division of the legends about Rāsālū, and purports to relate the events previous to the stories told in the first legend given in these volumes, the Adventures of Rājā Rāsālū. It will be seen, however, on a comparison of the two legends, that as a matter of fact the stories told in the Panjāb about Śālīvāhana of Siālkoṭ and his legendary sons, Rāsālū and Pūran Bhagat, are all mixed up together, and evidently, to some extent, form a cycle of tales, of which any one of these worthies is made the hero at each individual bard's pleasure. The close resemblance of many of them to the cycle represented by the *Story of Sindibād* is again apparent in the following poem].

[It is still probably too early to fix the date of Rāsālū with anything like certainty, but yet I think it may be fairly hazarded now that he represents in Hindū Legend the king who so successfully fought the first Muhammadan invaders of India about 700 A.D., and is known to Muhammadan historians as Baubal, Beteil, Zenbil, etc. The facts bearing on this identification will be found in my paper on Rājā Rāsālū in the *Calcutta Review* for 1884, p. 390 ff.].

TEXT.

Rāj Pūran Bhagat dā Pīsar Rājā Salwān Sakna Siālkoṭ.
Tilloṇ Gorakh charhiā, charhiā nādh bājāc.
Bāwan sai chele guptiā, bāwan sai chele nāl.
Batwe līc bhabūt de lainde ang ramāc :
Chbhāh chūṭiān mirgūniān bhawande bich akās.

TRANSLATION

The Song of Pūran Bhagat, the son of Rājā Salwān of Siālkoṭ.
Gorakh set out from Tillā* sounding his conch.
Fifty-two hundred invisible and fifty-two hundred
(visible) disciples were with him.
Ashes had they in their wallets for rubbing on their
bodies,
And their deer skins hurtled through the heavens.

* In the Gujranwālā District.

- 5 Siâlkot Râje Sankh dâ jogi bâge lathe â.
 Sûkhe ban hariâule pânî pie talâo ;
 Bah gae chaplî mânke dhûnî dende lâe.
 Bhagatî kamâunde kahir de charue dhyân lagâe.
 Raunak lagâ dî Râm ne ditte bâzâr lagâe :
 10 Khalkat mâthâ ðekde, kyâ râjâ, kyâ râe.

- Râjâ mahilân se ðuriâ, man bich Râm dhyâe :
 Hatth bândh kardâ bintî charnoñ sis niwâe :
 " Jagat nûn târan â gîâ, mainûn târke jâ.
 Kanne Gurû sun lâ, ânkân vekhan â."
 15 Gorakh âge boliâ ; " tainûn sachîân deân sunâe.
 Terî aulâd kothân haiñ aukhâ bikhṛa ṭhâûn.

- 5 They halted at Siâlkot in the garden of Râjâ Sankh.*
 The groves became green for them and the lakes full of
 water.
 And they sat cross-legged, lighting their sacred fires.
 Performing austere penance they turned to the (Gurû's)
 feet.
 Râm (God) prospered them and made there a town for
 them.
 10 And all the people did homage, high and low.

- The Râjâ set out from his palace meditating on God in
 his heart.
 With joined hands he spake, bowing his head at the
 (Gurû's) feet .
 " Thou art come to save the world, save thou me also.
 I had heard of the Gurû with my ears, now have I seen
 him with my eyes."
 15 Then spake Gorakh: " I tell thee truth.
 The way for thy offspring shall be rugged and steep.

* P Meant for Sâka, according to the bards he is the father of
 Sâlivâhaga. This is important

Udānagari Shahr hai Rājē dā Chaudhāl nātū.
Us dī beṭī Achhrān lāvēn byāhke, tāt hove anūd.”

- Koṭon Rājā chaliā, chaliā sat imān.
20 Faujān bāhir kaḡhā liān, lāke bahe dīwān.
Cawwān dān Brahmanān, sonā kardā dān.
Ūdānagari nūn dhyāunā ; pat rakhe Bhagwān !
Rājā chaupaṭ māndhiā rohi bich maidān :
Chauṇ Bīrān nāl kheldā sundā dīn imān.
25 Bārān mange tāt chhe pie ; chhe munge tāt chār :
Chauṇ Bīrān se bāji jīt lē, āe Bīrān nūn hār.

There is a city Ūdānagari* and its Rājā's name is Chaudhāl.

If thou marry his daughter Achhrān, thou shalt have posterity.”

- The Rājā set out from his fort with a righteous intent.
20 He took with him his following and held an assembly.
He gave alms of cows and gold to the Brāhman.
He set out for Ūdānagari : God preserve his honour !
The Rājā played at *chaupur*† in the midst of the desert plains :
With the Four Saints‡ he played, celebrated for righteousness and faith.
25 When they cried twelve it fell six, and when they cried six it fell four.
He won the game from the Four Saints, and the Saints lost.

* An undefined locality and a name claimed by many old cities in the Northern Panjāb.

† See Vol. I., p. 243, and Vol. II., p. 282.

‡ *Bīr* is a Hindī word, but I think it is clear that the *Chār Pīr* are meant here. The *Chār Pīr* or Four Saints are the reputed founders of all the sects of *Musalman faqirs*. They were (1) 'Alī himself ; (2) Khwājā Hasan Basri, 642-728 A.D., who is buried at Basra ; (3) Khwājā Ḥabīb 'Ajami or the Persian, who died in 738 A.D. ; (4) 'Abdu'l-Wāhid bin Zaid Kāfi. 'Alī is said to have invested Khwājā Hasan Basri with the *khildfat* or deputyship to himself, and the last two were the followers of Khwājā Hasan.

- "Nile-tāiwālā, nigāh asān bal pāc :
 Je tū Salwān pārsawār the, hare jāndān nūn banne lāe.
 Aithon sātūn rakh le, tere bhale sawārānge kāj.
 30 Mere ṭabar kabīle raul giā, rauliān nūn banne lāe."
 Rāje ne kīre kaḍh līe, kāḍhe nadi se pār.
 Rāje nūn kīrā bolā : "Suno merā jawāb.
 Je tūn Ūdānagarī nūn chaliā merā mūnch dā le jā bāl :
 Jithe bhārī banoge, sātūn karen yād."
- 35 Pahilī chunkī ā gae, til chānwal ditte khenḍāe.
 Rāje nūn soch pī gae, kardā kīrān nūn yād.
 Chhin mātār meṇ ā gae, āe Rāje de pās :
 "Tainūn kī aukhī ban gai ? terī turt saiwārīe kāj.
 Ik ik dānā til chānwal kā ā giā māshā ghaṭiā nā."

- "O Grey-horsed warrior,* cast thy eyes on me.
 If thou be the kindly Salwān, thou wilt save the drown-
 ing.
 Save me from this and I will be of service in thy business.
 30 My family is in difficulty, save the helpless."
 The Rājā rescued the drowning cricket from the river.
 Said the cricket to the Rājā : "Hear my say.
 If thou art going to Ūdānagarī take one of my feelers
 with thee :
 And when difficulty falls on thee remember me."
- 35 He came to the first post where the sesamum seed and
 rice had been mixed.†
 And being in trouble the Rājā remembered the crickets.
 In a moment they came to the Rājā (and said) :
 "What is thy difficulty ? We will soon manage thy
 business for thee."
 All the sesamum seeds and rice were separated and not
 a grain remained.

* See Vol. I., p. 43, etc. Change of scene here: the allusion now is to the story of the cricket. See Vol. I, p. 41.

† Confused allusion to the matter mentioned at p. 44, Vol. I.

- 40 Rāje chaukī jitke agge darwāzā lathā jā :
Rāje dhag bajā lē khabar hūf darbār
Bhaje sipāhī ā gae shakron bāhirwār.

“ Achhrān kāmān istrī, sandal bhinne kesh.

Rājā māre Malikarmant* de chhaḍ chhaḍ ā gae des ;

- 45 Unhān de sir haḍh lē, dhar chun lē, le le pairān de heth :
Je bhālī chāhunā jān dī, jā bar apne des.”

“ Nā ro, natāne mundaio, karo Rabb de agge ardās.

Ike main Rānī byāh lāwān, nahīn, rallān tumbhāre sāth.

Je main Rānī byāh lē bich tuhāde pāwan sās.

- 50 Hatth bāndh kardā bintī, sachī dhyān sunāe.”

- 40 Overcoming the post the Rājā went on to the gate,
And the Rājā sounded the drums and the Court heard
the news of his arrival,†
And the guard came outside the City.

“ Achhrān is a lovely woman, with sandal-wood she
scents her hair.‡

Rājās encompassed by the angel of death have left their
homes and come (for her),

- 45 And she cut off their heads and threw their bodies
beneath her feet :

If thou seek safety for thy life go to thy home.”

“ Weep not, severed heads,§ but make your prayer to
God.

Either I will marry the Princess, or be joined to you.

If I marry the Princess I will restore you to life.

- 50 With joined hands I pray you to tell me the truth.”

* For Malikul-Mant, see *Indian Antiquary*, Vol. X., p. 289.

† See Vol. I., p. 44.

‡ Allusion now to the matter mentioned at p. 40, Vol. I.

§ This is Śalivāhapa's reply.

Pahile pahre rain de : "Tûn sun, Dîwe jâr ;*

Râni nahîn bolnâ, tû hîn karen jawâb.

Dûron â gae chalke, sunke tere sût :

Utlî dwâkhtî tun base, tere nâûn Pilsoz."

- 55 "Jad main Dhartî Mâtâ sî, gawwân chugdîân ghâ :
 Paîre piâ kumhâr de, main nûn rakhiâ babut sañwâr,
 Jadon Basantar Gur mile merî umar baî ho jâe.
 Shâbas kaho us kumhâr nûn jin dittâ Gur milâe.
 Je tûn Râjâ chitr hain, cã byâhan Achhrân nâr.
 60 Râjân de dîwe ghî de, mainûn rakhde til de nâl!"

Dâje pahre rain de. "Tûn sun, Gadwe yâr ;

It was the first watch of the night (said Salwân) : "Hear,
 friend Lamp†.

The Princess speaketh not, so do thou speak.

From afar have I come hearing of thy repute,

That dwellest in the upper shelf and art called Torch."

- 55 "Once I was (part of) mother Earth and the cows
 grazed upon me :
 And then I fell into the potter's hands, who beautified
 me.
 From the day I met my Gurû Basantar‡ my life pros-
 pered.
 Hail to the potter that made me meet my Gurû.
 If thou art a wise Râjâ thou wilt not marry the maid
 Achhrân.
 60 Râjâs give ghi§ to their lamps, I am kept on oil!"

It was the second watch of the night ; (said Râjâ Salwân) :
 "Hear, friend Pitcher ;

* For yâr.

† The bard has now wandered off into part of the story of Basâlâ
 and Silâ Dâl : See Vol. I., p. 270.

‡ Basandar is the sacred fire of the Hindûs, and hence its use here
 in a personified form.

§ Butter boiled and clarified.

- Râni ne hai nahin bolnâ, tûn haiñ kare jawâb.
 Rât kañiye sukh dî, din charhde nûn lenâ mâr.
 Hatth bândh kardâ bintî, Râni nûn deo bulâe.”
- 65 Agge gadwâ boliâ, “ Dâdhi karân pukâr;
 Sumer* Parbat men basân, mainûn kaḍhiâ retâ ḍâl.
 ‘Mainûn kârîgar gharh lîâ, bûtâ rakhe chaukidâr,
 Kabhî nahin mainûn mânjiâ; Râni bari badkâr.
 Je tûn Râjâ chitr haiñ, byâhan na Achhrân nâr.
- 70 Hatth bândh kardâ bintî; merâ yeh hî hai araj jawâb.”

Tîje pahre rain de. “Tûn sun, gal de Hâr :
 Râni ne hai nahin bolnâ; tûn karen jawâhur.”

- The Princess speaketh not, do thou speak for her.
 Let us spend the night in delight and at sunrise let us
 be slain.
 With joined hands I say to thee, bring me to the
 Princess.”
- 65 Then spake the pitcher: “Great is my complaint;
 I dwelt on (the holy) Mount Meru† and was taken out
 of the (golden) sand.
 A workman fashioned me and placed (upon me the
 figure of) a tree to guard me.‡
 Never have I been cleaned: the Princess is a very bad
 woman.
 If thou be a wise Râjâ thou wilt not marry the maid
 Achhrân.
- 70 With joined hands I beseech thee: this is my answer.”

It was the third watch of the night; (said Râjâ Salwân):
 “Hear, thou Garland of her neck:
 The Princess speaketh not, do thou salute me (for her).”

* For Sumer = Mount Meru.

† The sacred mount of the Hindûs in the centre of the Himâlayas.

‡ It appears to mean however merely that the pitcher was chased.

- Hâr suhâwâ boliâ : " Dâdhi karân pukâr.
 Solah jojan unchâ bagân, jyân dîde pahâr dî dhâr.
 75 Jauhri bachâ parakhde, bah kaðhe ustâdkâr.
 Nâ byâhan Râni Achhrân, adam-khânî nâr."

- Chauthé pahre rain de. " Tûn sun, Palang yâr :
 Râni ne hai nahîn bolnâ, tûn karen jawâhir."
 " Chandan bich samundar de banjâ sâhûkâr ;
 80 Kârîgarân ne gharh lâ, buniâ paṭ niwâr.
 Gadhoñ mângon leṭdî, bhâr dîe man châr.
 Je tûn Râjâ sugaṛ hai, byâhan na Achhrân nâr."

- The lovely necklace spake : " Great is my complaint.
 Sixteen *yojanas** have I fallen, as a waterfall of the
 hills.
 75 A jeweller tested and a workman made me.
 Thou shouldst not marry the Princess Achhrân, the
 destroyer of men."

- It was the fourth watch of the night; (said Râjâ Salwân) :
 " Hear, friend Couch.
 The Princess speaketh not, do thou salute me (for her)."
 " A merchant bought the sandal-wood from across the
 seas ;
 80 Workmen made me and the carder stretched the tapes.†
 As heavy as an ass she lies (upon me) weighing four
mans.‡
 If thou art a wise Râjâ thou wilt not marry the maid
 Achhrân."

* i.e., 128 miles !

† The Indian bed consists of a wooden frame on legs across which
 tapes are stretched.

‡ i.e., 328 lbs. or 23½ stone !

- Bāhman bedān gadiān, parhde gotrāchār.
 Mangal gāven suhelān batnā dittā lāe.
- 85 Rānī Achhrān byāh lē, hoīā shahron bāhr,
- “Hatth bāndh kardā bintī ; merā Rabb, pahunchāe ās !
 Hor Rājā murghābīān, tūn, Rājā, sarbāz !
 Sādiān band diān bāndhān chhuṛiān : terī umar drāz !
 Jab lag rahānge jīwande terā japānge nāūn.
- 90 Hatth bāndh karde bintī, sātūn Birān se deo chhuṛāe.”
- Charhiā Sūrij Deotā mastag lagiā āe ;
 Rānī ne nahāwan rachiā Pipwāle talāo.

- Brāhmans fixed the marriage posts* and sang the songs
 of the clans.†
- Maidens sang songs of rejoicing and the fire was lighted.
- 85 (Salwān) married Achhrān and left the city.
- “With joined hands we pray ; ‡ may God fulfil our hope !
 Other Rājās are wild fowls, thou, Rājā, art a hawk !
 Release the bonds of the bound and may thy life be long !
 As long as we live will we remember thy name.
- 90 With joined hands we pray, save us from the Saints.”§
- The Sun rose in their faces,
 And the Queen (Achhrān) desired to bathe in Pipā's||
 tank.

* The canopy under which a Hindū marriage is performed is always improvised for the occasion.

† i.e. the genealogies of the bride and bridegroom, so that the exogamic law of the Rājputs might not be infringed.

‡ These verses are merely thrown in for effect : compare Vol. I., p. 50.

§ See above, line 24.

|| Pipā is a recognised *bhagat*. In the *Bhaktamālā* he is called a disciple of Rāmānand (A.D. 1,400 circa) and Rājā of Garh Gangaraun. At Pipnākh in the Gujranwālā District is a legend that he was the Rājā of that place and father of Lūnān, whom Śalivāhana forcibly abducted from him after destroying his town. Pipā is there described as a Chamiārī Rājput, whence probably the notion expressed here and elsewhere that Lūnān his daughter was a Chammār by caste.

Jadoh dâ sūrij vekhiâ Pūran garab baiṭhâ ãe.

“Mainṭū mihar Gurū de ho gae; Rabb pahunchâe
ãs !

95 Tāl bharān jag motiān, upar pāwān ghi.

Saddiān paṇḍit pāndhiān banddā merā jī.

Kholeñ, Pādḥā, patrī, merā man nabīn bāndhdā
dhīr !

Dason pushtak bānchke; mere ghar laṛkā jame ke
dhi ? ”

Aggion Brāhman boliā, mukh se japke Rām ;

100 Patrī Brāhman kholdā, karke Devī dā dhyān :

“Tere aīsā betā, jame Anjani de Hanumān :

Aīsā betā jati jame, jaise Jasrat de Rām :

Aīsā betā jarmanā Harnākas de Palād :

As soon as the Sun saw her Pūran entered her
womb.

(Said she) : “The Gurū hath been merciful to me ! God
hath fulfilled my hope !

95 I will fill a platter with pearls and over them will I spread
butter.

Send for priests and doctors that I may distribute them
among them.

Open thy book, Doctor, for my heart is impatient.

See in thy book ; shall I bear a boy or a girl ? ”

Then spake the Brāhman, reverencing God with his
lips :

100 The Brāhman opened the book and worshipped the
Goddess (and said) :

“Such a son shall be born to thee, as was Hanumān
to Anjani :

Such a holy son shall be born to thee, as was Rām to
Jasrat :

Such a son shall be born to thee, as was Palād to
Harnākas :

- Aisā beṭā jarmanā bich Lankā de Rāwan.
 105 Jati sadāve, jodhā, baṭā jawān.
 Chauhin Khunṭi phiro, rakheṇ dharam imān.
 Jamde nūn bhaurī pā deo, dāt deo nāl.
 Nahīn, tāt āp marogā : nahīn, māt pāt leo mār.”

- Pūran paidā ho giṭ, murde bagān nāl.
 110 Naubat-khāne baj giṭ, shādī hoī Darbār.
 Gawwān pun Brahmanān piṭṭlān de kardā dān :
 Khalkat badhān de rahe Rājā Salwān.

- Such a son shall be born to thee, as was Rāwan in
 Lankā.*
 105 He shall be called holy, and a warrior and a great hero.
 He shall wander through the Four Quarters (of the
 Earth) and keep his faith holy.
 As soon as he is born put him into a pit and give him
 a nurse :
 Else will he die himself : else will he slay father and
 mother†.”

- Pūran was born as the cattle were returning (in the
 evening).
 110 The drums were sounded and happy was the Court.
 Brāhmans were given cows and villages as alms ;
 And the people congratulated Rājā Salwān.

* These are classical allusions. Hanumān, the Monkey God, was the ally of Rāma Chandra in the war the latter waged to recover Sītā from her abductor Rāvana : he was the son of Vāyu, the God of the Wind, by Anjanā. Rāma Chandra was the son of Dasaratha. Prahlāda was the son of Hiranyakasipu and his story is alluded to at p. 5, Vol. II. Rāvana, the abductor of Rāma Chandra's wife Sītā and his opponent, was king of Lankā. All the above are celebrated heroes, either as saints or warriors.

† This is mixing up the stories of Rāsālā and Pūran

- " Prichhat Rājā bali aī khedañ giā shikār.
 Mūe sarp nūñ chakke tapasie de gal dāl.
 115 Astik Rikhī de bachan te, Rājā, tainūñ līā sarp ne mār.
 Hatth bāñdh kardā bintī, yeh hai merā jawāhir.
 Jalmejā jag rajhiā thārā* chhūñā dittī gāl.
 Ik Tāchhak rah giā, līā Damwantar mār.
 Bāgh lagā de Pūran Bhagat dā ; mushk surg nūñ jāe ;
 120 Jag rambhī, Rājā, koī bhūkā Brāhman deo srāp."

Pūran bhawarūñ kadhiā khabarūñ hoī sansār.

- " Rājā Prichhat was a hero and went a hunting.†
 He found a dead serpent and placed it on the neck of a
 sage.
 115 The curse of Astik the sage‡ caused the serpent to
 slay the Rājā.
 With joined hands, this is my say :
 Jalmejā made a sacrifice (of serpents), destroying eighteen
 armies.
 Tāchhak§ escaped and slew Damwantar.
 Make a garden for Pūran Bhagat, that its odour may
 reach to heaven :
 120 If thou give a feast to (all) the world, Rājā, some hungry
 Brāhman may curse thee." ||

Pūran was taken out of the pit and all the world knew
 of it.

* For *aṣṭārd*.

† This speech is apparently said by Pipā. The whole story of Parik-
 shit, and the others mentioned below will be found in the legend of
 Niwal Daf, Vol. I., pp. 418ff.

‡ The story of Astika is also to be found in the *Adiparva* of the
Mahābhārata.

§ This is all most confused and is probably inserted simply because
 the verses are well known. Tāchhak stands for Takshaka.

|| Being by accident uninvited.

- Naubat-khāne baj gītā, bajā hub de nāl !
 Megh aḍambar barsiā, Pūran kare aṣhnān.
 Toṭhī Devī Jalpā, khushī hoiā Bhagwān.
 125 Panje lāo kaprā, monḍe sabz kumār :
 Ghorā lāo pīrke, sane kāthī lagam.
 Gītā Kachahrī bāp dī neūke kare salām.
 Lakkh rupae bāṇḍe, karde piṇḍān de dān.
- “ Kī haiṇ parī, paristā* ? kī haiṇ mahān balāe ?
 130 Adhī rāt nūn kūkān mārḍī; kin nūn dukh dindī haiṇ
 sunāe ?
 Kis Rājā dā kaūwar hai ? kis bhartā dī nār ?
 Eh bāgh hai Pūran Bhagat dā, uṛiā pakherū na jānā pāe.

- And all the drums were beaten with a will !
 And the rain fell when Pūran bathed :
 Jalpā Devī† was propitious and God was pleased.
 125 He had on the five garments‡, and green bow on his
 shoulder :
 He had his horse saddled and bridled.
 He went to his father's Court and bowed his head and
 saluted.
 Lākhs of rupees were distributed and villages were
 given in alms (to Brāhmans).
- “ Art thou a fairy ? Art thou a great horror ?§
 130 Crying out at midnight : to whom art thou making thy
 complaints ?
 What king's daughter art thou ? what husband's wife.
 This is Pūran Bhagat's garden, into which birds
 cannot fly.

* For *farishta*.
 † i.e. *Jwālāmukhī* : See Vol. II., p. 205.
 ‡ He was fully clothed.
 § The whole scene suddenly changes. Pipā is now addressing
 Lomā whom he finds in his garden. The poem begins in earnest now.

- Sachîân bâtôn das de, main le chalân tainûn nâl.
 Man de bhed das de, terâ deân dukh niwâr.”
- 135 “Nâ main parî paristâ : nâ main mahân balâe.
 Indar Râjâ dî main pachhrân, Lonâ merâ nâûn.
 Ik din parîân nahâwan â gîân Pîpo do talâo.
 Dharmî bâgh liwâ liû, pâpî baigan dittâ lâ ;
 Merâ lar baigan nûn chhû gîû, dehî phar gai bhâr.
- 140 Sab parîân ur gâûn mere se urâ na jûe.
 Pîpâ, potrî banâ le dharm dî, le chal apne nâl.
 Mere se ubgiâ ho gaf, merâ rakh lon dharm imân.”
 Agge Pîpâ boldâ ; “sachî deân sunâo.
 Mere ghar kalihârî istrî, haigî burî balâe.
- 145 Potrî dâ sâk na jândî, saukan lîo banâe.

Tell me the truth and I will take thee with me.
 Tell me the secrets of thy heart and I will relieve thy
 pain.”

- 135 “I am no fairy, nor am I a great horror.
 I am a maid of Râjâ Indar* and my name is Lonâ.
 One day we fairies came to bathe in Pîpâ's lake.
 The holy planted the garden, but the wicked put an
 egg-plant in it;
 My clothes touched the egg-plant and my body became
 heavy.†
- 140 All the fairies flew away, but I could not fly.
 O Pîpâ, make me thy foster-daughter and take me with
 thee.
 I have committed a fault, and preserve thou my
 honour.”
- Then spake Pîpâ : “I tell thee truth :
 I have a jealous wife at home that is very wicked.
- 145 She will not know thee for a daughter, but will make
 thee into a wife.

* Indra's Court is the abode of beauty according to Indian notions

† It is often thought to be unlucky to eat the *beingen* or egg-plant (*aubergine*): hence its introduction here.

Je bhalā chāhe apnī jīā dā, pichhā murke rūh.”

Agge Nūnā bolī : “ tainūn dewān sunāe,

Nāl dī parīān ur gālūn, mere se urā na jāe.”

Pipe nūn taras ā gāl, leke tur piā nāl.

150 Oh de ghar sī do Chamaiān sau sau kaḍḍhan gāl.

“ Pīpā, Pīpā baj gīā, terā kinne na pāiā bhed !

Rākhi kardā bāgh dī, kardā bhajan hamesh.

Dhyān lagānī darb dā, māro jinhān de lekḥ.

Khabar ho jā Rājā Salwān nūn, bhāṇḍā deogā chhek.

155 Jidhar lāiā kāḍḍḥke, chhaḍiā us des :

Nahīn, rakh lakūke, nahīn khalkat līo dekḥ.”

Pipe chādar tānī chāreṅ palle chhūp :

“ Eh potrī hai dharm dī, main lagdā 14 dā bāp

If thou wishest well of thy life, go thou back again.”

Then spake Nūnā : “ I tell thee,

The fairies with me flew away and I cannot fly.”

Then came pity unto Pīpā, and he took her with him.

150 There were two Chamuār women in his house, who
abused him a hundred times.

“ Pīpā, Pīpā art thou called and none hath fathomed
thy secrets !

Thou guardest this garden and art ever singing hymns.

Thou castest thine eyes on the goods of them that are
unfortunate.

When the news reaches Rājā Salwān, he will discharge
thee forthwith.

155 Take her back to the place whence thou broughtest
her :

Or hide her so that the people see her not.”

Pīpā spread out a sheet at the four ends,* (and said) :

“ This is my adopted daughter, I am her father :

* The ceremony of adopting a daughter is to seat the girl under a coloured sheet spread over her and then to announce that henceforth she is adopted.

- Mandî nigâh jo dekhiân chîkar nûn lage âg.
 160 Hatth bândh kardâ bintî, merâ dharm bich bhang na
 pâe."

Pipe ne mandar pawâ lie Nûnâ de nân.

- Kalî mandarân bich rahindî, chit ohî dâ lagdâ nân.
 "Nâ koî itthe piñd hai, kuchh shahar, grân :
 Nâ koî mahârî bhain hai, nâ koî mahârî mân."
 165 Chandan ghar Chamâr de, nit uṭh kardâ kām.
 "Indarpurî taiñ chhaḍ lî kone lagâ ân ?
 Mushk mârâ konân te âutâ chîre kache chām.
 Kah, Chandânân, kaisî banî ? kyûnkar bhûle Bhagwân ?
 Main tainûn pûchhdi, Chandânân, kidhar pâiâ dhyân ?
 170 Indarpurî tû chhaḍke ân bâsiâ gûn ?"

If I look on her with lascivious eye may fire burn the
 dust.*

- 160 With joined hands I pray thee injure not my righteousness.
 And Pîpâ built a house for Nûnâ.

Alone she dwelt in her house and her heart was sad.
 (Said she), "There is here no village, nor city, nor town :
 I have no sister here, nor mother."

- 165 In the Chammâr's house was a sandal tree by which
 they always worked.

(Said she to the tree) "Why didst thou leave Indar-
 purî† to stand by the tanner's vat ?

From the tanner's vat comes the foul smell of hides.
 Say, Sandal tree, how art thou faring ? Why hast for-
 gotten God ?

I ask thee, Sandal tree, what is thy intent ?

- 170 Leaving Indarpurî that hast come to dwell in this
 village ?"

* i e., my body

† Or Indrāvati, the city of Indra.

- Chandan aggoñ boldā ; “ tainūñ deāñ sunāe :
 Lagī Kaohahri Rājā Indar dī, sab deotā baiṭhe āe.
 Pipā heṭ mere mālā phardā mainūñ liā bharmāe :
 ‘ Mere ghar meñ Gangā bagdī, tainūñ uthe chhorūñ lāe.’
- 175 Khabar nā kare Chamārāñ nūñ, baḍhke phalorī liē banāe.
 Dekheñ khabar kardī, pardā nā setī gāe.
 Terī sādī adālat karo āp Khudāe.
 Asī kī Rabb dā pīrhīē laṭṭhe nīch de āe ?”
- Nūñā pāñī nūñ nikalī, āī khūh de bār.
- 180 Pāñchoñ pahine kapre, pāñchoñ lāe hathiār,
 Koṭoñ Rājā ṭur piā, khelan charḥā shikār.
 Khachrāñ lādiāñ daulatīāñ khūh te baiṭhe ān.
 “ Ginman laj lagāundē, jīman tere bīr :
- Said the Sandal tree : “ I tell thee.
 Rājā Indar hold his Court and all the gods sat in it.
 Pipā told his beads beneath me and deceived me, say-
 ing :
 ‘ The Ganges floweth through my house, I would take
 thee there.’
- 175 Let not the Chammārs (tanners) hear of this or they
 will make vats of me.
 Let them not hear and keep my secret.
 God himself will judge for me and thee.
 What harm have we done to God that he hath sent us
 to (dwell with) the low ?”
- Nūñā went to fetch water from the well.
- 180 Wearing the five garments and armed with the five
 arms,
 Came Rājā (Salwān) from the fort, going a hunting.
 With the mules laden with riches he came and sat at
 the wall (and said :)
 “ O thou that lightly droppest thy rope (into the
 well), long may thy brothers live :

- Asi piâse jal de, bharke pilâ de nîr.”
- 185 “ Nîle tâzi-wâliâ, nîle dâ aswâr ;
 Tarkash jariâ motiân, hîre jari kumân ;
 Main chamkotân dî betrî, nîch hai sâdî zât,
 Chhattis dharm gawâunâ apne kul nûn lâunâ lâj.”
 Agge woh Râjâ bolâ : “ sun le merî sîn,
 190 Kanchan hoe kîch meû, bhikmat amrit ho,
 Bidiyâ nârî nîch pe ; tinne lie kho.
 Dîron â gae chalke, sunke terî sâ :
 Akhe mere lag jâ, Râjâ dî Rânî ho.
 Râj kamâwî bahke, tere tûl nâ ko.
 195 Sûhâ sumbhal seveû sabhâ gawâi budh ;
- I am athirst, give me water to drink.”
- 185 “ O grey-horsed warrior, riding the grey horse,
 With thy quiver set with pearls and the bow with
 diamonds.
 I am a daughter of the tanners and lowly is my caste,
 It will lose thee thy thirty-six (races) and disgrace thy
 family.”*
- Then spake the Râjâ : “ Hear my say,
 190 Gold from the earth, nectar from the poison,
 A wise woman from the low ; these three things should
 be taken.†
 I have come from afar hearing of thy praises :
 Do thou take me and be a Râjâ's Queen.
 Thou shalt enjoy royalty and there shall be none equal
 to thee.
 195 Thou hast cherished the red cotton flower‡ and lost all
 thy sense ;

* If I give thee water to drink. Allusion here to the 36 “ royal races”
 of the Râjputs.

† This is a proverb.

‡ The cotton-tree or *sumbhal* has nothing valuable about it but its
 red flower.

Phul nūn vekhke ram rahā, phal di na le sudh."

"Indar Akhāre dī pachhiān, tainān hai nahin budh†

Asin jo ā gae bhulke dōbe Chāron Jug.

Ankhen dītbā ghī bhakā, nā pilāe tel

200 Tujhe bagānī kyā baūī? Ithon gho e nūn chhoi!"

"Kī Dhol dī Mārwan? Kī Rām gawāī Sī?"

Kī hain betī Jānak dī? Kīs Rājā dī dhī?"

"Nā Dhol dī Mārwan · nā Rām gawāī Sī!"

Nā main betī Jānak dī: nā Rājā dī dhī!"

205 Zāt Chamellī sunī dī, Pīpe Bhagat dī dhī.

Indar Akhāre buch main rahān, jīkar Rāwan de Sī"

"Rājā ā gae chalke, ānā de rakhe mān.

Thou hast been taken with the flower and thought
nothing of the fruit"

"I am a maid from Indar's Court, and thou knowest
me not!"

I came here by mistake and am ruined for the Four
Ages.*

Thou dost show butter to the eyes and givest but oil to
drink.

200 Why dost meddle with others' affairs? Spur thy horse
hence!"

"Art thou Dhol's Mārwan? Art thou Rām's lost Sita?
Art thou Jānak's daughter?† What Rājā's daughter art
thou?"

"I am not Dhol's Mārwan · I am not Rām's lost Sita.

I am not Jānak's daughter: I am not a Rājā's child.

205 I am told I am a Chammār and daughter of Pīpā Bhagat.
I dwelt in Indar's Court, as Sītā in Rāwan's (house)"

"The Rājā hath come to thee,‡ honour then thy guest.

* i.e., for ever.

† i.e., Sītā. These names are brought in as those of well known
legendary heroines. The story of Dhol and Mārwan is given at length
at p. 276 ff. ante.

‡ Nālivāhara's messengers to Pīpā.

- Ae mîn kahîye baiṭhnâ, manjâ die dâh.
 Potrî dâ ḍolâ chakde mange Râjâ Salwân."
 210 "Potrî dâ ḍolâ nâ deân, hove tânon tân."
 Râje purzâ likh lîâ, âiâ Pîpe pâs.
 Pîpe purzâ vekhiâ, vekbke sittâ phâr.
 "Faujân lâen chaṭhke, ṭopân le âen sâth,
 Je tân jang hai karnâ karke mere nâl."
 215 Pîpe ârân kaṭhiân kṭiân, kṭiân kae hazâr.
 "Potrî dâ ḍolâ nâ deân, hove tânon tân."
 Agge Nûnân boldî; "Sun lîe merâ jawab.
 Kâh nûn kaḍḍhdâ taddiân? Kâh nûn hotâ khwâr?
 Ḍolâ merâ de Râje Salwân nûn; nahîn, koî byâhke le
 jâ Chamâr."
 220 Agge Pîpâ boliâ: "Betî, âpe ho gai tayyâr!"
 Pîpe Bâhman saddiâ bedân lîo gaḍâe.

- Ask thy guest to sit and give him a couch.
 Râjâ Salwân asketh thy daughter in marriage."
 210 "I will not give my daughter in marriage, do what ye
 may."
 The Râjâ wrote a letter and it came to Pîpâ.
 Pîpâ saw the letter and tore it up. (Said he):
 "Bring thy armies and bring thy guns (!) with thee,
 If thou have a mind to fight with me."
 215 Pîpâ collected many thousand of his (tanning) needles,
 (saying):
 "I will not give my daughter in marriage, do what ye
 may."
 Then said Nûnân: "Hear my say:
 Why art offering battle? why art troubled?
 Give me in marriage to Râjâ Salwân, else some Cham-
 mâr will marry me."
 220 Then said Pîpâ: "What, art ready thyself, my daugh-
 ter?"
 And Pîpâ called the Brâhmans and fixed the marriage
 posts (and said):

- “ Saddo Rājā Salwān nūn, pherā dīo diwāe.”
 Pīpā bedān gadīān, Rājā līo bulāe ;
 Bāhman Bedān parhde, ditte got ralāe.
 225 Rājā ne Rānī byāh līe, līe ratte ḍolā pāe.
 Kurīān mangal gāunīān, pherā de de chār.
 Rājā byāhke ḍolā le gīā, pai gīā apne Shuhar dī rāh.
 Pīpā ne jāndā ḍolā vekhke, māri sabar dī dāh.
- Rājā gīā bich ujār de, faujān hoīān sāth.
 230 Ganjā pālī boldā ḍāḍī kardā pukār :
 Sajje tīhar boliā, kubbhe kālā kāūn :
 “ Jeh nūn le chalā byāhke rakhongā chhittrān de thān.

- “ Call Rājā Salwān, for I will give her in marriage.”
 Pīpā fixed the marriage posts and called the Rājā.
 Brāhmans read the *Vedas* and mingled their families.*
 225 The Rājā married the Rānī, and put her into a red
 palanquin.
 Girls sang songs of rejoicing and they went four times
 round (the fire).†
 The Rājā married and took her away in the palanquin
 to his own City.
 And when Pīpā saw the palanquin going, he cried out
 impatiently.
- The Rājā went along the wilds with his cavalcade.
 230 Gaujā the neatherd cried and made a loud complaint :
 On the right a partridge called and on the left a black
 crow:‡
 “ Whom thou art taking in marriage will treat thee as
 a shoe.

* See above, line 83

† Final ceremony of the marriage - should be seven times.

‡ Bad omens.

- Jâd main mân de ndar thâ, khusrê nâche bûhe bâr.
 Latton langhân tân rahâ, sir nâ jamê bâl.
 235 Je main sâbit jaimdâ sukh nâ bastâ sansâr !
 Jinhon le chailâ byâhke, ose pâ jâ râh."

- Nânâ bândî nân boldî : "Tûn jhabdî Shahr nûn jâ ;
 Mere bargâ âdmî tûn chhetî blâhke lâ.
 Râjâ Salwân budhâ hai, mere kam dâ nâ."
 240 Hirâ bândî tur pie, barî Shahr men â ;
 Jab mukh Pûran dâ vekhiâ diggî sî ghash khâe.
 Chhetî uthon uthke âi Nânân de pâe.
 "Pûran taithon bhî sohanâ, jorî bandî tere nâl ;
 Pât hai terî saukan dâ, sûrat aprâpâl."

- When I was in my mother's womb eunuchs danced at
 the door,*
 And so I am lame and have no hair on my head !
 235 Had I been born whole the world would not have
 dwelt in ease !
 Whom thou hast taken in marriage take back again."

- Said Nânâ to her Maid † "Go quickly to the City,
 And bring me quickly a man fit for me.
 Râjâ Salwân is old and of no use to me."
 240 Hirâ the maid went off into the City,
 And when she saw Pûran she fell down in a swoon.
 Rising quickly thence she went to Nânâ, (and said) :
 "Pûran is more beautiful than thou and a fit pair for
 thee :
 He is the son of thy co-wife‡ and very beautiful "

[It is customary for the class of eunuch mendicants to sing songs,
 at births for fees

† She has now reached her new home

‡ i. e., of Achhrân and so Lânân's stepson.

- 245 Athon bele pai rahī, mahil andherā pāe.
 “ Kī ā gaī sunāunī Pipe Bhagat de ? Kaun margiā bīr
 bharāū ?
 Kis ne mandā boliā ? Kis ne kaḍḍhī gāi ?
 Jis ne kītī ungall, ungall dewān kaṭwāe.
 Jis ne mandā boliā phāe dewān chaḥdā.
 250 Dīl de bedīl das de, sachī ākh sunāe.”
 Nūnā Rājā nūn boldī : “ Sachī deūn sunāe.
 Achhrān lānde byāhke, rattī dōlā pāe.
 Main Rānī dharīl hān kaḍḍhī mahilān se bār !
 Pūran sabhnān nūn matthā ṭek giā, main dītī mān o bisār !
 255 Matthā ṭeke to bachūngī ; nahīn, marūn katāṛī khāe.”
 Rājā Nūnān nūn ākhdā, “ Tūn uṭhke surat sambhūl !
 Palang bichhān rangalā, phōlān dī sej khaṇḍāe.
- 245 She lay down in the evening and the palace became
 dark.*
 (Said Salwān) : “ What hast heard about Pīpā Bhagat ?
 Which of thy brethren is dead ?
 Hath any one spoken harshly to thee ? Hath any one
 abused thee ?
 If any finger hath been laid on thee I will cut it off.
 Who hath spoken thee evil I will have him hanged
 250 Tell me the sorrow of thy heart and speak the truth.”
 Spake Nūnān to the Rājā : “ I tell thee truth.
 Thou didst marry Achhrān putting her into the red
 palanquin.
 I am but a mean woman turned out of the palace !
 Pūran hath made his obeisance to all, but hath neglected
 me !
 255 Let him make his obeisance to me and I am saved, else
 will I stab myself with a dagger.”
 Said the Rājā to Nūnān : “ Get up and be at thy ease.
 Lay the painted bed and spread the flowers on it.

* Signs of sorrow Natives do not usually go to bed in the evening, and here also the sense is, she did not light up the palace.

- Rât kaṭṭye sukh dī, banke bhartā nār.
 Pichhoṇ Kachahrī karūngā, jad Pūran nūn leūn bulāe.
 260 Dīn chaḥde nūn matthā ṭekogā tainūn banāke dharam
 kī mān."
 Rājā lāgf bhejke Pūran lie mangwāe.
 "Unche dhaular teri mītie de jāke sis niwāe."
 Mātā nūn matthā ṭekdā, piū nūn kabē 'jagdīs.'
 "Unche dhaular mātā Nūnān de jāke niwānwān sis."
 265 "Nau darwāzā Shahr de, dasveṇ mūl na jā.
 Dasveṇ dhaular Nūnān matīe de, tere nāl rakhdī khār.
 Change bhale nūn dekhke, chānak siṭde mār.
 Kal le ānde byāhke, mailī nahīn hoī rāh.
 Kesh malī, mal nhātī, sarī kappā lā :
 270 Indar Akhāre dī pachhrān, haigī burī balāe.

- Let us pass the night in delight as husband and wife,
 Then will I hold my Court and send for Pūran.
 260 At daybreak shall he salute thee as his foster-mother."
 The Rājā sent messengers and called Pūran, (and said):
 "Go to the lofty palace of the stepmother and bow thy
 head to her."
 He bowed his head to his mother and called his father
 'lord.'
 "I go to the lofty palace of mother Nūnān to bow my
 head."*
 265 "There are nine gates to the City, go not to the tenth.
 The tenth is the palace of thy stepmother, Nūnān, who
 hath enmity with thee.
 When she sees thy beauty she will at once slay thee.
 It was but yesterday he married and brought her here,
 the very road has not become dirty yet.
 She decks her hair and bathes and wears many gar-
 ments :
 270 She is a maid of Indra's Court and a great horror.

* Pūran to his mother Achhrā.

Pât dâ sâk nahîn jândî, tainûn bhartâ hō banâe.
Mânas deh durlamb, hot na bâr-o-bâr."

Jânde Pûran Bhagat nûn nannâ mûl na pâe.

"Je māmâ dainâ hondiûn len nâ pûtân nûn khâe.

275 Je mân âve khân nûn agge deân sis niwâe.

Māmâ kol putrân jândiân sharam na âve kâe.

Tûn merî Mâtâ janam dî, Nûnân lagî dharam di Mân.

Hatth bandh kardâ bintî, mâtâ kol jânde nûn morâ na
pâe."

Jânde Pûran Bhagat nûn dekhke boliâ kâlâ kâg.

280 "Âkhen merâ lag jâ agge na dharen pâûn.

Oh gal chit vich rakhe jehî kahiudî sî Achhrân mân.

Maridâ mar jâegâ, terâ kiunî nahîn karnâ niwâûn."

She will not know thee for a son and will make thee
into a husband.

The body of a man is a precious thing, and comes not
again and again."*

Pûran Bhagat would not be dissuaded at all from going.

"If a mother be a witch she will not destroy her son.

275 If my mother desire to destroy me, even then I will
bow my head.

There is no shame in a son going to visit his own
mother.

Thou art my Mother by the body, Nûnân is my Mother
by faith.

With joined hands I pray stay me not from going to
my mother."

Seeing Pûran Bhagat going spake a black crow to him :

280 "Harken to my say and put not thy foot forward.

Let the words of thy mother Achhrân sink into thy heart :

(Or) thou wilt be slain and none will do thee justice."

* Allusion to the doctrine of the transmigration of souls. Don't
risk your man's body now, as you may not get one in the next life :
some believe that a man's body comes but once to a being.

" Kāgā kālī dhār dā, mere sir par tūr na pher.
Tujhe bagānī kī pie ? Apnī āp nibēr.

- 285 Mātā ne neundā deke sadd liā, chaliā rasoi jīmen.
Hatth bāndhke karān bintī; tūn kyūn boliā, kālā kālūn ?"

Pūran ākhe, ' Rām Rām,' mukh se kahe jawāhir;
" Hatth baūh kardā bintī, merī Pūran dī ardās.

- ' Mātā' na kahe, hānoñ hān pahchān.
290 Nekt badī āshikān bahke sejān mān.
Sej bichhāwān rangalī, bahute phūl khaṇḍē.
Deke kashīshān mān le, tillī chaḥī kumān."
Boliā Pūran, " Sej te chaḥe, jal marān jalke bhashm ho
jāen.
Piā ne lāndī byāhke, tū lagī merī dharam dī mān.

" O crow of the black hills circle not round my head.
What hast thou to do with others ? Mind thine own
affairs.

- 285 My mother hath invited me and I go to feast with her.
With joined hands I beseech thee ; why speakest thou,
thou black crow ?"

Pūran made his salute,* and spake his greeting with
his lips, (saying) :

" Hear the prayer I Pūran make with joined hands.
Say not ' Mother' to me, know us for a well-matched
pair.

- 290 Let us know the joys and grief of lovers sitting on this
couch.

I will lay the coloured bed and cover it with many
flowers.

Enjoy thyself, for the bow is ready for use."

Said Pūran, " If I mount thy bed I shall be burnt,
burnt to ashes.

My father hath brought thee in marriage and thou art
my mother by faith.

* See Vol. I., p. 2.

- 295 Achhrān mātā pāp dī, tūn haiṁ dharam dī mān.
Mātā putrān neh lagī, dhartī nigar jā.”
“Kad main tainūn kokh napaniā ? Kad līā god khilāe ?
Battis dhārān na tain chungiān, kis bidh saddā ‘mān’ ?
Tūn bhartā, main istrī; donon ik hī hān.
- 300 Jholī āḍh kharī dar tere haiṁ; sāre khair pā.”
“Pāp dā garwā dōhal de, garwā dharam meṁ nhāo.
Chaprān de muḍh ṭobī, pindān de muḍh grān:
Shāh bāj pat nahīn, Gurū bāj gat nahīn, putrān bāj
nahīn rahiṁde nān.
Hatth bañh kardā bintī, mere bich bhāng na pāe.”
- 305 “Bhalt hoi tūn ā glā; jāge sādē bhāg.
Ghi de dīwe much gae, jad tūn mahilon banā āe :

- 295 Achhrān is my mother by sin,* thou art my mother by
faith.
If mother and son commit sin the earth will sink be-
neath me.”
“When did I bear thee in my womb ? when did I feed
thee in my lap ?
Thou didst never take thy 32 teeth (full of milk from
me) and how canst thou call me ‘mother’ ?
Thou art husband, I wife ; we are a pair.
- 300 I stand suppliant at thy door, give me of thy alms.”
“Throw aside the river of sin, and bathe from the
river of faith.
Ponds are near lakes, villages near towns :
There is no honor without a king, no salvation without
a Gurū, no name without a son.†
With joined hands I pray thee, do no wrong to my
virtue.”
- 305 “Well was it that thou camest ; propitious is my fate.
Lamps of *ghī*‡ have been lighted, since thou didst enter
the palace :

* i.e., my carnal mother.

† Two well-known lines thrown in for effect.

‡ See above, line 60.

- Jaisi lât tandûr di rahî, bujhîâ na bujhâe.
 Je dar rakhdâ Salwân dâ, dine charhde nûn sittân mâr.
 Mohrâ de dûn tere bâp nûn, dewân jân gawwâe.
- 310 Jinne pattan âute berîân, tere dâman chhadâân lâe.
 Chhoti umar diâ Pûranân, thore sis niwâe :
 Sej bichhâûn rangali, bahle phûl khandâe.
 Kyûn nâ sej kabûldâ, ho jâ Surg tayyâr.
 Hatth baûh kardî bintî, merî jorî bhang na pâe."
- 315 " Mâtâ, kyûn jar patdî dharam di ? Hathîn pâp na bij.
 Jat jattîân de rahin de, tainûn kujh nahîn obij."
 " Jat jattîân nahîn chhadne, karke bhajâ patij."
 " Jadâû jat Pûran dâ tût jâo, sukh jâo Gangâ mândâ nîr.
 Jat Pûran dâ tût jâo, duniyâ ghatke jâo bhîr.

- Like as the blaze of the (public) oven, which cannot be
 put out.
 If thou dost fear Salwân I will have him slain in the
 morning.
 I will give thy father poison and destroy his life.
- 310 I will put all the boats at the ferries under thy
 power.
 My youthful Pûran, bow not thy head so low :
 I will lay thee the painted bed and cover it with flowers.
 Why not agree to my bed and be in Heaven ?
 With joined hands I pray thee destroy not the match
 (made for me)."
- 315 " Mother, why destroy the roots of faith ? The seeds of
 sin prosper not.
 Let the virtue of the virtuous remain, it concerns not
 thee."
 " I will not let the virtue of the virtuous remain : be
 certain of this."
 " When the virtue of Pûran is destroyed, the water
 of Ganges shall be dried up.
 When the virtue of Pûran is destroyed, the earth shall
 perish.

- 320 Main chelā Gorakh Nāth dā, jamdā sādḥ fakīr,
Mainū tere jānde nūn dūbdī, merī jā t nūn lāwandī lik.
Hatth bañh kardā bintī, Mātā, eh santān dā rīt.”
“ Neundā deke saddiā, mahilen barī āe.
Je mere mahilen ā gīā, chhij āte charḥ jā āp.
- 325 Iko jediān mildiān bich Darge hai nahin pāp.
Nahin tān chhij kabūl le; nahin, kar lān terā nās.”
“ Mātā, neundā deke sadd liā, maiū bhī rakhiā dhyān.
Nā rūwān, nā dhūān, kithe hai nahīn rasoi dā thān.
Kithe gal jagā rasoi-wālī? kithe pakan pakwān?
- 330 Suniān maṇḍiān māṛiān mainū deodīān barbar khāen.
Arson paindiān golīān kidhar nahīn dendīān jān.
Jehī gall Achhrān bachan bol, oh de bāk nā bharte jān.”
“ Pairen pawwe pāke barā mahilen āe.
Main Indar Rājā di pachhrān, hāngī burī balāe.
- 320 I am a disciple of Gorakh Nāth, and a saint from my
birth.
Thou wouldst destroy me with thyself, casting a stain on
my virtue.
With joined hands I pray thee, mother, this is the way
of saints.”
“ I did invite thee and thou camest to my palace
As thou hast come to my palace do thou mount my bed.
- 325 In the meeting of match (with match) there is no sin
before the Court (of God).
Either agree to my bed, or I will destroy thee.”
“ Mother, thou didst invite me, I obeyed thee.
I see nor fire, nor smoke, nor any place for a feast.
Where is the feasting place? where is the feast?
- 330 Seeing the palace and hall thus empty I am afraid.
Thunderbolts from the heavens spare not life.
What Achhrān spake hath come very true.”
“ Thou camest into my palace with shoes on thy feet.
I am a maid of Rājā Indar and a great horror.

- 335 Hatth pair tere bāndhke dewān khūb sittāe.
 Kyūn nahin kahā mandā ? dewān jān gānwāe."
 "Hatth bañh kardā, Mātā, bintī ; tainūn sachīān deān
 sunāe.
 Rāwan nāl kihān guzriān, ditte sone dī Lankā luṭāe ?
 Singh Rikhjī gher līe bich banwās de, ditti babhūt
 bhulāe.
- 340 Shams Tabrez mārā bich Multān de, khal ditti bhūns
 bharāe.
 Kī khūā ? kī jal ghare ? kī ṭobhā ? kī bān ?
 Sabh dā pānī ik hai ; tain dhariā chit kuthān.

- 335 I will bind thy hands and feet and throw thee into a well.
 Why hearest not my prayer ? I will destroy thy life."
 " With joined hands I beseech, Mother ; and I tell thee
 truth.
 What trouble did Rāwan suffer when his gold Lankā
 was destroyed ?*
 Singh, the Sage,† was encompassed (by fair women) in
 the wilds and forgot his saintship.
- 340 Shams Tabrez‡ was slain in Multān and his skin filled
 with chaff.
 What is the well ? what is the water-pot ? the pond ?
 the pit ?
 The water in all is the same ; thou hast misplaced thy
 heart.

* By Rāma Chandra for the abduction of his wife, Sītā. The allusion is to the story in the *Rāmāyana*.

† Probably meant for Viśvāmitra in allusion to the story of his seduction by the nymph Menakā : the Sanskrit form is Śringa.

‡ This carries us into Muhamnadan legend. Shamsu'd-dīn Muḥammad Tabrezi, better known as Shams Tabrez, was the celebrated Sūfi master of Maulānā Jalālu'ddīn Rūmī, founder of the Sūfi *ḍurveshes* of Qunia (Iconium). His son, 'Alāu'ddīn Mahmūd, killed Shams Tabrez by throwing him down a well at Qunia in 1247 A.D. There is a story that he was also flayed alive, and wandered about for four days afterwards with his skin in his hand. His descendants, a Shi'a family of Multān, in 1787 A.D. raised a tomb to him there. This explains the allusion in the text.

Gaũ te gadhã charhde, bich Darge na milo thãn.

Donon par mil jãenge, Dhartĩ te Āsmãn."

345 "Tũn sãdã bulãĩã nahĩn boldã, bhajke kahĩn bal jãen ?

Bhaje nũn jãn na dũngĩ, bhanwarke leũn mangãe.

Tere barge ghabrũ ditte pũr khapãe.

Ākheĩ mere lag jã, nahĩn badhke dewãn tangãe."

Pũran dãbhãn mãriãũ, mukh se japke Rãm :

350 " Mãtã, chalnã Kachahrĩ Rabb di, othe dohãn mãmlã pãn.

Sachiãn jhũte Surg de, jhũte kumbhe Narak nũn jãen.

Kamnã dĩ gur istri, lobhĩ de gur dãm,

Kabĩr de gur sant haiĩ, santãn de gur Rãm.

Mãtã, hatth banh kardã bintĩ, merã rahin de sidak imãn."

By mounting the ass on the cow thou wilt gain no place in the Court (of God).

Both spheres will meet, the Heaven and the Earth."

345 "Thou dost not listen to my say, and whither wilt thou flee ?

I will not let thee flee, I will have thee brought and bound.

I have destroyed many youths like thee.

Agree to my say, or I will cut off (thy head) and hang it up."

Pũran cried out and called on God with his lips :

350 "Mother, we must go to God's Court, and there be judged for our deeds.

The trae will enjoy themselves* in Heaven, and the false go to Hell.

The teacher of the lustful is woman, the teacher of the greedy is gain,

The teacher of Kabĩr a saint, and the teacher of the saints is God.†

Mother, with joined hands I pray thee, let me keep my honor and faith."

* *Lit.*, swing in.

† An aphorism of Kabĩr, the religious reformer of 15th century, dragged in for effect.

- 355 " Uṭhīn, Hirā bāndī, jandī de chaṛhāe.
Sāre darwāje mārke, kithe Pāran na jānā pāe.
Sir Pāran dā baḍhnā, kīś bhaṇwar denā sittāe.
Kahnā nahiñ eh mandā, jīundā chhaḍnā nāe."
- Pāran Rām dhyāke chaṛhiā paṛiāñ jāe.
360 Pāran chhālāñ māriāñ pairon pawwā le gae khaskāe.
Kāmpiā singāsan Indar kā, bich pūriāñ pie hakāe.
Dīgdā Pāran dekhiā, āp Rabb ne dittā kambh arāe.
Ṭakhte zamīn de rakhiā, jūn mālan deve phul ṭakāe.
Pat Pāran dī rakh lī, rakhī ap Khudāe.
- 365 Mātā Achhrān boldī : " Tū kyūn māndā lambī dhāh ?
Kis ne mandā bolā ? kis ne kaḍḍhī gāl ?
- 355 " Up, Hirā, my maid,* and lock all the doors.
Close all the gates that Pāran escape not.
Cut off Pāran's head and throw it into a well.
He would not listen to my say and I will not let him
live."
- Pāran praying to God went to the stairs.
360 When Pāran leapt his shoes slipped from his feet.
Indar's throne trembled and a cry arose through the
cities (of heaven).
God himself delivered Pāran as he leapt (from the
palace),
And placed him upon the earth as a gardener layeth
down a flower.
God himself preserved the honor of Pāran.
- 365 Said his mother Achhrān : " Why weepest thou so loudly ?
Who spake harshly to thee ? who hath abused thee ?

* Lānān is speaking.

Tūn betā Rāje Salwān dā, jedā Chāhūn Pāse rāj :
Jis ne tainūn māriā phānsī deān cha hāe."

"Mātā Nūnān ne lālān siliān khole hār singār.

- 370 Kamar katārā kholiā, jeīā main baliā le lak de nāl.
Dhakā deke mahilān se sittiā, mainūn rakhiā Parbatgār.*
Āe mere pitā nūn Mātā Nūnān ne dinā sikhāl."

"Bachā, tainūn le dūngī siliān ṭopiān, hor le dūn hār
singhār :

Kamar katārān le deān, banh le lak de nāl.

- 375 Chandrī de mahilen kyūn giā ? āiān jān bachāe.
Nūnān matīe terī lagdī, āde dīo pāe."

Salwān Nūnān nūn boldā ; "Sun len merā jabāb :

Mandī shagunī main ṭur āke : bagī kokhī bā.

Tūn Indar Rāje dī pachhrān, Rānī, sabhnān dī sardār.

Thou art the son of Rājā Salwān, who rules in the Four
Quarters :

If any one hath beaten thee I will have him hanged."

"Mother Nūnān hath taken my necklace and my jewels.

- 370 She hath taken the dagger from my waist, that was upon
my waist.

She thrust me out of the palace and God preserved me.
And Mother Nūnān will deceive my father, when he
comes to her."

"My son, I will give thee necklace and cap and jewels :
I will fasten another dagger round thy waist.

- 375 Why wentest thou into the harlot's palace ? Thou hast
but saved thy life.

Thy step-mother Nūnān will yet do thee an injury."

Spake Salwān to Nūnān : "Hear my say :

Evil omens came to me on the way : a violent wind was
blowing.

Thou art a maid of Rājā Indar, my Queen, the chief of all.

- 380 Tere mahilen âke Rânân sabhnân ditti basâr.
 Kî lût liân kisi chor ne ? kidhron pai gaḍhâr ?
 Sachân bâtan das de, kî guzre tere nâl ?"
 "Ithoñ bakhat* dhudhol dâ Pûran inereñ mahilen bharââ.
 Main tere bhulâve bhul gaḍ, rakhî chhîj bichhâe,
 385 Pûran ne pairân se joṛâ kholiâ, chaḥiâ chhîj par âe.
 Kaṛkaṛ bhanne gîâ haḍiân, mâs burkiân khâe.
 Sih de mohre bakrî, jûn bhâve tiôn khâe.
 Main palî hoî gaḍ dî makhan dî, main rakhî hai jân
 bachae.
 Kurtî phar gîâ, beganî ṭukre kar diâ châr.
 390 Dukhan kanâû dî bâliân, dukhde sir de bâl.
 Terâ bohal sonâ dâ lut lîâ, bâkî kujh chhorâ nân."
 Âkho ; " Pûran nûn mâr de ; nahin, main mar jâûn katâre
 khâe."
 Râjâ Salwân Nûnân nûn âkhdû ; " Eh gall hoî nahin
 kisi jug.

- 380 I have deserted all the Queens to come to thy palace.
 Hath any thief robbed thee ? Hath any entered in ?
 Tell me truth, what hath happened to thee ?"
 " It was dusk when Pûran entered my palace.
 I mistook him for thee and laid thy bed.
 385 Pûran took off his shoes and mounted thy bed.
 My bones crackled and my flesh was crushed under him.
 If a goat be before a lion, he can eat her when he please.
 I have been bred on cow's butter and I but saved my life.
 He tore the coat from my breast into four pieces.
 390 My earrings pain me and so doth the hair of my head.
 Thy golden arm hath been robbed and nothing re-
 mains of it."
 Said she, " Slay Pûran, or I will stab myself with a dag-
 ger and die."
 Said Râjâ Salwân to Nûnân : " Such a thing could not
 be in any age.

- Tân Indar Râje dĩ padmanĩ bāĩ sunĩ dĩ dhaj.
395 Jat Pûran dâ rahin de, nâ lăo jatĩ de pag.
 Pûran merâ jatĩ hai; kyûn lâunâ chĩkar nûn ag ?
 Tain chab le til châulĩ, tore hoten rahinde lag.
 Pûran dĩ sũrat vekhke bhul gaĩ, kar din haiũ bhere
 sabāb.”
- “ Râjâ, Dhartĩ dâ maṇḍal Mengalũ, parjâ dâ maṇḍal
 bhũp,
400 Ghar dâ maṇḍal istri, kul dâ maṇḍal pũt.
 Ag lage tere maṇḍat, nũriẽ balke digan satũt !
 Tere muĩh dahĩ, sir pag; kyũn baliã sirak-sũt ?
 Le aiã mainũn āp biyãhke, chhijũn mãne Pûran pũt !”
 Ākho; “ Pûran nũn mãr de; naliĩ, maiũ ðere kar
 jãũn kũch.”

- Thou art a beauty of Râjâ Indar's (Court) and high
 is thy repute.
- 395** Preserve the honor of Pûran, put no stain on his virtue.
 My Pûran is honest: why dost thou put fire to the
 mud ?*
- Thou hast eaten sesamum and rico,* for they are on thy
 lips.
 Seeing Pûran's beauty, thou art captivated and doest
 this evil.”
- “ Râjâ, the ornament of the Earth is Heaven, the orna-
 ment of the nation is the king.
- 400** The ornament of the house is a wife, the ornament of
 the family is a son.†
 Fire burn thy house, and may the rafters fall !
 There is a beard on thy face, and a turban on thy head,
 and why didst thou bind it on ?
 Thou didst bring me here in marriage and Pûran thy
 son hath enjoyed my bed.”
 Said she: “ Slay thou Pûran or I will go home.”

* Both idioms : to tell a lie.

† This is a proverbial saying.

- 405 Rājā Chūhā saddiā, lā Kachahrī mangāe :
 " Hatthē kardān pharō, sardi leo sūn chaphāe.
 Sir Pūran dā badhio, kisi khūh bich āio pāe.
 Apnī mātā de chhijān mām giā, kul nūn lā giā lāj."
 Wazīr dā larā Rāje nūn boldā ; " Araz sune man lāe ;
- 410 Khamān barān nūn hot hai, chhotān nūn utpāt.
 Nārān zahar diān gandlān, rakhīye sañwār sañwār :
 Je bich satrān de rakhīe, to khedān bich ujār,
 Mandā changā nā dekhdiān, dekhēn piū dādā dī nā lāj.
 Ākhe Nūnān de lagdān : kī kardā kul dā nās ? "
- 415 Aggion Rānī boldī : " Sun, Rājā, merī bāt :
 Jhutlān gallān Wazīr ākhdā ; eh hai Pūran dī junḍī dā yār."
 " Sunio, lagio badhio, leo dam gināe.
- 405 The Rājā sent for the Scavenger* from his Court, (and said to him) :
 " Take thy knives and have them sharpened on the whetstone.
 Strike off Pūran's head and throw it into a well.
 He hath enjoyed his mother's bed and shamed his family."
 Then spake the Minister to the Rājā : " Hear my petition ;
- 410 Elders should pardon the faults of the young.
 Women are poisonous pests, however carefully they be kept :
 Keep them in seclusion and they will play in the wilds.
 They regard not right and wrong, they regard not the honour of their families.
 The words of Nūnā are approved of thee : why dost destroy thy race ? "
- 415 Then spake the Rānī (Nūnān) : " Rājā, hear my words :
 Falsely saith the Minister ; he is the friend of Pūran's party."
 (Said the Rājā) : " Hear, ye slaves and minions, take your wages and count them.

* The common scavenger is always the executioner in Hindā India.

- Pûran de bâhen rassi pâ, leo karare bat charhâe,
 Sir Pûran dâ badhke, sohane karo kabâb.
- 420 Putr apnâ main mârnâ, phir koi nâ pawe is râh."
 "Bhat pie terî naukari, mahine apne aisi taisi bich pae !
 Pûran bargi sâratân koi balrî jâve nâr.
 Jis kûndh Pûran jâ raho baitho râj diwâe.
 Naukarî terî chhadânge sâthe, Pûran na mârâ jâe."
- 425 " Bhaje â gae, Pûran, tere bap de, kar lân piû ne yâd.
 Jal bich nhautâ, Pûranâ, ho jâ jal se bâhar.
 Jal bich nhândâ kî bane, man bich rahinde pâp ?
 Tere gal mâlâ rudhrâs* dî baithâ Râm dhyâe.
 Din nûn mâlâ phirdâ, rât nûn mape pâr.
- 430 Sûlî gadî tere bap ne, sidhâ hoke sûlî jhâk."

Fasten Pûran's arms with ropes: bind them tightly
 with cords.

- Cut off Pûran's head and make a fine roast of it.
- 420 I slay my son that none may follow his ways."
 (Said the Scavengers) "A curse on thy service, and
 may thy wages go as they will !
 It is a rare woman that bears the like of Pûran.
 Wherever Pûran may go there will he rule.
 We had rather leave thy service than slay Pûran."
- 425 " Pûran, †thy father hath sent us for he hath remem-
 bered thee. ‡
 Thou art bathing in the waters, Pûran, come out of them.
 What boots it to bathe in the waters, when the heart is
 evil ?
 With thy beads around thy neck thou dost worship Râm.
 By day thou dost tell thy beads, by night thou breakest
 into houses.
- 430 Thy father hath erected the gallows, bear the gallows
 courageously."

* For *rudrâksha*, mendicant's beads. † The executioners to Pûran.
 ‡ i.e., found thee out and will punish thee.

Pûran Chûhrân nûn pûchhdâ: "Mere se kere bigar gae
kaj ?

Dohî tainûn Rabb dî, mainûn le chalo pitâ de pàs."

"Dandîe ghat mangwâ lîâ, pitâjî, main â gîâ tere pàs.
Kareñ niyâû merâ sodhke, dîen dukh niwâr.

- 435 Âkhe na Nûnân de lagen, merâ dahî nâ kharch karâe.
Chand-putr nahîn thyâunâ, kâh nûn ghafe ralâwandâ
lâl ?"

"Bachâ, jatîân bichon jat gîâ, tapîân bichon tap.
Jad nâûn lîâ tere biyâh dâ doheñ kane dhar gîâ hatth.
Shahreñ khabarân ho gatîân, bich desân de pai gaf sath.

- 440 Kal Nûnân de mahilen jâke kî dhan âiâ khat ?"

Said Pûran to the Scavengers: "What evil have I
done ?

In the name of God* take me to my father."

"Thou hast sent for the executioners, father, and I
have come to thee.

Do me justice according to my desert and relieve my
pain.

- 435 Listen not to the words of Nûnân and destroy not my
body.

Sons are not (always) begotten, so why throw thy ruby
in the dust ?"

"My son, virtue hath left the virtuous, and righteous-
ness the righteous.

When I mentioned marriage to thee thou didst stop
both thy ears.

It is noised abroad in the City, it hath gone into all
the land.

- 440 Yesterday thou wentest into Nûnân's palace and what
didst thou gain ?"

* Observe the use of Rabb here by a *Hindû Bhagat* !

- “ Pitāji, akk di nā khāiye kakṛī ; sap dā nā khāiye mās ;
 Istri nā kariye lāḍī, jad kad kare binās.
 Anhe nūn chānan kī kare, diwe balan pachās ?
 Bole nūn kharḱā nā sune, tamak baje pās.
 445 Gadho nūn mahilā kī kare, rūṛī jis dā bās ?
 ‘ Nārān Bhoj pur prabal ho gālān, nak bich pāwan nath :
 Aḍe mār nachāundiān māre mard nārī de bas.
 Jat sat merā dekhke, tān siṭṭen bhānven mār.”
 “ Pūran, Pūran ākhie, terā kinne na pāiā bhed.
 450 Kal do pahre luṭ giān, sūnā dekhke khet.
 Hariān belān muchh giā, khāke kar giā dher.

- “ Father, eat not the fruit of the āk ;* eat not the flesh
 of snakes ;
 Make not thy wife a darling, or some day she will ruin
 thee.
 What will the brightness benefit the blind, if thou
 light a hundred lamps ?
 The deaf hears no sound, though thou sound a drum
 beside him.
 445 What will a palace benefit the ass that dwelleth on the
 dunghill ?
 Women have conquered (Rājā) Bhoj† and put a ring
 in his nose.
 And spurring him the women make the conquered man
 dance.
 Test my virtue ere thou dost destroy me.”
 “ Pūran, Pūran we call thee, but none hath fathomed
 thy secret (heart).
 450 Yesterday at noon didst thou rob it, seeing my field
 unguarded.
 My tender creepers were destroyed and thrown into a
 heap when eaten.

* *Asclepias gigantea*, a poisonous plant.

† Probably this merely means a great king : Bhoja-deva of Dhāra,
 Ob. circa 1002 A.D., is a name of household fame in India.

- Budhe pîle baj rahe, rākḥā nahīn suchet.
 Kal lāiā Nūnān nūn biyāḥke; merī dhaulī kanī dekh.
 Tainūn mulk bahoterā khāne nūn, basdā sārā des :
 455 Kām bigā, ā bāp dā, sonā rālā gīā ret.
 Mandir Nūnān de lut lie, kitā ā gīā tere pesh."
 " Pitā, ankheñ vekhke sach karen, kanne sunke nā mār.
 Chāḥ karāḥā tel dā, khunḍān dī ag machāe.
 Jadon karāḥā tap jāo, merā sejjā dast dubāo,
 460 Chīchī ungalī je sare, phāhoñ dīe charḥāe.
 Mere sir par ārā rakhke bichālen siṭṭī chīrwāo.
 Sūrat vekhke bhul gaī, main mukh kahindā rahā
 ' Mān' !"

Nūnān karāḥā chāḥ dīā, dīttī ag jalāe
 Jadon tel karāḥā tap gīā, Pūran līā mangwāe.

- The old man sowed the field and the keeper was not alert.
 Yesterday I married Nūnān, and, see, my hair is grey.
 Many lands are thine to take, for thou hast all the country :
 455 But thou hast spoilt thy father's work and mixed gold with the sand.
 Thou hast robbed Nūnān's house and now (the consequences of) thy deeds are before thee."
 " Father, see the truth with thine eyes, slay not for what thy ears have heard.
 Light a fire of logs and place a caldron of oil thereon.
 When the oil is hot plunge in my right hand.
 460 If my little finger (even) be burnt hang thou me up there.
 Put a saw to my head and have it sawn into halves.
 She saw my beauty and forgot herself, but I only called her ' Mother' !"

Nūnān lit the fire and put on the caldron.
 When the oil was hot she sent for Pūran.

- 465 Jad te ne jhālān chhaḍiān Pūran dittā karāhe pāe.
 Un seven Devī Jālpā, Gorakh nūn lā dhyāe.
 Sawā pahar karāhe bich rahā, phir dhūke kaḍḍhā bāhar.
 Jat sat Pūran dā kām si, nā lagī tattī bāl.
 Aggion Rājā boliā : “ Suno, Chūhro, jawāb :
 470 Līrā littā lāke, Nūnān nūn chhabānā tīrān de nāl.”

- “ Pitā karāhā bañh lā, put ne bāndhā tel.
 Main parī thī Baṛe Bahisht dī, bich parān kardī sel :
 Pūran apnā rakh lā, karke akal dā khel.
 Aist sundar istrī phir kadhi nahīn honā mel.
 475 Bhulbhūlekhi main bhul gaī, mere akal thikānā nāe.
 Nūnān sach boldī, Pūran sachā nāe.”

- 465 When the oil bubbled up Pūran was put into the
 caldron.
 He worshipped the Goddess Jālpā,* and meditated on
 Gorakh.
 A watch and a quarter he remained in the oil and was
 taken out by force.
 Pūran's virtue was proved, not a hair of him was
 injured.
 Then said the Rājā : “ My Scavengers, hear me :
 470 Strip the clothes off Nūnān and pierce her with arrows.”

- “ The father stayed the caldron and the son stayed the
 oil (by magio).
 I was a fairy in the Great Heaven, wandering amidst
 the fairies,
 And Pūran hath proved himself by a skilful trick.
 Never again shalt thou meet so beautiful a woman.
 475 I have been deceived by impositions and my (poor)
 skill availed me not.
 Nūnān saith truth that Pūran is not true.”

* See above, line 124.

"Jâke Pûran nûn marîo, jithe an pâni bhî nâe.

Aise putr dâ marnâ, mere râj nûn âwandî hân."

Agge Chûhrâ boliâ, rondâ dâhân mâr :

- 480 "Mere hatth nahîn Pûran par nahîn bagde, hatthên
apne mâr.

Sâde sir ulte manje rakhde shahron de ujâr :

Ithôn kullî patke, hor te pâwânge jâe.

Bhagat Pûran nûn mârke, Nûnân, kere saiwâregî kâj ?

Mere chârôn bete mârke Pûran nûn lîen bachâe."

- 485 Nûnân Râje nûn âkhdî : "Itnî der na lâe,
Chorân yârân nâl dostî kadhî bhî bantî nâe.
Eh dâ mârîâ hakk hai, eh dî nîtar lîen kadhâe.
Hatth pair is de banhke, sittan khûh de bâr."

"Pûranâ, tere hatth bândhke sankonfân, chale godân
de bhâr.

"Go and slay Pûran,* where is nor water nor corn.

Such a son should be slain, that hath ruined my kingdom."

Then spake the Scavenger weeping aloud :

- 480 "My hands rise not against Pûran, slay him with thine
own hands.

I will put my bed on my head and leave the city.†

I will pull down my hut and raise it up elsewhere.

What dost thou gain, Nûnân, by slaying Pûran, the
Bhagat ?

Better slay my son and save Pûran."

- 485 Said Nûnân to the Râjâ : "Delay not thus ;
It is useless to be friends with a thief.
He should be slain that hath destroyed (the apple of)
thine eyes.
Bind him hand and foot and throw him into a well."

(Said Lûnân) : "Pûran, thy hands are bound behind thee
and thou goest upon thy knees.

* Salwân says this, giving into Lûnân.

- 490 Ājan bhī kabā mān le, hun le āwān chhurāe
 Jerī badī tainūn lag gai hor pāse dīnān tāl
 Eh gall merī mān le, ban jā bhartā, main terī nār."
 " Mātā, chhijī terī agg balī, maithon chaṛhā na jāe
 , Heth Dharti Mātā dekhdi, utte Parbatgār *
 495 Dohān se chorī main karān, parān Nark men jāe
 Hatth bauh kaidā bintī, tū lagī dharu dī mān."

- " Suniye, tūn Khiddū Chūbrā, sun le merā jawāb.
 Hatth le āyo Pūran de badhke rakhān sirhūne nāl
 Netrī le āin kaddhke, surmān lawān banāe !
 500 Us dī rat lo ānī kaddhke lāwān hār singār ' .
 Je Pūran jīundā rakhiā, terā dcān kabīlā gāl.
 In kahā merā nahīn mānā, sittiyo khūh de bār "

- 490 Hear my say to-day and even now will I release thee.
 What evil hath been charged against thee will I pass
 on to another.
 Only hear my say that thou be my husband and I thy
 wife."
 " Mother, fire burns thy bed, I cannot ascend it.
 Beneath Mother Earth is looking on and above is God .
 495 If I steal from both I shall go into Hell.
 With joined hands I beseech thee, be my mother
 by faith."

- " Heart thou Scavenger Khiddū, hear my say.
 Cut off Pūran's hands and place them beneath my pillow.
 Take out his eyes that I may make eye-salve of them !
 500 Bring me his blood, that I may put it to my jewels and
 clothes !
 If thou let Pūran live I will destroy thy family.
 He listened not to my words ; throw him into a well."

* For Parbatgār see above, line 371.

† Lāmān says this.

"Satiâ dî phall jhomprî, bhût kostî dâ gâûn.
Ag lage pitâ, terî maṇḍat, mārfeñ bich hai nahiñ Har
da nâûñ !

- 505 Rāj nûñ bijlî mār jā ! Nûnân nûñ laṛ jā kâlâ nâg !
Terâ shahr gharak ho jāe, gawwân nâ chugdiân ghâ !
Be-gunâh mārîâ, merâ kus nahiñ kîâ niwâûñ.
Hatth banh kardâ bintî, milî nâ Achhrân mân."

- "Sâdhû tainûñ boldâ ; suniye, Pûran, jabâb.
510 Pichhle janam bich astî donoñ si sake bhrâe :
Tûñ jamiâ ghar Râje de, main lie phakirî pâe.
Tûñ merî gadi par baithî jā, main mardân tere thân."
Pûran aggiôn âkhdâ : "Tainûñ deân sunâe :
Honî bîtî pagambarân, main kih dâ pânihâr ?

"Better the hut of the virtuous than the village of the
sinful.

Fire burn thy palace, father, wherein God's name is not
feared !

- 505 Lightning destroy thy kingdom ! May the black serpent
destroy Nûnân !

May thy city sink and cows not graze thy grass !
Slaying me without fault thou hast done me no justice !
With joined hands I pray thee : I have not (even) met
my mother Achhrân."

- "The holy man telleth ;* Pûran, hear his say.
510 In the last birth we were own brothers :
And now thou art born in a Râjâ's house and I have
become a *faqîr*.

Sit thou in my place and let me die for thee."

Then said Pûran : "I say to thee :

Fate hath happened to the prophets ; I am but a water-
bearer.†

* Pûran is now consoled by a saint.

† i.e., a humble person compared to them.

- 515 Bhalī hoī māpe mārde, mere prān Surg nūn jān.
Ik achhnabā ho giā, Mātā Achhrān ho birān."

Chūhrā hirnā dā bak mārīā, rat lī channe bich pāe.

Donon nitar mirg de kaḍḍhke banat banāe :

"Je Nūnān kahā mān gat, tāt Pūran nūn deānge bachāe.

- 520 Je honī Pūran dī jāg pie, tāt mukē deānge mār."

Hirni dāhān mārīā, kītī Rabb agge faryād :

"Hirni main sāmān thār dī, chahke āe utār,

Ḍardī chher, bhagīliē, chitīon, dittā bak ujār !

Nā merīān sākḥān chugīān ; nā chugīā hariā ghā ;

- 525 Nā chhālān mārīān ; nā ṭurīā mere sūth ;

Nā than chunge rajke, merā pāt hamāme jāe.

Be-badawī dā bak mārīā, nā lagī duniyā dī bā !

Jih de khātir mārīā, so Pūran bhī mārā jāe !"

- 515 It is well that my parents slay me, for I go to Heaven.
But there is one evil, that my mother Achhrān is ruined."

The Scavenger slew a fawn and put its blood into a cup :

Both eyes of the fawn he took out, and made a plan :

"If Nūnān listen to me, then will I save Pūran.

- 520 But if Pūran's fate be awake* I will come back and
slay him."

The doe cried out and complained to God (and said) :

"I was a doe on the lower grounds and climbed up hither,
For fear the lion, the wolf, and the leopard, and I have
(now) lost my fawn.

It sucked not my teats ; it ate not the green grass ;

- 525 It bounded not ; nor wandered beside me ;

It sucked not my teats to surfeit, for they are full to
bursting ;

My harmless fawn hath been slain, ere yet it hath
breathed the air of this world !

May Pūran for whose sake it hath died be also slain !"

* Be against him.

- Chôhrâ akhdâ : " Pûran nûn main lâiâ mâr.
 530 Eh le, Nûnân, rat Pûran dî lâ le hâr singâr."
 " Uḥiye, Hirâ bândî, motî kaḍḍhke rat bich pao :
 Je rat Pûran dî ho, tûn motî milange us dî nâl."
 Motî chhanne siṭṭ ditte, jûn ratî nahîn lagâ nâl.
 " Dâde mugâune Chôhrâ, kî lâiân banat banâe ?
 535 Main nahîn Jattî Panjâb dî, jinhoñ laweñ bharmâe.
 Jithe Pûran mâriâ, woh dikhâve thâe."
 Chôhrâ akhdâ : " Dâdâ hage khasam dâ, jin mahilen
 bâre chhâd !
 Tere andar dî ng tûn bhuje, terî taprî pawe bâzâr !"
 " Kî karân Râje Salwân nûn, chhaḍe kamîn bigâr ?

- Said the Scavenger (to Lûnân) : " I have slain Pûran.
 530 Take this blood of Pûran, Nûnân ; take it to the jewels
 and clothes."
 " Up, my maid Hirâ, and put a pearl into the blood :
 If the blood be Pûran's the pearl will be stained
 by it."
 The pearl was thrown into the cup and blood stained
 it not.
 " Thou accursed Scavenger, what trick hast thou play-
 ed me ?
 535 I am no Jatt's wife of the Panjâb, that thou canst
 deceive me.
 Show me the place where thou hast slain Pûran."
 Said the Scavenger : " Cursed be thy husband, that let
 thee enter the palace !
 The lust within thee will only be appeased, when thou
 hast raised thy hut in the market !"
 " What shall I do to Râjâ Salwân for spoiling his
 menials ?

* i.e., by becoming a prostitute

- 540 Je bas pai jān mere, tainūn lambī ghallān bagār :
 Tainūn bagārī ghallke tere ṭabbar deān ujā :
 Sāmhnā sātūn boldā, tainūn phāe deān jān."
 "Sātūn changī bagār, bagār hai sāde kār.
 Dāne āveñ bagār de ṭabbar kare bahār.
 545 Je tūn iskh kamāunān kanjri banke jā :
 Ṭapri pāo bāzār bich, bahke ishk kamāo.
 Pūran barge gabrū bhāleñ is bāzār.
 Je bas pai jān Chōhrāñ donoñ khākān siṭte phār!"
 Nūnān uthon mūr pie, mahilou bare āi :
 550 "Lago Kachahri Rāje Salwān dī, tainūn banhke leo
 mangwāe."

Chōhrā dardā bhaj giā, giā Pūran de pās :
 "Honi ne gherā pā liā, tere bachan nūn nahīn chhadā
 rāh.

- 540 If I have the chance I will send thee on a far service ?
 And when thou art gone on service I will destroy thy
 family.
 Thou that speakest against me, I will have thee
 hanged."
 "Service is well for me, service is my duty.
 On the fruits of service doth my family rejoice.
 545 If thou wouldst indulge thy lusts go and be a prostitute.
 Pitch thy hut in the market and indulge thy passions.
 Meet some gallant like Pūran in the market :
 And if thou fall under the power of the Scavenger he
 will slit both thy lips !"
 Nūnān went back into her palace (saying) :
 550 "I will go into the Court of Rājā Salwān and have thee
 brought there bound."

Fear entered the Scavenger and he went to Pūran (and
 said) :

"Thy fate hath encompassed thee and there is no way
 to save thee.

Hatth pair mainân baḍh len de, le jāwân Rāje de pas.
Māriā tainûn tere bāp ne, sādē kujh nahin chaldi gharī-
bān dī wāh."

- 555 Pûran ākhḍā; "Chûhriō, suno merā jabāb.
Bhaje ā gae ho bāp de, ā gē mera pās.
Hatth pair mere baḍhke kām banāio rās.
Goḍiān te lattān baḍh lo, askān kolon bāth.
Nītar deke nahanfān kaḍh lo ḍonghe deke chāk.
560 Utte giljān jhurmut maliā, bahindiān gherā pāe :
Gīdar chāngān māriān mangde merā mās :
Sherān bhūbhān māriān, koī hai nahin Pûran de pās !
Loth merī nūn chak leo, le chalo khūh de pās.
Ik anherā khūh dā, dūjā kālī rāt !
565 Jāke kah do merī māt nūn : ' roke nain na leo gaṇwāde ;
Dil nūn deve sabar diān tākiān, chit nā kare udās.'

Let me cut off thy hands and feet to take to the Rājā.
It is thy father that slays thee ; I, a poor man, have no
power."

- 555 Said Pûran : " Scavenger, hear me.
Sent by my father have ye come to me.
Cut off my hands and feet and do your duty.
Cut off my legs from below the knees and my arms from
below the elbows.
With nail-parers take out both my eyes.
560 Above the kites are gathered and circle round me :
And jackals howl for my flesh :
And lions roar and none is near (me) Pûran !
Cut off my hands and take my body to the well.*
Dark is the well and dark is the dark night !
565 Go and tell my mother not to lose her eyes for weeping :
To close the doors of patience on her heart and to
sorrow not in her mind.

* See Vol. I., p. 2.

Bārān baras te ā milōn, mere ure nā rakhe ās.
 Hatth bañh kardā bintī, merī mātā āge ardās."

- Jāke Rājā dā Chāhrā kūkdā Achhrān dī bār :
 570 "Rattī pīhī baithīe, sun le merā jawāb.
 Nak te besar khot de; chōrīān bhunne mahilān de nāl!
 Putr jinhlān de mar gae, unhlān de man vich kaise chāe ?
 Pūran terā mārīā, mārīā Nūnān kamzāt !
 Hatth baḍḍhke saukoniān, ankheñ hlān kadḍhwāe !
 575 Bharke chhannān rat dā Nūnān lāve hār singār.
 Akheñ chalke vekh le, sittiā khūh dī bār !"
 Achhrān piṭṭe nikalī hoke bahut hirān.
 "Bhāīān bāz nī jorīān, putrān bāj nahīn rahindī nān.

In twelve years will I meet her, there is no hope before
 that.

With joined hands I pray, (take) my petition to my
 mother."

The Rājā's Scavenger went and cried out at Achhrān's
 door :

- 570 "O sitter on the red conch, hear my say.
 Take off thy nose-ring, break thy bracelets against the
 palace (walls) !
 How shall they have ease of mind whose sons are dead ?
 Pūran thy son is dead, slain by the shameful Nūnān !
 His hands and feet have been cut off and his eyes taken
 out !
 575 Filling a cup with his blood Nūnān hath put it to her
 jewels and clothes.
 Go and see with your own eyes that he is thrown into
 a well !"
 Achhrān weeping went out aghast (and said) :
 "There is no pair without a brother, there is no name
 to live without a son.

- Dukhen bûṭā main pālīā, chulleū pānt pāe :
 580 Jad chhān hoī jhūlmī, bagī kahir dī bāl.
 Maṭṭ jawānān nūn kahir, jīūn daryān dī ḡhāt.
 Terī maṭṭ ne gallīā mīlān, Honī ne rokke rāh.
 Jis din kalimān likhiāī je maiū hondī pās,
 Arjān kardī dādhi Rabb dī, tere kalam likhāwandī rās !"
 585 Jitthe Pūran māriā, chalke woh vekhiā we thāūn.
 " Pūran merā mar gīā, main marnā oh de nāl.
 Ambā dī būṭī baḥdān, akkān nūn kardān bār.
 Putrāī de khātir māpē khūhen te ṭobe pāunde jāl.
 Sāde hattīān ṭālī ik phal, so bhī sittīān tūn mār.
 590 Taiūn chand-putr nahīn thiāunā ; nā jammūn dūjī wār !"

- With care I cherished the tree and watered it with my
 hands ;
 580 And when its shade grew thick a violent wind hath
 overturned it.
 Death taketh youth as a river-flood.
 Death met him in the street and Fate stopped the way
 (for flight.)
 When thy fate was written had I been by,
 I would have made a great cry to God and had it
 written favorably !"
 585 She went and saw the place where Pūran was wounded
 (and said) :
 " My Pūran hath been slain and I will die with him.
 They have destroyed the mango (Pūran) and sheltered
 the āk (Lānān).*
 For the sake of sons parents cast nets into the wells and
 ponds.†
 Among my thirty-two trees but one bore fruit and that
 thou hast destroyed.
 590 Thou shalt have no son : a second shall not be born
 to thee !"

* See above, line 441.

† Allusion to the habit of native women of worshipping at wells and ponds in the hope of obtaining sons.

- "Sunio, laglo badhlo, dhakke de do chār :
 Kachahrī te eh nūn kaḍḍh deo, kaḍḍh deo shahr dī bār.
 Hatth vich de do soṭā, kāg urāṭī jāe.
 Muṛke mahilān nā baṛe, koī Pāraṇ barge na jāve kamzāt.
 595 Bikhāt pai gae Rājīāṁ, sireṇ uṭhā le bhār.
 Bhaṭ jhakheḍiān Rānīān, dhakke den gaṇwār."

- Achhrān khāh nūn ṭar pie, kardī kāk pukār :
 "Māwān putrān de melo kadhī karo āp Khudāe ?"
 Kah dī: "Bachā, tere sir pe naubat baj rahī, man āṭ
 bhog.
 600 Je taiṇ naubat bhogṇī, terī lagān kāyā nūn rog.
 Main jāke agge Gorakh de kūtḍi, 'Bal jāe terī jog !'
 Kaun saumbhe tere māl khizānā? kaun karo rāj dī
 bhog?"

- (Said Salwān): "Hear, ye slaves and minions, give
 (Achhrān) three or four blows,
 And turn her out of the palace and out of the city.
 Put a stick into her hands to drive away the crows.*
 Let her not enter the palace again that no more wretches
 like Pāraṇ be born.
 595 Heavy troubles have Rājās suffered, carrying burdens
 on their heads:
 And Rānīs have fed the oven, pushed about by churls."
 Achhrān went to the well and cried out:
 "Will God be even pleased to let mother and son meet
 again?"
 Said she: "My son, thy turn (for sorrow) hath come
 upon thy head, suffer it with (a brave) heart.
 600 And as thou bearest thy trouble thy body will be af-
 flicted.
 I will go to Gorakh and cry, 'Cursed be thy saintship !'
 Who will guard thy treasures? Who will enjoy thy
 royalty?"

* See Vol. I., p. 292.

- Pâran khûh vich boldâ, mukh se japke Râm :
 "Hâthfû mere chhad de mâtâ, Kajalî Ban men jân.
 605 Mere ghorê tavele khol do : ghâs tur tur khân.
 Bâz sikre chhad deo, kisi râj-dwâr nûn jân.
 Kuttîân dîân rassân badh deo, kutte mangde tukrê khân.
 Rone-bhone khizâne lutâ deo, kar deo pun te dâ.
 Jîunde rahe, tân milânge ; Gorakh rakhe imân.
 610 Hatth bañh kardâ bintî Rabb rakhe terâ imân."
- Larke dâhân mâriân, khûh de utte âe :
 "Asiñ munde haiñ terî fauj de, tû sâdâ sardâr.
 Kallâ karke mâriâ ; je asî honde tere nâl,
 Tâñ mârde Rânî Nânâñ nûn, nahûñ, mar jânde âp."
 615 "Hanso khelo, munde Shahr dîo ; Rabb agge faryâd.

- Said Pâran from within the well, worshipping God with
 his lips :
 " Let loose my elephant, mother, to go to the Kajalî
 Forest.*
 605 Let loose my horse from the stable to graze the grass
 at will.
 Let loose my falcons and hawks to go to some palace.
 Let loose my dogs' ropes and let them beg their food.
 Let my treasures be thrown away and given away as alms.
 If I live I will meet thee again ; Gorakh will keep my
 faith.
 610 With joined hands I pray to God to keep my faith."
- His playmates cried, coming to the well :
 " We boys were of thy following and thou wast our leader.
 Thou wast alone when they slew thee ; had we been
 with thee,
 We would have slain Rânî Nânâñ, or died ourselves."
 615 " Laugh and play, my boys of the City : my complaint
 is before God.

* See Vol. I, p. 520.

Bhālī hoī māpe mārde, sāns Surg nūn jāe.
 Māsā ghaṭe nā tal badhe, jūn likhe Kartār.
 Rājī hoke bhichaṛo; bane Pūran de nāl."

- 620 Rānī khūh de ṭur pie, pie piṇḍ dī rāh.
 " Chandā, terī chāndni soti sī chhej bichhāe.
 Chāre pāwe palang de rowāngī gal lāe.
 Putr nūn vidyā kar chali, kī vekhiān mān ghar jāe ?
 Berā kāle nāg dā, lahen de de khāe.
 Akhān te anhi ho gal, mainūn kanān se sundā nāe.
 625 Achhrān mahilān se kaḍḍh ditti, phirdī bich bazār.
 Ik bichhorā put dā, dūji bhukh kaleje nūn khāe.

My parents did well to slay me, for my life goes now to
 Heaven.
 What the Creator hath written changeth not at all.
 Part with Pūran without murmur; suffering is for
 Pūran."

- The Rānī (Achhrān) left the well and went towards the
 village.
 620 (Said she): " O moon, I have slept on my bed in thy
 light.
 I embrace the feet of my bed (now) and weep.
 Bidding adieu to her son what will a mother find in her
 house ?
 It is the boat of the black snake,*the waves frighten me.
 Mine eyes are blind and I hear not with my ears.
 625 I, Achhrān, have been turned out of the palace to wander
 in the streets.
 Firstly, I am separated from my son; and, secondly,
 hunger eateth into my heart.

* Metaphor : a very unhappy home.

Kal banî hoî thî pat-rânî, aij bhatî jhonkdî âe !”
Un Rabb par rukhdî ðorî ; kyûnkar umar bhâe ?

- Indar diân parîân u fân khûh bich latthân âe.
630 Bârân barsân Pûran nûn guziân, dharam ne pëhrâ liâ
pâe.
Mukh te parîân bolîân: “Tainûn dîc sunâe :
Tûn kî hai paristâ ? nahîn, mahâ balâe ?”
Pûran agge boliâ leke Gorakh dâ nâûn :
“Nâ main parî paristâ ; nâ main mahâ balâe.
635 Beṭā Pājā Salwān dā ; Pûran merā nâûn.
Je tusîn parîân sach diân jāke kûkiyo Gorakh de pās :
‘Chelâ terâ mārîâ baḍhke sittâ khûh de bār :
Je tûn Gurû hai sat dâ, de duniyâ de bāl.’”

Yesterday was I a chief ~~queen~~, to-day do I serve the
oven !”
Her hope was in God, but how was her life to pass ?

- Indar's fairies came flying into the well.*
630 Twelve years had passed over Pûran in the performance
of religious duties.
Said the fairies with their lips : “ We speak to thee :
Art thou a fairy ? or art thou a great horror ?”
Then said Pûran, taking Gorakh's name :
“ I am no fairy : I am no great horror.
635 I am the son of Rājā Salwān ; Pûran is my name.
If ye are true fairies go to Gorakh and cry out to
him (and say) .
‘ Thy disciple is wounded and thrown into a well :
If thou be a true Gurû let him breathe the air of the
world.’ ”

* The poem breaks off here ; Pûran has now been twelve years in
the well.

- Khûh te parîân urîân Gorakh latthân jâe.
 640 Gurû baiṭhân âsan lâke sohanî samâdh lagâe.
 "Chele tere dî araz hai, tûn sune man chit lâke.
 Oh badḍbke khûh bich siṭṭiâ, Pûran us dâ nâûn."
 Gorakh nâdh bajâ liâ man bich Âlakh dhyâe.
 Jinne chele Nâth de sabḍî lie bulâe :
 645 "Mere Pûran par bhârî pai gaî, us nûn leo chhurâe."
 Tilloñ Jogî charḥ pie Siâlkoṭ latthe âe.
 Aggion Gorakh boldâ : "Suno, Jogio, bāt :
 Itthe Pûran Bhagat hai kisî khûh de bâr.
 Oh nûn sar-bhar ṭolnâ, kaḍḍhnâ khûh se bâr.
 650 Us nûn bârân baras guzre, bahutî pâi sazâe."
 Jogî Nâr Singh boldâ : "Gurûjî, merî sun le araj man lâe,
 Jogî tihâñ jai de, koî khûâ deo batâe."

- The fairies flew from the well and went to Gorakh.
 640 The Gurû was sitting at his seat in a beautiful reverie.
 (Said the fairies :) "Thy disciples speak, hear them with
 heart and soul.
 He is maimed and thrown into a well that is named Pûran."
 Gorakh sounded his conch and thought on the Invisible
 in his heart.
 He called together all his followers (and said) :
 645 "My Pûran is in trouble, do ye release him."
 The Jogis* came from Tîllâ to Siâlkoṭ.
 Then spake Gorakh : "Hear ye my words, ye Jogîs :
 Pûran Bhagat is here in a well.
 Search him out and take him out of the well.
 650 He hath passed twelve years (there), and great hath
 been his trouble."
 Then spake the Jogî Nâr Singht† : "Sir Gurû, listen to
 my words with thy heart.
 The Jogîs are athirst for water, show them a well."

* His disciples.

† I suspect Nâr Singh or Nâhar Singh, the Jogî, is meant for the Narasinha, Man-lion, *avatâra* of Viṣṇu. He is also called Anâr Singh and Nar Singh, and is frequently invoked in *mantras* and charms. See *Indian Antiquary*, Vol. XII., p. 39.

Gorakh Jogîân nûn boldâ : "Tuhâ nûn sachîân deân
sunâe :

Nagarî hai Râjâ Salwân, kûâ haigâ bich ujâr.

655 Utton jal bhar lo, bachon, suno kûk pukâr."

Jogî utthon tur pie, khûh par painde âe.

Nâûn leke Gorakh Nâth dâ tumbe ditte khûh bich
phirâe.

Jadon pâni khârakdâ, suniâ Pûran, Gorakh liâ dhyâe.

Tûndân nâl tumbe phar lie ; Jogî nath gae bhau khâe.

660 Jâke Gorakh nûn âkhde, gae Gorakh de pâs :

"Tumbe sâde kho lie ; kûe bich hai mahân balâe.

Akhen chalke vekh le, tumbe rahe khûh de bâr."

Derion Gorakh chaliâ, man bich Âlakh dhyâe ;

Utte khûh de ûke bah gae âsan lâe.

Said Gorakh to the Jogîs : "I tell you the truth :

The city is Râjâ Salwân's and the well is in the wilds.

655 Take water thence, my children, and hear if (Pûran)
cry out."

The Jogîs went thence toward the well.

Taking the name of Gorakh Nâth they cast their bow
into the well.

When the water resounded Pûran heard it and meditated
on Gorakh.

He seized the bowls with the stumps (of his arms) and
the Jogîs became afraid.

660 And they went and said to Gorakh :

"Our bowls have been lost ; there is a great horror in
the well.

Go and see with thine own eyes, our bowls have
remained in the well."

Gorakh went from his place, meditating on the Invisi-
ble in his heart ;

He went to the well and took his seat there.

- 665 Bulāwandā : “ Bachā, kī haiṇ pari paristā ? kī haiṇ mahān balāe ?
Mārān pawā gajab dā, khūh nūn siṭṭān bich Patāl !
Je bhalī chāhunā jān dī, ho jā khūh te bāhr.
Main chelā Machbandar Nāth dā, siddh hān barā parkār.”
- Agion Pūran boliā : “ Gurūji, araj karān, sun lāe.
- 670 Nā sī main pari paristā ; nā sī mahān balāe ;
Betā Rājā Salwān dā ; Achhrān hai merī mān ;
Chelā bannā hai main Gorakh Nāth dā ; Pūran merā nānū.
- Lekhe dī likhe nā miṭe, baḍḍbke khūh bich dittā pāe.
Je tūn Gurū hai sach dā mainūn de duniyā de bāo.”
- 675 Gorakh nūn Jogī ākhde : “ Tūn chhetī nā hoen diyāl.

- 665 He called out : “ My son, art thou a fairy ? Art thou a great horror ?
I will strike the well with my (magic) sandals and sink the well into Hell !
If thou desirest thy life, come out of the well.
I am a disciple of Machhandar Nāth and a mighty saint.”
- Then said Pūran : “ Sir Gurū, I speak, hear me.
- 670 I was no fairy : I was no great horror.
I was the son of Rājā Salwān, Achhrān was my mother.
I would be a disciple of Gorakh Nāth ; Pūran is my name.
The lines of fate are not to be blotted out, they wounded and threw me into the well.
If thou be a true Gurū let me breathe the air of the world.”
- 675 Spake a Jogī to Gorakh : “ Be not over-quick to pity him.

Je Pûran Bhagat hai tân kaddhe kache tâge nâl."

Gorakh Jogî boldâ : "Tusî chhetî tâgâ le âo :

Le âlîyo kuârî kanyân dâ, byâhî hoî nân."

Jogî uthoî ur pie, Kârû des tathe jâe.

680 Tayyan kurîân dâ vekhke tâgâ mangîâ jâe.

Sau baras dî budhiâ boldî : "Tuhâ nûn sachîân deân sunâe.

Sat Jug charkhâ ghariâ ; Trete battî mâl ;

Dwâpar tand khichîâ ; tand charh giâ akâs !

Je ho chele kisî Nâth de, tûn tand nûn leo utâr !"

685 Aggion Jogî bolde man bich ghusse khâe :

"Sat Jug Gurû sâde Kishn thâ, le, iâ Kansh de nâl ;

If he be Pûran Bhagat he will be drawn out by a single thread of yarn."*

Said Gorakh to the Jogî : "Go quickly and get me a thread :

And get it from an unmarried virgin."

The Jogîs flew thence and went straight to the land of Kârû.†

680 Seeing the virgins spinning they demanded a thread.

Spake a beldame of a hundred years : "I toll you truth.

The spinning wheel was made in the Golden Age ; the skein and ropes in the Silver Age ;

The thread was drawn in the Third Age and went up into heaven !

If ye be the disciples of a Saint, bring down the thread !"

685 Then were the Jogîs angered in their hearts (and said)

"In the Golden Age our Gurû was K_rishna that fought with Kansa ;‡

* Compare Vol. I., p. 39 This would be a sheer impossibility.

† P Mâlwa

‡ The story of the destruction of Kansa, the king of Mathurâ, by K_rishna, is well known, and is told in the *Bhâgavata Purâna*.

Lariā Kānsh dē nāl, Kānsh lā mār :

Phir Gurū Ram Chānd hai, Rāwan kaḍhiā Lankā se
bāhr :

Han Gurū sādā Gorakh Nāth, hai utariā bich ujār.

690 Bhalī chāhni tīgā rakh de ; nahin, nagari dēānge gāl."

Dardi tīgā de dīā, Jogīān de charne lagī ān.

Uthoñ Jogī tur pie, Gorakh pe latthe ān.

Gorakh tīgā siṭhiā, leke Machhandar dā nāñ ;

"Je terā jat sat kām, chaṛhiā kache tānge nāl."

695 Pūran dā jat sat kām hai, sī nikalā khūh de bār !

Charne Gorakh de lag giā ; "Mainūn de bā."

Gorakh māni chaurī, giā bich Dargāh :

That fought with Kansa and slew him :

Then our Gurū was Rāma Chandra that turned Rāvana
out of Lankā :*

Now our Gurū is Gorakh Nāth, who is dwelling in the
wilds.

690 If thou desirest thy good give the thread, else will we
destroy thy city."

Being afraid she gave the thread and fell at the Jogis'
feet.

The Jogis went thence and came back to Gorakh.

Gorakh threw down the thread in the name of Mach-
handar (and said) :

"If thy virtue be steadfast come up by this single
thread."

695 Pūran's virtue had been steadfast and he came out of
the well !

He fell at the feet of Gorakh (and said) : "Give me air."

Gorakh sitting cross-legged went to the Court (of God).

* See above, line 104

Jāke Indar nūn kûkdā charne sīs niwāe :

"Asiā Pūran nūn sâbit karnā, sânnū nītar de phaṛāe."

700 Gorakh nītar le līe, āiā Pūran de pāe.

Chittī amrit phalde de, līe sâbit ditta banāe.

Pūran sâbit ho gā, Gorakh de charnoī lagā ā.

Jogī jhande paṭ līe, man bich Ālakh jagāe.

Chale Kārū des nūn karke sabhī salāh ;

705 Jogī bolde: "Pūranā, tūn ithe aṭak jā."

Pūran kahnā manān, dittā chaukī lāe :

"Je Gurū bakhshē ṭhangrī, mainūn ṭhangrī hai parwān.

Main kahnā nahīn Gurūn dā morḍā, lage dharam dī hān."

Pūran nūn raste chhad gae, Karū des latthe jāe.

Going to Indar he cried out, bowing his head at his feet :

"I would make Pūran whole, give me his eyes."

700 Gorakh took the eyes and came to Pūran.

He sprinkled pure *amrita** over him and made him whole.

Pūran being (now) whole fell at Gorakh's feet.

The Jogīs raised the standard and meditated on the Invisible in their hearts.

They all made a plan to go to the land of Kārū ;

705 And the Jogīs said: "O Pūran, do thou stay here."

Pūran obeyed their command and sat him down cross-legged (and said):

"If the Gurū will grant me a (Jogī's) hut I shall be content.

I will never disobey the Gurū's word, lest my virtue be injured."†

Leaving Pūran on the road they went to the land of Kārū.

* i.e., holy water.

† From here to line 773 the poem breaks off into a story about the doings of Gorakh Nāth in Kārū Des.

- 710 Jhaṇḍe gaḍe Jogīān, dittiān dhunīān lāe :
 Bhagṭ kamāunde, Nāth dī sau samādh lagāe.
 Jad bakhat bhaṇḍārī dā ho gīā Jogī nagarī barde jāe,
 Dudh bhāṇḍā dā chak līā, līā chipīān vich pāe.
 Nagarī vich dhōī pai gal, "Kaphāte kidharōn latthe āe?"
- 715 Sūkhi aurat boldī, sabhnān suheliān nūn lītī bulāe :
 "Aise Jogī ā gae kadhi bhī dīṭhe nāe ;
 Kane chūān dī mundrān ; jodhe bare jāwān ;
 Bin puchhiā dudh le gīā, sādā kus nahīn rakhīā mān !"
 Sūkhi sarson palajke mārde leke apne Gurūn da nān.
- 720 Jitne the chele Nāth de sabhnān de ditte akal bhulāe.
 Jogīān de dhaṇḍe ban gae, singī rassī ditti pāe.
 Apo apne gharān nūn le gīān, bhanne khorīān jāe.

- 710 The Jogis set up their standards and lit their fires,
 And did penance meditating on (Gorakh) Nāth.
 When it was time for food the Jogis went into the city,
 And taking the milk for their food (by force) put it
 into their bowls.
 And a cry arose in the city: "Whence have these
 Jogis come?"*
- 715 Spake the woman Sūkhi calling all her companions :
 "Such Jogis have come as have never been seen ;
 Earrings have they in their ears and are stout warriors,
 They take their milk without asking and care nothing
 for me !"
 Sūkhi charmed some mustard seed and threw it over
 (the Jogis) in the name of her Gurū.
- 720 All the disciples of (Gorakh) Nāth lost their senses.
 The Jogis were changed into bullocks and were fastened
 with stout ropes !
 Each man took them to his stalls and put them in his
 mangers.

* The *Kaphāḍas*, or Ear-bored Jogis, are the followers of the Nāthas, as these were.

- Ik Jogî Gorakh nûn âkhdâ, " Gurûjî, sun le jabâb.
 Shambhû Nâth Jogî le giâ sambhân nûn nâl.
 725 Karû des vich jâeke unheñ ditti dhum machâe.
 Tâno-tâni dudh chakke kist nûn puchhiâ nâe.
 Karû des di tivîân ne sâre lie bald banâe !
 Je, Gurû, agiâ tuhâde ho jâve, tân unhân lie chhudâe !"
 Gorakh tumbâ jhâriâ, man bich Âlakh dhyâe ;
 730 Batwâ liâ bhabût dâ, mantarke dittâ akâs charhâe.
 Jitne chele the Nâth de â gae bald Gorakh de pâs.
 Jad Gorakh thâpî dittâ, sab âdmî lie banâe !
- Gorakh hoiâ kahirmân, man bich ghussâ khâe :
 Jitne khûh Kârû des de sahî ditte sukhâe.
 785 Jerâ khûh Gorakh de muḡh sî sab pânî liâ oh de bich
 pâe !

- Spake a Jogî to Gorakh, " Sir Gurû, hear me.
 Shambhû Nâth,* the Jogî, took the disciples with him.
 725 Going into the land of Kârû they created a disturbance.
 They took their milk by force without asking any one
 (for it).
 The women of the land of Kârû have turned them all
 into bullocks !
 If it be thy will, Gurû, they can be released !"
 Gorakh emptied his bowl, meditating on the Invisible
 in his heart ;
 730 And taking his wallet of ashes he charmed them and
 tossed them in the air.
 All the disciple-bullocks of Gorakh Nâth came to him.
 Then Gorakh patted them and turned them into men !
- Gorakh was wroth and there was anger in his heart :
 And he dried up all the wells in the land of Kârû.
 Gorakh drew all the water there was in them into the
 well beside him !

* One of the nine Nâths of the Kanphaṭ Jogîs. The name is a title also of Gorakh Nâth himself.

Satiā Gorakh dī ho gal, Nāth thā banā parkār.
 Oh tīvīān pānī nūn ā gal, āiān Gorakh de pās :
 “Gurūji, pānī sūnūn bhar lain de, pānī bahutī bhālī lagī

Gorakh tīvīān nūn ākhdā : “Chhotīān baḍīān sabhī nūn
 jāīyo āe :

740 Phir pānī nahūn is khūh bich rahnā, tusūn bhar lo ik
 bar.”

Kārū des ḍhaṇḍorā phir gīā, sab ranān hoī tayyār.
 Chhotīān, baḍīān, buḍhīān, sab galān Gorakh de pās.
 Jadon pānī bharan lag galān, ditte garwo pharāc.
 Ik bhardīān, ik āundīān, ik khūh par kharīān ao.

745 Gorakh ghusse hoke, chikkī dbūn dī suhiā ;
 Loke nūn Machhandar dā khūh par dindā khaṇḍāe.
 Ranān te gadhīān ban galān, koī murke āe nāc !

And Gorakh Nāth by his virtue worked a great miracle.
 The women came to Gorakh for water, (and said) :
 “ Sir Gurū, let us draw water, for we are greatly athirst
 for water.”

Said Gorakh to the women : “ Come ye all, great and
 small :

740 For there will no more be water in this well, do ye
 draw at once.”

There went out a cry through the land of Kārū and all
 the women came.

Great and small and old, all came to Gorakh.
 Then they threw in their pitchers to draw the water.
 Some were drawing, some were coming, and some were
 standing by the well.

745 Gorakh was angry and took up some of the ashes from
 the (Jogi's sacred) fire,
 And taking the name of Machhandar (Nāth) threw them
 on the well.

The women were changed into asses and none of them
 returned home !

Kan lambe, khur bathle, rūṛān chugdān jāe !

Hal bāhunde Jatt ā gae, jande lage wār !

- 750 Sune ghar rūh gae tivān dī, koī nahīn dindā khabar
sār !

Sau baras dī budḍhī ākhdi : “ Sachī doān sunāe.”

Jere bald kal bāh lie Jogī the baḍe parkār ;

Oī Jogī unḥān nūn le gae, dittiān gadhiān banāe !

Charne Gorakh de lagīyo, tuhāḍe deve bahe basāe.

- 755 Nagari Kārū des dī ā gai Gorakh de pās :

“ Gurūji, hatth bañh karde bintī, tere charne dhyān

Je tūn Gorakh hoīā miharwān, sāḍe buhe basāe.

Ehnān laṇḍiān tivān dā pīṛiā sāmūn bakhsh gunāhe.”

Long ears, small hoofs (had they, and) grazed on the
dung heaps !

When the Jatts returned from **their** ploughing all the
doors were locked !

- 750 The houses were **empty** of women and there was none
to give them news !

Spake an old beldam of 100 years : “ I tell you truth.

All the bullocks of yesterday were powerful Jogis ;

And they have taken away (your women) and turned
them into asses !

Fall ye at the feet of Gorakh, that he may people your
houses again.”

- 755 The whole city of the land of Kārū came to Gorakh, (and
said) :

“ Sir Gurū, with joined hands we pray thee, falling at
thy feet ;

If thou, Gorakh, wilt be merciful, our homes will be
peopled again.

Forgive the sin of these our miserable women.”

- Gorakh hoiâ miharwân, Gorakh hoiâ diâl.
 760 Gadîâ jhaṇḍâ Nâth ne, karke Dargâh wal nigâhe :
 "Jitnâû tuhâḍiâû budhiâû jhaṇḍo de muḍh deo langhâe."
 Satîâ bartî Nâth di gadhiâû te ranâû ditti bauâo !
 Sab âpo apnî leke pai gae Kârû do râh.
 Ik gadhi kharî rah gai chardi bich kapâh.
 765 Nodhâ jodhâ kûkde Gurû Gorakh de pâs :
 "Sabhnâû tîvîâû thiâ galâû, sâḍî Sûkhî thiâwandi nâû.
 Marpaṭ di biyâh karwâiâ sî, sâûû koi nahîû jhal dâ
 thân !
 Gurûjî, sâḍî tîvîû ṭur de, sâḍâ jag vich rah jâ nâûn."
 Gorakh unhâû nûn âkhiâ : "Bhâ lo jâe kapâe."
 770 Kapâ bich gadhi thiâ gai, lâwande Gorakh de pâs.
 Gadhi te tîvîû ban guî ; ditti Rabb ne unhâû de âs
 pahunchâe.

- Gorakh was merciful, Gorakh was compassionate.
 760 The Nâth fixed his standard and gazed at the Court
 (of God, and said) :
 "Send all your old women past the standard."
 The virtue of the Nâth prevailed and the asses were
 turned into women !
 And each took his woman towards the land of Kârû.
 But one she-ass remained grazing among the cotton.
 765 Nodhâ, the warrior, came crying out to Gurû Gorakh :
 "All the women have been restored, but not my Sûkhî.
 With much pains I married her, and now I have no
 place to go to !
 Sir Gurû, let go my wife, that thy name may go through
 all the world."
 Said Gorakh to him : "Go and catch her in the cotton."
 770 He caught the ass in the cotton and brought her to
 Gorakh.
 The ass was turned into a woman ; and God granted
 him his desires.

Kârû des Gorakh ne jit lîâ, sab lîâ sewân banâe !

- Gorakh jhañḍâ paṭiâ paṭiâ 'Ālakh' jagâe.
 Kânipā chelâ Nâhar Singh ṭurde Gorakh de nâl.
 775 Majilon majilon chalde bâharen koheṅ lattho âe. ,
 Bahe gae âsan lâeke barmî kare pukâr.
 Gorakh Nâth âkhdâ : " Is barmî bich kî hai bulâe ?
 Barmî nûn paṭke vekh lo, dhartî nûn kar ḍo sâf."
 Aggion Pûran boldâ, ḍâḍê kare pukâr :
 780 " Maithon Pûran Bhagat hâû, mainûn rakh le charne lî."
 Gorakh chelân nûn âkhdâ : " Pûran kaḍḍho barmî te
 bâr.
 Eh nûn chhattîs baras guzar gae, bahutî pâl saazê !

Thus Gorakh conquered the land of Kârû and made them all his followers !

- Gorakh struck the standard and called 'Ālakh.'*
 Kânipā† his disciple and Nâhar Singh‡ went with Gorakh ;
 775 Stage by stage thy went twelve kos§ and halted.
 They were sitting on their seats when a cry came from a hole.
 Said Gorakh Nâth : " What is this sound from this hole ?
 Open the hole and see and clear away the earth (round it)."
 Then spake Pûran (from the hole||) making a loud cry ;
 780 " I am Pûran Bhagat, let me fall at thy feet."
 Said Gorakh to the disciples : " Take Pûran out of the hole.
 Six and thirty years he has spent in it and suffered much pain !

See Vol. I., p. 32.

See Vol. II., p. 16, where he is the opponent of Gorakh Nâth.

See ante, line 651.

A kos is about 2 miles.

He had been doing penance in it

Eh dĩ jhabde pāo mundrān, Jogī leo banāe.
Chelā kar do Gorakh Nāth dā, siddh baṛā parkār."

- 785 Jad Jogī banāwan lag pie Thīkar Nāth ne kīti phunkār :
"Gurūjī, ik merī garīb dĩ araj hai, eh dā ajān nā
mundrā pāo.
Sangaldīp vich Rānī Sundrān utte Pūran te bichhiā lo
mangāe.
Bichhiā Sundrān se le āve, Jogī leo banāe."
Gorakh Pūran nūn ākhā : "Bachā, tūn Sundrān de
mahilān jāe :
- 790 Bichhiā le aveñ māngke, Jogīān nūn bhaṇḍārā banāe.
Bichhiā le āeñ Sundrān de hatth de, hor kisi bāndī de
hatth de lāyo nāe.
Phir tainūn chelā banā lūn, kisi Jogī dĩ manūn nāe."

Put the rings into his ears at once and make a Jogī of
him.

Make him a follower of Gorakh, for he is a great saint."

- 785 When they commenced to make him a Jogī, Thīkar
Nāth cried out :
"Sir Gurū, hear my humble petition, put not in the
earrings without trial.
In Sangaldīp* is Rānī Sundrān,† (send) Pūran to beg
alms from her.
When he returns with alms from Sundrān make him
into a Jogī."
Said Gorakh to Pūran : "My son, go to Sundrān's palace,
790 And ask alms, that the Jogīs may cook their food.
Take the alms from Sundrān's hand, not from any of
her slaves.
Then will I make thee a disciple and listen to none of
the Jogīs."

* See Vol II, p. 276.

† Vol I, p 3.

- Pûran ðeorðân nûn ður piâ, man bich Alakh dhyâe :
 Monðe jholî pâ lie, lie bhabût ramâi.
 795 Bich nagari de jâke ditte 'Alakh' jagâe.
 Unche dhaular Rânî Sundrân de jâ kharotâ bâhe de bâr.
 'Alakh' Pûran de sunke, Rânî ne bichhiâ bhajî bândi
 de hâth.
 Jad bichhiâ leke â gai ðig gai ghash khâe.
 Pûran us nûn âkhâ: "Sun le gall asân dî.
 800 Sach das, tûn Rânî hai ? yâ golf hai kisân dî ?"
 Golf jâke boldî: "Sun, Rânî, merâ jabâb.
 Ik aisâ Jogî â giâ, akkhân Jogî de lâl !
 Bârân baras dî umar hai, sûrat aprâpâr.
 Maite bichhâ nâ leve, tûn hattheñ apne pâe.
 805 Oh dî sûrat dekhke main ðig paî, kujh rahî nahîñ sudh
 sambhâl.

- Pûran went to (Sundrân's) gate, meditating on the In-
 visible in his heart :
 His wallet over his shoulder and ashes on his body.
 795 Going into the city he called out '*Alakh*.'
 He went and stood at the door of the Rânî Sundrân's
 lofty palace.
 Hearing Pûran's '*Alakh*,' the Rânî sent out alms by the
 hand of her maid.
 When she came with the alms she fell down in a swoon.
 Said Pûran to her: "Hear my words.
 800 Say truly, art thou a Rânî ? or art thou some one's
 maid ?"
 The maid went (back) and said : * "Hear, Rânî, my say.
 A Jogî hath come whose eyes are red !
 Twelve years in his age† and beautiful his form.
 He will not take alms from me, give him with thine
 own hands.
 805 When I saw his beauty I fell down and lost my senses.

* i.e., going back to Sundrân.

† But see lines 650 and 782.

- Main chhad jāwān terī naukari, jāwān Jogī de nāl."
 Rāni mandirān te utarī bharke motīān dā thāl;
 Kharā Jogī vekhke, ditte jholī vich dāl.
 "Taiñ kī linā jog te? Tūñ rahe pao sādē pās!
 810 Ithe kae karorēñ dhan hai, lashkar be shumār.
 Kyūñkar jive terī ambārī, jin Mā shīr chhangāe?
 Kyūñkar jive terī bahimar, jin lāñ god khilāe?
 Main marāñ un phakīr nūñ, jin dittī bhabūt ramāe!
 Taiñ kī linā jog te? Ban jā bhartā, main terī nār!"
- 815 Pāran murke ā giā, āiā Gorakh de pās,
 Kaddhe bichhiā rakh dī, rakheñ motī jāwāhir.
 Gorakh agge boliā; " Bachā, āte dī bichhiā lā;
 Eh motī nahīñ mere kam dī, udhar diēñ khilār!

- I will leave thy service and join the Jogī."
 The Rāni went down from the palace with a platter
 filled with pearls;
 And seeing the Jogī standing put them into his wallet
 (and said):
 "Why should'st thou take the saintship? Come and live
 with me!
 810 I have many *lākhs* in wealth here and a countless
 following.
 How doth thy mother live (now), whose breasts thou
 didst suck?
 How doth thy sister live, who fed thee in her lap?
 I would slay that *faqir* that rubbed the ashes on thee!
 Why should'st thou take the saintship? Be thou my
 husband and I thy wife!"
- 815 Pāran returned and went to Gorakh,
 And taking out the alms he put down the pearls and
 jewels.
 Then said Gorakh: "My son, bring alms of flour;
 These pearls are useless to me and I cannot eat them."

- Je tûn jog dhârnâ an dî bichhiâ lâe."
- 820 Aggiâ hogai Gorakh Nâth dî, Pûran murke ho giâ ust râh.
Mahilon Sundrân vich jâke dûjî wâr ditte 'Âlakh' jagâe.
Pûran boldâ, Rânî ne sun lâi, utarî bûhâ wâe.
Bâhon Pûran phar lâi, mahilon lâi chârph.
"Dhan bhâg mere; tûn â giâ, bahke râj kamâe!"
- 825 Pûran us nûn âkhâ: "Sachîân deân sunâe:
Aggiâ man mere Gurû dî bhaṇḍârâ diên chhakâe."
Aggiôn Rânî boldî: "Kerî kerî chij dî hai chhâe?
Laddû, jalebî, kachauriân aur chauthâ karhâe?"
Chhâre khâne banâke gadḍî lîe ladâe:"
- 830 "Jithe terâ Gurû hai, le chalân us de pâs."
Pûran bichhiâ leke mur piâ, âiâ Gurân de pâs;
Hatth bañh kardâ bintî, chârne dhyân lagâe:

If thou would'st take on the saintship bring alms of corn."

- 820 Receiving the order of Gorakh Nâth Pûran went back by the same road.
Going back to Sundrân's palace he called out 'Âlakh,' a second time.
Hearing Pûran the Rânî came down to the gate.
She caught Pûran by the arms and went up into her palace (and said):
"Happy is my fate, that thou hast come to rule (with me)!"
- 825 Said Pûran to her: "I tell thee the truth:
(Better) obey the order of the Gurû to give him food."
Then said the Rânî: "What things doth he require?
Sweets and savouries and cakes and confections?"
She made the four kinds of food and put them into a cart (and said):
- 830 "Take them whither thy Gurû is."
Pûran returned with the alms to the Gurû,
And with joined hands he spake, bowing at his feet:

- “ Eh bhaṇḍārā merā bhagat dā, chhak lo man chit lāe.
 Kan phārke mundaṛū pā deo, deo bhabūt ramāe.”
- 835 Chele sabhī tayyār ho gae, dittā nādh bajāe.
 Jadon nādh baj gīā chele āe kae hazār.
 Kae hazār man an khā gae, ajān rahindā be-shumār !
 Aggīā Gorakh dī ho gāī, Pūran nūn lendā muṇdh bithāe.
 “ Kin kin mangīā, bachā, mehgīān ? kin kin mangī
 dhup ?
- 840 Kin kin mangīā bolnā ? kin kin mangī chup ?”
 “ Gurūjī, māīān ne mangā mehgā ; dhobiān ne mangī
 dhup ;
 Bhaṭṭān ne mangīā bolnā ; santān ne mangī chup.”
 Gorakh jholī jhērke mundaṛū līān banāe.

- “ This is the food (gotten) of my alms, eat to thy heart's
 desire.
 Bore my ears and put in the rings and rub the ashes
 on my body.”
- 835 All the disciples were called and the conch was sounded.
 When the conch was sounded they came in many thou-
 sands.
 They ate up many thousand *mans** of corn and there
 remained a countless store !
 The order was given by Gorakh and they sat Pūran
 beside him (said he) :†
- “ Who want rain, my son ? who want sunshine ?
 840 Who want speech ? and who want silence ?”
 “ Sir Gurū, gardeners want rain and washermen want
 sunshine ;
 Bards want speech and saints want silence.”
 Then Gorakh shook out his wallet and made the
 earrings‡ (and said) :

* A *man* is 82 lbs.

† Asking riddles : compare Vol. I., p 42, etc.

‡ i.e., miraculously.

"Kânîpâ chelâ, kan Pûran de phâr le, deâû mundrân pâe."

- 845 Siliân te murgânîân dittî, bhabût chahâe.
Aggiâ hoî Gorakh Nâth dî, siddhoû dittâ ralâe !

Sundrân Gorakh pe kûkdî : " Maithoû ki ho giâ gunâe ?
Mâl khizânâ lutâ ditte, koî bâki rah giâ nâe.

- Pûran de khâtir dere â gai, taiû liû Jogî banâe !
850 Je tûn Gurû haiû sach dâ mainûn khair Pûran dâ pâe."
Pûran nûn Gorakh âkhdâ : " Bachâ, tûn jâ Sundrân de nâl.

Merâ bachan Gorakh dâ ho giâ, tûn jâke râj kamâo."

Sundrân Pûran nûn le gai, le gai mahilân te bâr.

" Sâm le maṇḍat ambâriân, phûlân dî chhej samâl."

" Kânîpâ,* my disciple, bore Pûran's ears and put in the rings."

- 845 They gave him wallet and necklace and rubbed ashes on him.
By the order of Gorakh Nâth he was counted with the saints !

Sundrân came crying to Gorakh : " What sin have I committed ?

I have squandered my goods and money (on thee) and nothing remains.

For Pûran's sake am I come to thee and thou hast made him a Jogî !

- 850 If thou be a true Gurû, give me alms of Pûran."
Said Gorakh to Pûran : " My son, go with Sundrân.
It is the order of me, Gorakh, that thou go and rule."
Sundrân took Pûran to her palace (and said) :
" Take over the palace and the (elephant) litters, and the bed of flowers.

* See above, line 774.

- 855 "Tūn bhartā, main istrī, jog bal nazar na pāe.
Tūn ki lenā jog se ? main le āen Gorakh te bakhshāe."
Pūran chār gharīān mahilān rahā si, phir pai gae usī rāh.
"Main jangal chaliān ujār bich, āūn sawā pahar te bād."
Sawā pahar golī dekdi phir mukhe āwandī Rānī de pās :
860 "Pūran terā bhaj gīā, rālā Jogīān bich jāe !"
Sundrān pharke kalījā tur pie āwandī Gorakh de pās.
"Jerā chelā mainūn bakhshā sī, hun Jogīān liā lukāe.
Akhe tū Pūran de deo ; na, mardī main katārī khāe :
Akhe tū chelī banāe apnī, main rahūngī Pūran de nāl."
865 Gorakh aggioñ boliā sās karke chit :
"Rānī, bhagwe jinhān de kapre, ujal jinhān de chit,
Jangal gae nā bāware. Jogī kis de mit ?

- 855 Be thou husband and I wife and think not of the
saintship.
Why shouldst thou take the saintship, when I have
thee as alms from Gorakh ?"
Pūran remained four hours in the palace and then went
back along the same road (saying) :
"I am going into the wilds and will return in a watch
and a quarter."
The maid waited a watch and a quarter and came back
to the Rānī (and said) :
860 "Thy Pūran has run off and joined the Jogīs !"
Sundrān with a broken heart went to Gorakh (and said) :
"The disciple thou gavest me has run off to the Jogīs.
Either give me Puran, else will I stab myself with a
dagger :
Or make me into a disciple, that I may remain with
Puran."
865 Then said Gorakh with a clear conscience :
"Rānī, whose clothes are red,* and whose minds are
clear,
Return not from the wilds. Is a Jogī any one's friend ?

* i.e., Jogīs.

- Ajân bhî jâke bhâl le, Pûran honâ mahilân de vich."
 Pûran nûn mahilân âke vekhdi, kithe tihâwandâ nâe.
 870 Khânâ pînâ bhul giâ, hoî bahut hirânî.
 Jad mahilân utte charhke vekhdi, vekhiâ sârâ madân ;
 Kithe Pûran nazar nahîn âutâ ; Rânî ne mahilân tē ḡigke
 gañwâ lî jân !

- Gorakh jhaṇḍâ paṭiâ, Tille latthâ âe.
 Sab Jogî utar pie, dhûn lende apne sâm.
 875 Pûran nûn Gorakh âkhdâ : " Tûn Siâlkoṭ nûn jâe.
 Jâke mâtâ nûn matthâ tek, pitâ nûn sis niwâe."
 Kahnâ Gorakh dâ manîân, châr Jogî lendâ nâl,
 Tilloñ Pûran tur piâ, Siâlkoṭ latthâ âe.
 Jadoñ bâgh Pûran ne apnâ vekhiâ, hoîâ bâghkhwâr ;
 880 Phaṛke tumbâ jal dâ, dittâ bûṭiân de muḡh pâ e.

- Go back and see, Pûran is (probably) in thy palace."
 She went to her palace and looked for Pûran and found
 him nowhere.
 870 She could not eat nor drink and was very wretched.
 Then she went up on to her palace (roof) and looked
 over all the plain.
 Nowhere could she see Pûran ; and the Rânî threw her-
 self down and destroyed her life.

- Gorakh struck his standard and went to Tîllâ.
 All the Jogîs came and lit the (sacred) fires.
 875 Said Gorakh to Pûran : " Go thou to Siâlkoṭ,
 And make obeisance and bow thy head to thy father
 and mother."
 Obeying Gorakh's command and taking four Jogîs with
 him,
 Pûran left Tîllâ and went to Siâlkoṭ,
 When Pûran saw his garden he was filled with joy,
 880 And taking his bowl of water he sprinkled the shrubs.

Sūkhe bāgh hariāule, pānī bharne talāe!
Brichān nūn mewe lag gae, khiṛ gae amb anār.

Mālī jāke kūkdā Rājā Salwān de pās :

“ Bāgh Pūran dā hariā ho giā, pānī bhariā talāe.”

885 Rājā Salwān mālī nūn ākhdā, “ Eh sun, tūn, merī bāt.

Gajke na bariā meghlān, bage na pānī de khāl.

Jhūtīn bātān tūn kare : tainūn kī āe khwāb ?

Jis din dā Pūran mar giā, us din dā ujar giā merī bāgh.”

Mālī hatth bañh kardā bintī : “ Tainūn sachīān deān

890 Dardā sach nahīn dasdā ; bakhshen merī gunāhe.

Pūran wargā Jogī bich bāgh de utarī āe.

Kane mundrān sundarīān, baithū pinjān Jogīān de nāl.

The dried up garden became green and the lakes filled
with water !

The trees began to bear fruit, and pomegranates and
mangoes to blossom !

The gardener went and called out to Rājā Salwān :

“ Pūran’s garden hath become green, and the lakes
filled with water.”

885 Spake Rājā Salwān to the gardener : “ Hear my words.

The clouds have not thundered nor dropped water.

Thy words are false : art thou dreaming ?

From the day Pūran died, from that day hath my garden
been neglected.”

The gardener with joined hands spake : “ It is truth
that I said.

890 The frightened speak not truth ; forgive my fault.

A Jogī (that looks) like Pūran hath come into the
garden.

He hath beautiful rings in his ears and sitteth with hand-
some Jogīs.

Akkheñ chalke vekh lo, betâ terâ Rabb ne dittâ milâe.
Mere jimme* koî gunâh nâ kaddhe; mere leven jân
bachâe."

- 895 Râjâ mandirân te tur piâ, bich bâgh de utare âe.
Jogîân nûn matthâ tekâ, charnê dhyân lagâe :
" Mere mahilen neundâ chal chhako, merî nagari pao
pâû.
Ik hor mere man chhabnâ hai; mere putr warge
pahchân !"
Jogî aggiôn boliâ : " Tainûn sachîân deâi sunâe.
900 Âsan chhadnâ charj hai; mahilen jânâ Jogîân nûn lâj.
Ik jhat ithe katnâ, phir painâ apnî râh.
Mûe kadhî nahîn bâware, jande nahîn dûjî wâr.
Je tere man bharam hai, Rânîân nûn bhajêi mere pâs :
Kis tarah dâ unhân dâ betâ sî, apnî akhîu lain siân."

Go and see with thine own eyes, if God hath brought
thy son.

I have committed no fault : spare my life."

- 895 The Râjâ left his palace and came into the garden.
He made his obeisance to the Jogis and fell at their feet
(and said) :
" Come and eat your food in the palace and place your
(blessed) feet in my city.
Another thing is in my mind also ; (one of) you is like
my son !"
Then said the Jogî (Pûran) : " I tell thee truth.
900 We cannot leave our seats ; it is shameful for a Jogî to
go into a palace.
We will halt here awhile and then go on our road :
The dead cannot return, nor be born a second time.
If thou hast a doubt in thy mind send thy Rânîs to me.
And let them see with their own eyes what their son ^{is}
like."

- 905 Rājā bāghon murke āiā Lūnān de pās :
 “ Pūran wargā Jogī latthā bāgh bich āe.”
 Rājā te Lūnān tur pie, karde Achhrān dī bhāl.
 Sārī nagarī tulke das, bhattī par paundī āe.
 Rānī Achhrān nūn Rājā ākhdā: “ Sun, Rānī, merī bāt.
 910 Tere Pūran bargā Jogī ā giā, tur pio mere sāth.”
 Aggion Achhrān boldī, dādhi kare phunkār :
 “ Merā Pūran Nūnān ne mārīā, gae jāg viāhe.
 Hun murke phāt jagāune ho, nawe jagāune ghā.
 Pūran mainūn tad mile, jo mele āp Khudāe.”
 915 Nūnān Achhrān nūn ākhdī: “ Tun tur pio mere sath.
 Bich bāgh de Jogī ā gae ; jekar Rabb pahunchāve ās !”
- Kahnā Nūnān dā mānke Achhrān pie nāl :
 Jad bich bāgh de ā gai roven dāhān mār.

- 905 The Rājā went back from the garden to Lūnān (and said) :
 “ A Jogī (that looks) like Pūran hath come into the garden.”
 And then the Rājā and Lūnān went out to seek Achhrān.
 They searched the whole city and found her at the oven.
 Said the Rājā to Rānī Achhrān: “ Rānī, hear my words.
 910 A Jogī (that looks) like thy Pūran hath come, come thou with me.”
 Then spake Achhrān, making a great cry :
 “ Lūnān slew my Pūran ages ago.
 And again thou dost open the wound, opening afresh the (old) wound.
 I will meet my Pūran, when God himself joins us.”
 915 Said Lūnān to Achhrān: “ Come thou with me.
 A Jogī hath come into the garden, and may God fulfil our hopes !”

Obeying Lūnān's word Achhrān went with them,
 And when she came into the garden she cried out :

- “Tûn bâgh liwâwan-wâlîâ, ik bâr mainûn bulâe.
 920 Je Pûran haiñ tûn bol pio, mainûn akkhen dikhâ nâe.”
 Pûran Jogî boldâ, man bich Âlakh dhyâe:
 “Mata, kere Pûran nûn bhâldî ? kî nûn mâre bâk ?
 Maiñ nahîñ Pûran nûn jândâ ; main rahindâ Gorakh de
 pas.
 Us nûn jâke puchh lain, jis ne sittîâ mâr !
 925 Mâtâ, Pûran nûn kah dî mar giâ, hun tûn chaḥḥî hai us
 dî bhâl !
 Mûe kadhî nahîñ bâware, peṭ nûn le le sabar dî bâr.”
 Achhrân dâhân mârîân, Pûran dâ liâ bol siân :
 “Main apne Pûran nûn bhâldî ; oh de kardî pukâr.
 Bâgh hariâ ho giâ ; eh kitâ âp Khudâe.
 930 Isî tarhân Pûran mainûn mil pawe, nahîñ chali jân
 âjâhen.”

- “O thou that hast renewed the garden, speak to me
 once.
 920 If thou be Pûran then speak, for my eyes cannot see !”
 Said Pûran, the Jogî, meditating on the Invisible in his
 heart :
 “Mother, what Pûran seekest thou ? To whom art thou
 crying out ?
 I know no Pûran ; I live with Gorakh.
 Go and ask her that slew him !
 925 Mother, thou hast said that Pûran is dead and yet thou
 dost seek him !
 The dead return not, have patience in thy heart.”
 Achhrân cried out recognizing Pûran’s voice :
 “I seek my own Pûran, I cry to him.
 The garden hath become green : it is God himself hath
 done this.
 930 Thus hath my Pûran met me, that my life might not
 depart.”

* She had wept herself blind. See Vol I., p. 2.

- Jogī Nāhar Singh parnā siṭṭiā Mātā Achhrān de pās.
 “ Mātā, chakke parnā mukh lā le, phir lēn Jogī nūn siān.”
 Achhrān ne parnā phaṭiā, man bich Rām dhyaē;
 Nitar Achhrān de khul gae; Karam ne dittā paharā pās.
 935 Mātā putrān de meḷe ho gae; kītā āp Khudāe.
 Pūran pairen mātā dī pai giā: “ Mātā, bakhshēn sab
 gunāh.”
 Mātā Achhrān Pūran nūn ākhdī: “Tun bahke rāj kumāo.
 Rājā Salwān buḍḍhā ho giā, gāhān gaddī turogi nān.
 Nā koī terā chāchā nātīā; nā koī sakā bhrāo;
 940 Nā koī betā Nūnān de: kaun karogā rāj?”
 Pūran hatth bañh Rājā nūn kardā bintī: “ Pitā, merī araj
 sune man lāe.
 Achhrān merī mātā hai pāp dī, Nūnān dharam dī mā.

- Nāhar Singh, the Jogī, threw his kerchief to Achhrān
 (and said):
 “Mother, put this kerchief over thy face and then
 recognize the Jogī”
 Achhrān took the kerchief in her hand and called on
 Rām:
 And Achhrān's eyes were opened and Fate was kind
 to her.
 935 Mother and son met together: God himself worked this.
 Pūran fell at his mother's feet (and said): “Mother,
 forgive all my faults.”
 Said Mother Achhrān to Pūran: “Do thou become a
 king.
 Rājā Salwān is old and the throne will descend to thee.
 Neither hast thou a cousin (for heir), nor hast thou a
 brother:
 940 Neither hath Lūnān a son, and who will be king?”
 Pūran with joined hands spake to the Rājā: “Father,
 hear my prayer with thy heart.
 Achhrān is my mother by sin and Lūnān by faith.*

* See above, line 295.

Bas Nûnân dī kus uahfū, eh milnī thī mainūn saṣāe.
Merī lekḥ dī likhī ugarī, Nûnân dos na kâe.

- 945 Jis batṭhī par Achhrân rahī sī, unhoñ bandhke diēn rāj.
Jere muḡḍe mere nāl de, unḥāñ nūñ mashabdār* banāe.
Panj piṇḍ diēn Khidḍū Chūhre nūñ; un kitā nimak
halāl.

Dukḥ nā nagarī nūñ diēn, terā sukh basogā rāj.”

- Nûnân Achhrân ākhdīn : “ Sune, Pûranân, merī bāt.
950 Eh gaddī hai Rājā Salwân dī, dharam dā hai baḍā rāj.
Agge laṛkā koī hai nāḥiñ, nā tū rahnā sāde pās.
Je satīā Gorakh Nāth dī, jag bich sāj rālāe.”
Pûran aggiōñ boliā : “ Nār Singhīā, tumbā jhoī le āo.”
Jadon Pûran tumbā jhāīā, nikalī dhāk te chāwal :

- It was not Lûnân's fault ; I had to suffer these pains.
My fate was recorded evil, and it was no fault of Lûnân.
945 At whose oven Achhrân served, halve the kingdom
with him.
Make nobles of all the boys that (played) with me.
Give five villages to Khidḍū, the Scavenger, that was
true to his salt.
Give no trouble to thy city, that thy kingdom flourish.”

- Said Lûnân and Achhrân, “ O Puran, hear our words.
950 This is Rājā Salwân's throne, and a very righteous
kingdom (it is).
We have no son to follow us, nor wilt thou remain to
us.
If the virtue of Gorakh Nāth be (in thee), thou wilt
link us with the world ”
Then said Puran : “ O Nār Singh, bring thy bowl and
wallet.”
Then Pûran shook out his wallet and there fell out
grapes and rice.

- 955 "Le, Mātā Nānā, sábit le langáh ; tere ghar jamwan
betā, jamwan kajāi bār.
Jamde nūn bhaurī pā dīo, nā lage duniyā de bāl.
Ādh dā jatī sadāo, sir jatīān sardār.
Chauhīn Khūṇṭī phirogā, kadhī na āve bār.
'Chele banon Gorakh Nāth dā, ho badā parkār,
960, Jaist Achhrān nāl ho gaī, aist honā Nūnān de nāl.
Rānān biāho balāit* diān, agge nū ho aulād.
Machhandar Nāth dī putrī Silwantī nār :
Jat sat Rasālū dā toro, jerī rahindī Lankā dī bār.
Oh de ans Gadhlīle hougē ; eh Pūran dā srāp !"

- 955 (Said he) : "Take, Mother Lūnān, swallow them whole ;
and a son† shall be born to thee, (but) in an inaus-
picious hour.
When he is born put him into a pit, that the air of the
world reach him not.
He will be holy from the beginning and the chief of the
holy.
He will wander through the Four Quarters, and never
come to harm.
He will become a disciple of Gorakh Nāth and a great saint.
960 As it hath happened to Achhrān, so shall it happen to
Lūnān.
He shall marry Queens in many lands, but shall have no
posterity.
Silwantī is the daughter of Machhandar Nāth.‡
She will destroy the virtue of Rasālū that dwells in
Lankā.§
Their posterity shall be Gadhlīlās|| this is Pūran's
curse !"

* For *vildyat*.

† i.e., Rasālū

‡ But see Vol. I, p. 296 ff, in the legend of Silā Dai

§ For the doings of Machhandar Nāth at Lankā, see Vol II, p 19ff
|| The Gadhlīlās are a wretched criminal tribe, of the lowest de-
scription belonging chiefly to the Montgomery District, with a tradition
that they were once a people of some standing hence probably the
allusion here. Compare with this the legend at p. 65, Vol. I

- 965 Pûran bâgh te tur piâ, mâtâ pitâ nûn sis niwâe :
 " Sukh wasse eh nagarî, sukh base Sansâr !"
 Pûran Tille â giâ, âiâ Gorakh de pās ;
 Charne lagî Gorakh Nâth de ; baiṭhâ samâdh lagâe.

Eh kishiâ Pûran Bhagat dâ kitâ Qadaryâr.

- 970 Kaî paṛhde baitân ; kaî gâven ḍaṇḍhân sârangîân nâl.

- 965 Pûran left the garden and bowed his head to his father
 and mother (and said) :
 " Happy be this city : happy be the World !"
 Pûran went to Tille to Gorakh,
 And sat at Gorakh's feet and did penance.

- This is the lay of Pûran Bhagat as made by Qadaryâr.
 970 Some sing it in verse ; some sing it to drums and fiddles.

* The author.

No. XXXV.

THE ADVENTURES OF MİR CHÂKUR,

AS TAKEN DOWN IN THE BALUCHI LANGUAGE CHIEFLY FROM THE
NARRATIVE OF GHULĀM MUḤAMMAD BĪLĪCHĀNĪ MAZĀRĪ, AND
TRANSLATED BY M. LONGWORTH DAMES, ESQ.

[The Adventures of MİR Châkur form the subject of a great number of ballads and tales among the Bīnd Baloches of the Derâ Ghâzi Khân District, the adjoining hills, and Kacht in Balochistân. Two ballads on the subject have already been published with translations in Mr. Dames's *Sketch of the Northern Balochi Language*, (Extra No. *Journal As. Soc. Bengal*, 1881, pp. 137 and 148). The present prose narrative is from the recital of Ghulām Muḥammad Bālahānī Mazārī of Bojhān, and the ballads interspersed have been obtained partly from him, and partly from others].

[There can be no doubt that the legend of MİR Châkur is a genuine tradition unaffected by any literary influence, and handed down by word of mouth among a people entirely ignorant of reading and writing, for nearly four hundred years. MİR Châkur himself is in all likelihood a real personage, and should probably be identified with the "Meor Jakur Zund," of Briggs's *Farishta*, (IV. 390) who obtained a *ḡayṣr* at Ūchh in the time of Mahmūd Shāh Langāh of Multān, (1502-1524 A.D.). In Persian characters the words MİR Châkur Rind might also, if the diacritical points were not clear, be read MİR Jâkar Zand. The only copy of *Farishta*'s text (lithographed at Nawal Kishor's Press, Lucknow, p. 329) available for these notes gives an entirely different name, viz., MİR 'Imād Karwīz. The place he came from (called by Briggs Solypoor) is in this text of *Farishta* Sīvlī, and is probably intended for Sīvl (Sibi)].

[Jām Nindā is also an historical personage. He was king of Sindh from A.D. 1485 to 1492, and the fort of Sīvl (Sibi) was taken from him by the troops of Shāh Beg Arghūn (Briggs, IV., 427, *Farishta's Text*, p. 320). Shāh Beg represented his father Zā'-u-nūn Beg, Governor of Qandahār, who established independence at about that time (see Erskine's *Lives of Bābar and Humāyūn*, I., pp. 347-353). Zā'-u-nūn Beg is probably the

Zunû of the present narrative, and his mother, MÂl Begam, may be the Mâh Begam, who was married to Shâh Beg after her first husband's death].

[Another historical character mentioned in the legend is Sohrâb Khân Dodâi, who is represented by Farišta, as having come from Kech-Makrân with his sons Ismâ'il Khân and Fatteh Khân, and having obtained from Shâh Hussain Langâh the country between Kot Karor and Dhankot (*Farišta's Test*, p. 326, l. 26. *et infra*). Briggs transliterates Duvally for Dodâi (Vol. IV., 388). There was evidently a rivalry between Sohrâb Khân Dodâi and Mir Châkur (*Farišta*, p. 329; Briggs, IV., 390.) Farišta calls Sohrâb Khân in one place a Rohelâ or mountaineer, and in another a Baloch. The legend represents the Dodâis to be descendants of one Dodâ, a Somrâ, who was adopted by the Baloch fraternity after marrying the daughter of Sâhle, a Hind. The sons of Malik Sohrâb, Ismâ'il Khân and Fatteh Khân are the reputed founders of the towns of Derâ Ismâ'il Khân and Derâ Fatteh Khân, notwithstanding the fact that the rulers of Derâ Ismâ'il Khân were Hot Baloches and not Dodâis. Derâ Ghâzi Khân was held by the Mirzâns, a branch of the Dodâis, till comparatively modern times].

[The above identifications fix Mir Châkur's date, as the beginning of the 16th century A.D., with sufficient accuracy. It seems probable that the Baloches joined the banner of the Turks or Mughals, and were with them when Jâm Nindâ was expelled from Sibi. Thence they gradually spread over the Southern Panjâb, and Northern Sindh, sometimes assisting the Mughals, and sometimes fighting against them. Mir Châkur would seem himself to have obtained a *ja'fir* in Uchh on the Satluj, shortly before Bâbar's invasion. The legend represents him as accompanying Humâyan to Dehli, and afterwards returning to Satgarhâ, in the Montgomery District. His tomb is still shown in the neighbourhood, and is marked in the map of the Multân Division (Survey, 1854-56), as lying between the high road from Lâhor to Multân and the bank of the Bâvi opposite Sayyidwâlâ, under the name of 'Tukeen Nuwab Chakur ko' (Takia Nawâb Châkur kâ).]

[The characters in this legend are household names among Baloches. Next in celebrity to Mir Châkur comes Nodhbandagh, who holds among the Baloches a similar position to that held by Hâtim Tâi among the Arabs as the conventional hero of generosity. Poems on the exploits of these heroes are frequently recited, and they are used in modern ballads as models for imitation].

TEXT.

Ân wakhtâ ki Balochân Kachî gipta azh kull aulâd Mîr Jalâlâneghâ Rind Lashârî masthar athant. Lashârîâ do brâth Nodhbandagh o Bakar mazsin athant. Nodhbandagh bachh Gwaharâm nâm bîthâ, Bakar bachh Râmen nâm bîthâ. Rindâ Mîr Ishâk sardâr aþ. Eshî do bachh Mîr Hasan Mîr Shaihak bîthaghant. Mîr Hasan phanch bachh bîthaghant, pheshî Rehân, guðâ Jîand, Muhammad, Brâhim, Mîr Hân. Mîr Shaihak bachh Mîr Châkur aþ, ki kull Rindânî Sardâr bîthâ.

Baloch Kech-Makurân theghî laditho shufhaghant, âkhta man Hurâsânâ. Kilâtâ, Mustangâ, Shâlâ, hawen deh gipta-ish. Ya sâle hamodhâ khuthâ-ish, guðâ chârî shastâthaghant-ish Kachî gindaghâ, ki 'hamedhâ gwahar khafî, zawistânâ na

TRANSLATION

At the time that the Baloches took possession of Kachî the Rinds and Lashârîs were the greatest of all the descendants of Mîr Jalâl Khân.* The chief of the Lashârîs were the two brothers, Nodhbandagh and Bakar. Nodhbandagh had a son named Gwaharâm, and Bakar had a son named Râmen. Among the Rinds Mîr Ishâk was the chief. He begot two sons, Mîr Hasan and Mîr Shaihak. Mîr Hasan begot five sons, first Rehân, then Jîand, Muhammad, Brâhim, and Mîr Hân. Mîr Shaihak's son was Mîr Châkur, who became Chief over all the Rinds.

All the Baloches arose and marched from Kech-Makrân, and moved into Khurâsân. They took possession of Kilât, Mustang, Shâl (Quetta), and all that land. There they passed one year, and then they sent spies to see the land of Kachî, for, said they,

* An ancestral leader of the Baloches.

gwazainân.' Châriyân Akhtaghant, Sevi, Dhâdar, Gandâva, Mîlah, Jhal e dighar chā it̤hō ākhto bāl dathaish. Rind Lashâri gudâ ladit̤hō hawân deh gipta-ish. Rind sarâ Mîr Châkur at̤h, Lashâria Gwaharâm. Lashâri er-khapta Mîlahâ, Rind ma Bolân Rindâ ākhta Sohrân, Sevi, Dhâdar. Seviâ Jâm Nindâ hâkim at̤h. Mîr Châkur ki ākhta Jâm Nindâ salâmâ, ākhto khuthai, gudâ Châkur zorâ go ānhiyâ phajyâ takht ohakhâ nishta.

Gudâ pholâ khuṭṭha Mîr Châkurâ, ki 'Hawên thâi dighâr paidâwâri ohî en.' Jâm Nindâ dasit̤hâ ki paidâwâri ikl̤tar en. Gudâ thî roshcâ Jâm Nindâ salâmâ ki ākhtai, Jâm Nindâ phadât̤hō shut̤hâ. Gudâ Rind Lashâri ān deh wat̤i khuṭṭha, sai sâl hamedhâ nishtaghant. Rindâ gipta Sevi, Dhâdar, Shorân; Lashâriâ gipta Mîlah, Jhal, Gandâva. Zamistânâ Kachiâ bit̤haghant, Âharâ shut̤haghant Hurâsânâ.

'The cold is great here, we cannot pass the winter here.' The spies came and spied out Sevi (Sibi), Dhâdar, Gandâva, the Mullâh Pass, Jhal, and all that land, and then returned and made their report. Then the Rinds and Lashâris marched and took possession of that land, Mîr Châkur being at the head of the Rinds, and Gwaharâm of the Lashâris. The Lashâris came down by the Mullâh Pass, the Rinds by the Bolân. The Rinds arrived at Sohrân, Sevi, and Dhâdar. Jâm Nindâ was the ruler over Sevi. When Mîr Châkur came to do obeisance to Jâm Nindâ, having come in he made his salutation, and then seated himself by force beside Jâm Nindâ on the throne.

Then Mîr Châkur asked of him, 'What is the income of this thy land?' Jâm Nindâ explained to him that the income was such and such an amount. The next day when he came again to do obeisance Jâm Nindâ fled away. Then the Rinds and Lashâris made that country their own, and abode there for three years. The Rinds took Sevi, Dhâdar, and Shorân, and the Lashâris took the Mullâh Pass, Jhal, and Gandâva. They passed the winter in Kachi, and in the summer they went up to Khurâsân.

Roshē Rāmen Lashārīākhta Mīr Chākur shahrā, Rehānā gwar er-khapta-ī. Rāmen o Rehān pha-wathān adaṭhaghant māḍhinānī sarā; Rehānā gwashta, ki 'Maīn māḍhin shāghar en'; Rāmenā gwashta, 'Maīn māḍhin shāghar en.' Guḍā shart jaṭha-ish. Go philān mochiā gurānde aṭh, rangā boreñ, sakīā lūndaveñ. Gwashta-ish, 'Māḍhinān thāshūn; hawān māḍhin ki guzī gurāndā bāṭh, zarān phadḥi phur khañth.' Guḍā shafā Rāmen māḍhin Rindā ochan bokhto phireñtha: shafā māḍhinār gwahar bīṭha. Bānghavā sanj khuṭhaghant-ish, galagh thākhta-ish: guḍā Rāmen māḍhin gwastha. Rindā gawāhī dāṭha, ki Rehān māḍhin gwastha, drogh bastha-ish. Rāmenā zahr gipta, guḍā shodḥā chariṭho shuṭhā.

Ān wakhtā Gohar jatanī, Lashārīā azh Mīlahā khushtageth. Gohar go waṭhī bagā ākhto bāut bīṭha go Mīr Chākurā. Mīr Chākurā āñhiyār ma Kacharak nyāstha.

Rāmen galagh-thūshi phadḥā shodḥā chariṭho, thī Lashārī

One day Rāmen Lashārī came to Mīr Chākur's town, and alighted at the abode of Rehān. Rāmen and Rehān disputed regarding their mares; Rehān saying, 'My mare is the swiftest,' and Rāmen, 'Mine is the swiftest.' Upon this they made a bet. A certain tanner had a ram, red in colour and very fat. They said, 'We will race our mares; the mare that comes in first shall win the ram, and the hindmost shall pay its price.' But at night the Rinds untied and threw off the horsecloth from Rāmen's mare, so that the mare felt the cold in the night. In the morning they saddled and raced their mares, and Rāmen's mare came in first. The Rinds bore witness that Rehān's mare had won, but they lied. Then Rāmen was very angry, and mounted and departed thence.

At that time a woman named Gohar, a camel-owner, had been turned out by the Lashārīs from the Mullāh Pass. She came with her herds of camels as a refugee to Mīr Chākur. Mīr Chākur settled her in Kacharak.

Rāmen after the horse-racing rode off and assembled other

much khutho, Gohar hir gudathaghantî. Mir Châkur o Gwaharâm har do pha Goharâ'âshiq athant, geshtar Châkur neghâ zor ath-i. Gudâ hirân guditho phadhâ ya rosheâ Châkur âkhto er-khapta Gohar merhâ. Begahâ dâchî ki âkhtaghant, garraghathant; gudâ Châkurâ azh Goharâ phol khutha, 'Dâchî phache garraghant?' Goharâ wath hâl na dâtha-ish. • Jateâ gwashtâ, ki 'Râmen Lashârîâ phairî rosha hir gudathaghant.' Gudâ Châkurâ zahr mân-âkhta; shutha wathî handâ; har-gureâ avzâr shastâthaghant-f. Rind kull much khuthaghant-f, ki 'Mi'ûn go Lashârîâ.' Lashârîâ dâhî shutha ki Rind much bithaghant. Laditha Lashârîâ, shutha go Omar Nuhânî. Gwaharâmâ gwashtâ, ki 'Rind go mâ mirith; mañ thañ bantân, tho manî phushtâ khan': ki Nuhânî Rind ath. Omarâ gwashtâ, ki 'Châkur saken marden, mañ dâraghe neñ; sathe khandî; kaizûn hairâ khandh.' Omarâ Kahîrî shastâthaghant-

Lashârîs, and they killed some of Gohar's young camels. Mir Châkur and Gwaharâm both loved Gohar, but her affection for Châkur was strongest. One day after the slaughter of the young camels Châkur came and alighted at Gohar's encampment. In the evening when the female camels came in they were lowing; then Châkur asked of Gohar, 'Why are your female camels lowing?' Gohar herself would not tell him the reason. But a camel-herd said, 'The day before yesterday Râmen Lashârî slaughtered their young ones.' Then rage took possession of Châkur; he returned to his home and sent out riders in every direction. He assembled the whole of the Rinds, saying, 'Let us fight with the Lashârîs.' The alarm went out among the Lashârîs that the Rinds were assembling. Then the Lashârîs marched away to Omar Nuhânî. Gwaharâm said, 'The Rinds will attack us; we are thy refugees; do thou extend thy protection unto us,' for the Nuhânîs were Rinds. Omar said, 'Châkur is a mighty man, and not to be held back by me, I will send him a deputation, perchance he may make peace.' Omar sent the Kahîrîs to him, saying,

î, ki "Châkurâr gwash, 'Ma mireth go mâ; mâ dî Baloch ûn, tho dî Baloch e; miregh jawain neñ.'" Châkurâ gwashta, 'Mañ nelân-î; mirân.' Hawen jawâb datha-î sathâr. Guđâ Omarâ gwashta, 'Nî mar bi; mirân-î.' Ânmar Nalî Khaur-dastâ basthaghant-ish, saken jange bîtha ođhâ; bhorontha-î Rind. "Rind phrushta, havd-sadh mar khushta; Mîr Hân dî khushtâ: Mîr Châkur barâvaren mardath. Dombcâ hâl ârtha loghâ, ki 'Rindâ phadâtha.' Shaihakâ phol khuṭha, ki 'Mîr khushta ki dar-shuṭha?' Dombâ gwashta, ki 'Mîr dar-shuṭha; Mîr Hân khushta.' Shaihakâ gwashta, "'Mîr' mañ Mîr Hânâr gushaghoṭhân."

Châkur pha shikârâ rapta,
 Bagâen tharâe wârtha-î.
 Lahze pha sawûdâ nishte:
 Dîchî âkhtaghan' danzâna,
 5 Shîr pha mâighân shauzâna.

"Say to Mîr Châkur, 'Do not fight with us; we are Baloches, and thou also art a Baloch; it is not good that we should fight.'" But Châkur said, 'I will not allow it; I will fight.' And he gave this answer to the envoy. Then Omar said, 'Now be men; let us fight with him.' They entrenched themselves at the mouth of the Nalî Torrent, and there was a great fight there; they defeated the Rinds. The Rinds gave way, and seven hundred of them were killed, Mîr Hân among them, who was a man equal to Mîr Châkur himself. A Dom (minstrel) brought home the news that the Rinds had fled. Shaihak* asked, "Is the Mîr killed or has he escaped?" The Dom said, "The Mîr has escaped, but Mîr Hân is killed." Then Shaihak said, "When I said 'the Mîr' I spoke of Mîr Hân."

Châkur went forth to hunt, and he
 Ate at the return of the camels.
 For a little while he sat down to look round:
 The female camels came, stirring up the dust,
 5 The milk dripping from their udders.

* Father of Mîr Châkur, and uncle of Mîr Hân.

- Gwashta Châkurâ Mirenâ,
 Wa'pha Goharâ hirenâ :
 "Thaî dâchî phache kêre danzant ?
 Shîr pha mâighân shanzant ?"
 10 Gwashta Goharâ durrenâ,
 Wa'pha Châkurâ Khanenâ :
 "Maîn hirân wârthaghand zahren sol ;
 Maîn hirân wađh-miren go khapten."
 Guđâ bag-jat Melaven gâl-âkhte :
 15 "Phairî âkhtaghand Lashârî ;
 Shikko saile bor thâshî ;
 Hir azh maîn khushtaghand jukhtîâ ;
 Shingo garthighand mastîâ."
 Châkur maîn dilâ grân bîthâ.
 20 Rinde hapt hazâr lotâe :
 "Mâ chyâr sadh ya-tharen warnâ bân ;

- Then spake Châkur the Mîr,
 Himself to Gohar the fair :
 "Why do thy female camels stir up the dust ?
 Why does the milk drip from their udders ?"
 10 Then spake Gohar the beautiful,
 Herself to Châkur the Khân :
 "My young camels ate poisonous shrubs ;*
 My young camels fell down through self-slaughter."
 Then spake out the camel-herd Melo :
 15 "The day before yesterday the Lashârîs came ;
 They raced their chestnut (mares) with great delight ;
 They slaughtered a pair of our young camels
 Hence they returned in their madness."
 Châkur became heavy at heart.
 20 He called together seven thousand Rinds (and said) :
 "Let us form a band of four hundred youths, equal one
 to the other.

* Sol, i.e., the *prosopis spicigera* or *jand*.

- Dâue dar-shafûn syâralî ;
 Barivagh Khân phadhâ dragâna."
 Wâge giptaghant sardâre :
 25 " Châkur khenaghân khame khan ;
 Nuhânî hazâr mardân bî ;
 " Lâlo khushtaghan' Lâshârî !"
 Guđâ gwashta sar-batâkî mardân,
 ' Jâro, jareñ Rehânâ :
 30 " Barivagh gondalân sâhmenthe .
 Hindîân ma ; thars ser-dâtthe :
 Rekh zahranen wbardân !"
 Guđâ Domb langavân shâkârom :
 " Barivagh Khân thârâ dîr nyâđhân :
 35 Mâkh-on zahm-janen Lâshârî :
 Âfo banâf mânah-ân.
 Hoshagh phinj khanûn âptiyâ,
 Nind o giud khai sîth bî ?

- Let us issue forth cunningly from the low hills ;
 Hastening after Barivagh Khân."
 They caught hold of the chief's bridle (and said) :
 25 " Châkur, abate your rage a little,
 The Nuhânîs are a thousand men.
 They have slain the Lashârîs' brethren !"
 Then spake out the headstrong men,
 Jâro and fiery Rehân :
 30 " You are afraid of Barivagh's arrows.
 Fear not the weapons, you shall have your fill of them :
 Sand is a bitter food !"
 Then said the Dom herald :
 " We will settle Barivagh Khân far from you.
 35 We are sword-wielding Lashârîs,
 We are posted in the water-embankments.
 If we thrash out the ears between us,
 Stay and see whose will be the advantage :

- Mûlân pha khai devalî ?
 40 Sîṭha pha khaiâ gon khâlî ?"
 Go hawerî gwashtanân taukheghâ ;
 Wâg ishtaghan' Sardâre.
 Chârî khahtaghan' chârânî ;
 Bol basthaghant pahrânî.
 45 Chârî âkhtaghan' golânî ;
 Sadh logh jîdarîyâ dîṭheñ.
 Odhâ ma Nall gatâ,
 Shahr chârîṭha Gâjâne.
 Bag jukṭhiyēñ Gwaharâme.
 50 Bânghavâ khutheñ phâsâne ;
 Pha Gâjân kilât demâ.
 Bag gudîṭheñ Gwaharâme ;
 Dastâ burîṭha Sâfâne :
 Matân Goharâ hirânî,
 55 Hawerî zâlî shûmat o shirrânî.
 Mel kûch khutṭha Lâshârâ.

- Whose leaders will be victorious ?
 40 And to whom will the profit belong ?"
 With the utterance of these words,
 They let go the Chief's bridle.
 And spies they sent forth to spy ;
 And they fixed a word for the watch.
 45 The spies came spying out the country ;
 They saw a hundred separate dwelling places.
 There in the Nall defile,
 They spied out the town of Gâjân.
 A herd of Gwaharâm's camels was sleeping there.
 50 In the morning they made an attack
 On the face of the fort of Gâjân.
 They slaughtered the herd of Gwaharâm's camels ;
 And cut off the hand of Sâfân (the herd),
 In exchange for Gohar's young camels,
 55 On account of this woman's disgrace and quarrel
 The assembly of the Lashâris marched away.

Rosh othâne burz bîṭhe,
Lashârî khurâ gon-dâṭhe.
Rinda lashkara bhâj bîṭhe ;

- 60 Mîr Hân ma-phirâ phireuthe ;
Go havd sadḥ ya-thareñ warnâ.
‘Guḍâ Châkur ghamzamâ gartha,
Pha Mîr Hân ghamâ lahmenân,
‘Pha humbo chotaveñ Mîrenân :

65 Lahri khaur gawârân gipte.

Guḍâ Châkur dâhîn bîṭho shuṭha Turkân gwar : Turkân
sardâr Zunû nam aṭh. Bâṅghavâ Lashârî shuṭha go Turkân ;
labainṭha-ish, ki ‘Châkurâ khush.’ Châkurâ Turkân gwân’-
jaṭha bâṅghavâ. Phallî nâme motabareñ Amîr aṭh Turkeghâ.
Phulliyâ Châkurâr hâl dâṭha, ki ‘Lashârî âkhta, labainṭha-ish
Turk.’ Guḍâ Châkurâ Turkân gwân’-jaṭha ; Turkân gwashta
(‘Châkurâr :

By the time the sun was well risen they were high up
the hill side,

They followed on the Lashârîs’ track and overtook them.
The army of the Rinds was put to flight ;

- 60 Mîr Hân was left dead on the spot,
With seven hundred youths each equal to the other.
Then Châkur returned in sorrow,
Weeping for the loss of Mîr Hân,
For the beautiful hair of Mîr :

65 Fasting he took his way to the Lahri Pass.

After this Châkur went as a suppliant to the Turks,* whose
leader’s name was Zunû. In the morning the Lashârîs came to
the Turks, and bribed them, saying, ‘Slay Châkur.’ In the
morning the Turks sent for Châkur. There was a trustworthy
Amîr among the Turks, whose name was Phallî. Phallî told
Châkur that the Lashârîs had come and bribed the Turks.
Then the Turk sent for Châkur and said to him .

* i.e., the Mughals.

"Mard evakhâ ki bî,
 Hathyâr ki ma bant-î,
 Ânhiyâr duzhman valainant,
 Gudâ ânhi thufâkh obachon bant?"

Châkurâ jawâb dâtha, ki
 "Dast dil wathî ambrâh bant;
 Ânhiyâ thufâkh hechî neñ."

Gudâ hathyâr giptaghant-ish Châkurâ, mokal dâtha-î, ki
 'Tho baro wathî handâ.' Hâthî khûnî gudâ Châkur sarâ ishto
 dâtha-ish, 'Bilânî Châkur khushîth.' Gudâ hâthî akhto Châ-
 kurâ nazi bîtha.

Kshike khaptaghetî bâzârâ :
 Tângâ gipta-î Châkurâ,
 Gudâ jatha-î hâthiyârâ.
 Bîng ki chamburîtha hâthiyâr.
 Hâthî phadâtho shuṭhâ.

Châkur dar-shuṭho shodhâ; Turkân gwân'-jatha-î, phâraintḥo,
 mokal dâtha-î.

"If a man alone be left,
 If of arms he be bereft,
 When his bitter foes surround him,
 Say what help will then be found him?"

Châkur answered thus:

"Hand and heart will help themselves;
 What need then of other help?"

Then they took his weapons from Châkur and let him go
 saying, 'Go to your home.' Then they let loose a furious ele-
 phant on Châkur saying, 'Let Châkur kill it.' Then the
 elephant came towards Châkur.

There lay a dog in the bazar,
 Châkur seized it by the leg,
 And threw it at the elephant.
 When the dog struck the elephant,
 The elephant turned and fled.

So Châkur escaped thence; and the Turks sent for him,
 rewarded him and let him go.

Thi-bare Lashâri Turkân go âkhtaghant, zar bâz dâtha-ish. Guḍâ Phalliâ Châkurâr gwashta, ki 'Aghadî Lashâriâ Turk labainṭha.' Turk gwân'-jaṭhaghant Châkurâr dohmî roshâ, ki 'Tho sakeñ mard e mañ Balochân; eḍhâ mazâre asteñ; go mazârâ mir.' Mazâr ishto dâtha; siḍhâ bîṭhaî Châkur sarâ. Jaṭha Châkurâ mazâr go zahmâ. Aghadî Turkân phârainṭha Châkur.

Sohmî roshâ Lashâri âkhta; labainṭha-ish Turkân; Phalliâ dî hâl dâtha Châkurâr. Agha Châkur gwân'-janainṭha Turkâ sohmi dhakâ. Turkân khûb phattainṭhaghant; kbûhâ sarâ kukh phirentṭhaghant. Naryân khûni ârṭha-ish; Châkurâr gwashta-ish, ki 'Hawen naryânâ, chaṭ drikain.' Huvd bâravân Châkurâ naryân drikainṭha thâkhta, ma khûhâ na khapta-î, darshuṭha-î. Aghadî Turkân Châkur pharainṭha.

Guḍâ Zunû mâtṭhar Mâi Begumâr hâl sar-bîṭha. Gwashta-î, ki 'Châkur zât Baloch Sardâren, dukhân ma dai, Zunûâr

Another time the Lashâris came to the Turks and gave them a large sum of money. Then Phallî told Châkur, 'Again the Lashâris have bribed the Turks.' The next day the Turks sent for Châkur, saying, 'Thou art the mightiest man among the Baloches; here is a tiger; fight with it.' They let loose the tiger and it came straight at Châkur. Châkur killed the tiger with a blow of his sword. Again the Turks rewarded Châkur.

A third time the Lashâris came and bribed the Turks and Phallî informed Châkur thereof. Again a third time the Turks sent for Châkur. The Turks had a well dug, and over the mouth of the well they strewed reeds. Then they brought forth a savage stallion and said to Châkur, 'Mount this horse, and leap him over this place.' Seven times did Châkur leap and gallop the stallion, but he did not fall into the pit, and escaped alive. Again the Turks rewarded Châkur.

Afterwards tidings of these things were brought to Mâi Begam, Zunû's mother. Then said she to the Turks, 'Châkur is the true Lord of the Baloches, do not afflict him more, but

mokal dai ki urd bārth Chākur saren-bandī khandh.' Zunū wāṭhī fauj burthā, go Lashārī mīrathā. Lashārī phadāthā. Chākur ānhī randa shuṭhā, Rāmen khushta-ī. Phanch-saḍh mar Lashārī go Rāmenā khushta.

Lashārī guḍā daraintho shuṭhā Gujarātā. Jang Gujarātā hawēr'gā bīṭhā: ki Bangul nāme Lashārī aṭh. Warnāo Gujarāteghā kawāndī baraghetḥ, loḡhā zurthi āraghetḥ. Bangulā gwashta hawāo mardārā ki, 'Kāhan biyār mani māḍhinār dai.' Ānma ā gwashta, 'Kāhan niyō, kawāndant; tharā na deān-ish.' Guḍā jathā Bangulā jābāhā thīre, āumar murtho khapta. Ānhī pluṭh brāṭh kull 'ālam dākhū shuṭhaghant go bādshāhā, ki 'Hawēr'ga kaum ākhta Baloch, ki mardum dī khushaghant; kawāndān dī charainaghant; doḡhā phullaghant.' Badshāhā phaujār hukm dāthā, ki 'Mīreṭh go Balochā.' Guḍā Bakarā, (Rāmen phith ki astāṭh) Lashārī much khuṭhā:

rather give Zunū leave that he lead forth his army to Chākur's assistance.' On this Zunū led forth his army and fought with the Lashārīs. The Lashārīs took to flight. Chākur followed on their tracks, and he slew Rāmen. With Rāmen five hundred Lashārīs were killed.

On this the Lashārīs set forth for Gujrāt. And their war in Gujrāt was on this wise: there was a certain Lashārī named Bangul. A youth of Gujrāt was taking away his sugarcane, carrying and bringing it to his house. Bangul said to him, 'Bring those reeds and give them to my mare.' He replied, 'They are not reeds, they are sugarcane; I will not give them to you.' On this Bangul took an arrow from his quiver, and shot him, and he fell dead. His father and brother and a multitude of men went and complained to the king, saying, 'A tribe called Baloch has come here, and they are such manner of men that they slay men, and graze their horses on sugarcane, and spoil the country.' Hereupon the king gave orders to his army to fight with the Baloches. Then Bakar, Rāmen's father, gathered the Lashārīs together,

jang dâṭha-ish; bādshâh phauj bhorainṭha-ish. Guḍā gwân'-janainṭha bādshâhâ Bakarâr, phârainṭha-i. Phanjâh naryân bashkāṭha-i; phanjâh khawâh âbreshamî dî dâṭha-i; phanjâh thengavênkâtârdâṭha-i. Gwashta-i, 'Etharâ bashkân, Gandâvagh Mithav deh dî thâi jâgir on, ki tho saken mard e.' Guḍā Lashârî âkhto nishta Gandâvaghâ, Mithavâ, Jhalâ. Dâîn Lashârî hamodḥâ nishta; Maghassî thî bâz kaum ânhî shâkh ant.

Rind nishta Sevi Dhâdarâ. Guḍā Zunû bând khuṭha go Lashârîâ. Ya rosheâ Zunûâr Châkurâ gwashta, ki 'Chaṭî mañ tharâ dcân, bând bozh.' Lak rūpiâ dâṭha-i. Bând bokhta-i Lashârîeghâ.

Wakhtâ ki Châkurâ Lashârî bând azh Mughalân bokhta, shafâ janân chakhâ pahrâ dâṭha-ish. Guḍā yashafâ khase go mâiân gandagh khuṭha. Bânghavâ mâiân gwashta, ki 'Hawcû inard Baloch nayant, Leghâr ant.' Shâû wakht ânhî nâm Leghârî bîṭha, ki kaum Leghârî ch'eshiyâ bîṭha. Dohmî shafâ

and gave them battle; and they defeated the king's army. Then the king sent for Bakar and rewarded him. He made him a gift of fifty horses, fifty silken scarves and fifty golden daggers. He said to him, 'These I give to you, and the land of Gandâva and Mithav shall be your *jâgir*, for you are a mighty man.' Then came the Lashârîs back and settled in Gandâva, Mithav and Jhal. Till the present day the Lashârîs have dwelt there, and the Maghassîs and many other tribes are branches of them.

But the Rinds dwelt in Sevi and Dhâdar. And Zunû took women as hostages from the Lashârîs. One day Châkur said to Zunû, 'I will pay the ransom, let the hostages go.' And he paid him a *lâkh* of rupees. Then Zunû released the Lashârî women.

When Châkur released the Lashârî women who were hostages from the Mughals, at night he set a guard over the women. One night some one of the guard acted evilly towards the women. In the morning the women said, 'This man is not a Baloch, he is a Leghâr (foul).' From that time he was known as Leghârî, and the Leghârî tribe is descended from him. The

pahrâ bîṭṭha Drîshake. Shafâ haurâ gwarṭha. Guḍâ hawâṭ Drîshak tambû zurtho oshtâṭṭhaghant, khafaghâ nishta-ish mâiân chakhâ. Banghavâ mâiân Châkurâ phol khuthâ, 'Doshî chacho en pahrâ bîṭṭha shawâ chakbâ?' Gwashta-ish, 'Doshî 'Thangaveñ Rind aṭṭant.' 'Shân roshâ Drîshak, 'Thangaveñ Drîshak' khanantî.

Guḍâ aghadî Châkurâ miṭṭha go Zunû. Zunû waṭṭ Châkurâ khushta, urd bhorainṭha-i.

Wakhtâ ki Rind Lashârî jang phawathân khanaghatant, roshâ Châkur akhto khapta Gohar halkâ ya-avzariyâ. Guḍâ Gwaharâm sadḥ avzârânî go âkhtâ. Goharâ gwashta Mirâr, 'Maroshî Gwaharâm go tho miṭṭh; tho chaṭ baro.' Châkur chariṭṭha, guḍâ ghorô rikhta pha dimâ Gwaharâmeghâ. Sarâ ki bîṭṭha gon-khaptaghantî. Rosh er-khapto shuṭṭha. Guḍâ Dilmalikh Rindâ gwar âkhto Gwaharâm mihmân bîṭṭha. Dilmalikh sakyâ bhâgyeñ marde aṭṭ. Sadḥ gurâṇḍ khushta-i mehmânî khuthâ-i. Sadḥ gwâlâgh dân ârtho phirentṭha-i.

next night Drîshak was on guard. In the night rain fell. Then that Drîshak stood holding up the tent and did not let it fall on the women. In the morning Châkur asked of the women, 'Last night what sort of guard was there over you?' They said, 'Last night there was a Golden Rind.' Since that day they call the Drîshaks 'Golden Drîshaks.'

After this again there was war between Châkur and Zunû. Zunû himself was slain by Châkur, and his army defeated.

While the Rinds were at war with the Lashârîs, one day Châkur happened to come to Gohar's village, riding alone. Then came Gwaharâm with a hundred horsemen. Gohar said to the Mir, 'Gwaharâm will fight with you to-day; ride away.' Then Châkur rode off and the band of Gwaharâm's horsemen pursued him. He was ahead but they came up to him. Just then the sun set. Then Gwaharâm went and became a guest with Dilmalikh Rind. Dilmalikh was a very wealthy man. He slew a hundred sheep and entertained them. He brought a hundred sacks of corn and threw them down there. Then when

Guḍā gozhd ki grâstha-i, sadh thâlî lâfâ hawân sadheñ gurân-dânî dumbagh yakhe yakhe mâu-khuttha-i. Sadh chûrî sweth-ganeñ har yakhe dumbagh chakhâ tumbitho ishta-i. Guḍā Gwaharâmâ gwashta, 'Gind, Lashârîân, Rindânî kirrân.' Lashârîân jawâb tharentha, ki 'sadhēñ gwâlaghân dî mâ phujûn, sadh gurând dî mâ khushûn, ya handâ sadh swo'-ganeñ chûrî azh mâ paidâ na bî.' Guḍā Dilmalikh âkhta pha Gwaharâm ninda-ghâ. Gwaharâmâ gwashta, ki 'Dilmalikh, tho sadh chûrî ashkoh ârtha?' Gwashta-i, 'Lohâre mâu birâdhar en. Shazh mâhâ manân phanjâh chûrî khârith dâth, mâu leawe âubiyâr bandân deân. Hawân phanjâh Rindân bahr-khanûn deân. Oî shazhmâhî er-khutthaghiyâth, bahr na khutthaghâ, dohmi phanjâh dî âkhta, guḍâ sadh phawûnkâ bîthaghant.'

Guḍâ Dilmalikh Rindâ zurtha shart, mâl theghâ barainthî; guḍâ bîtha horgheñ. Rosho âkhta Rinde halkâ mihmân bîtha. Halk-wâghâ edhâ niyâth; logh-bânukhâ thaghard dâtha.

he had boiled the meat, he served up the tails of the hundred sheep on a hundred dishes one by one. And he brought a hundred white-handled knives and left one sticking in each sheep's tail. Then said Gwaharâm, 'Behold, O Lashâris, the dwellings of the Rinds.' The Lashâris answered and said, 'We can produce a hundred sacks of corn, and we can kill a hundred sheep, but we cannot show in one place a hundred white-handled knives.' Afterwards Dilmalikh came to visit Gwaharâm. Gwaharâm said, 'Dilmalikh, whence did you get those hundred knives?' He answered, 'I have a sworn-brother who is a blacksmith. Every six months he brings me fifty knives, and I give him a camel in exchange. The fifty knives I distribute among the Rinds. The last six months' knives were still lying by me, I had not distributed them when the next fifty came in, thus I had a hundred altogether.'

After this Dilmalikh Rind gambled, and lost all his wealth, and became empty. One day he came and put up at the village of a certain Rind. The master of the village was away, and the good wife gave him a mat to sleep on. The owner's

Guḍā māḍhin halk-wāzhāe basthageth. Māiā Dilmalikhār gwashta, ki 'Dāsā bar, māḍhin sāngā rem bur biyār, ki shudhī en māḍhin.' Rem ki buritho ārīḥa-ī dast bīṭhaghant-ī hon; rem dī hon bīṭha. Bāṅghavā Dilmalikh shutḥa. Māi gindi ki rem khapta. Māḍhinā na wārṭha, ki remā hon mām-ākhta-ghant. Halk-wāzhā ki ākhta māiā hāl dāṭha-ī ki rem hon bīṭha. Halk-wāzhā gwashta, ki 'E mar Dilmalikh en ki doshī mihmām bīṭho rem burīṭha!'

Guḍā Dilmalikh hawēn sha'ar jaṭha.

Shartān malūkheū Dilmalikh

Azh khonagh o kivarān burtha

Brāṭhī payāfēn meravān,

Dīmām Rindī deravān.

5 Rinde jane 'Nākho' khanant.

Dāsān ma dastān deant,

Remā malūkheū Dilmalikh

mare was tied up there. The good wife said to Dilmalikh, 'The mare is hungry, take this sickle and cut some grass and bring it for her.' When he had cut and fetched the grass his hands were bleeding, and the blood came off upon the grass. Next morning Dilmalikh departed. The good wife saw the grass lying there. The mare would not eat it, for there was blood on the grass. When the master came home the good wife told him how there was blood on the grass. Then he said, 'It was Dilmalikh who was last night the guest and cut the grass!'

Then Dilmalikh made this song :

By gambling famous Dilmalikh

Through malice and spite has been driven

From the encampments of his noble brethren,

From the assemblies and abodes of the Rinds.

5 The Rind women call him 'Uncle.'

They put sickles into his hands,

And famous Dilmalikh goes forth

- Burî pha reshen daddavân.
 Nî bilân manf phâq̄h-mozhaghî,
 10 Thâsen rikef o doravî;
 Ma phîshen sawâsân zom girant.
 Manân kadro kumethânî nayath;
 'Mâ dâthân pha sunyen pheshaghân.
 'Bhedî rangol bayân !

Gudâ Gwaharâmâ gwashta Dilmalikhârâ, 'Biyâ, Lashârî bî,
 tharâ zarân mâlâ bâz deân.' Dilmalikhâ phaso dâthâ, ki
 "Rindâ Hudhâ Lashâr na khant.
 Musalmân Hindû na bî;
 Trag na zirî Kâfirî."

Yabare Haivtân, Jâro, Nodhbandagh, Mîr Hân nishto kalâm
 khuṭṭha e'r'gâ, ki Haivtânâ gwashta, ki 'Khase dâchî go mañ
 bagû âwâr bî mañ khasâr tharâna na deân-i.' Jâro-â kalâm

- To cut grass for galled jades.
 Now I give up my long boots
 10 And my brazen stirrups,
 And the sandals of dwarf-palm leaves make my feet
 swell.
 My understanding was not worthy of the bay (mares);
 I have given them in exchange for a barren amusement.
 Their story is in the coloured ankle-bones !*

Then said Gwaharâm to Dilmalikh, 'Come now, become a
 Lashârî, and I will give you much money and cattle.' Dilmalikh
 retorted thus :

"God does not make a Rind into a Lashârî.
 A Musalmân cannot a Hindû become,
 Nor wear the cord of Heathendom !"

Once upon a time Haivtân, Jâro, Nodhbandagh and Mîr
 Hân were sitting together, and each made a vow thus : (and)
 Haivtân said, 'If any one's camel gets mixed up with my herd
 I will not give it back.' Jâro's vow was this, 'I will kill any

* i.e., the ankle or knuckle-bones used for gambling.

khut̤ha, ki 'Ân ki mañ rishâ dast lâi, khushân-i; ân ki Haddehâr khushîth, ânî dî khushân': ki Haddeh birâdarath-i. Noḍḥbandaghâ kalâm khut̤ha, ki "Zarân mañ dast na lân; suwâlî khâi chîe loṭî, deân-i, 'Na' na khanân." Mîr-Hânâ kalâm khut̤ha, 'Ân ki Rinden zâlâ mañ go mashkâ gendân, ânhiyâr mañ molide bashkân.'

Ya roshe go Hudhâ bîṭha lerave Châkuregh Haivtân bagâ go âwâr bîṭha. Haivtânâ sogav khut̤ha, gwashta-i, 'Tharâna na deân-i.' Rind much bîṭhaghant, ki 'Mâ miṛûn go Haivtânâ; Châkur leṛo na daûn-i.' Châkurâ gwashta, ki 'Er'geñ leṛo chandî bhorainṭhaghan mazârân; er'geñ suwâlîân burṭhaghant. Mâ na miṛûn; bilân bârth-i.' Gudâ thî roshe bîṭha Lashâriâ âkhto bag jathâ Châkure. Châkur khunî bîṭha bag dimâ, burtho gon-dâṭha-i. Rind o Lashâri mañ-wathân miṛathaghant; phrushta Rind. Rind ki tharṭha, Haivtân khunî bîṭha Châkurâ

one who touches my beard with his hand, and whoever slays Haddeh him also will I slay : ' for Haddeh was his sworn-brother. And Noḍḥbandagh's vow was this, " I will never touch money ; and if a petitioner comes and asks anything of me, I will give it to him, I will not say ' No. ' " Mir Hân's vow was this, ' If I see any Rind woman carrying a water-skin I will present her with a slave-girl. '

One day, as God willed, a camel of Mir Châkur's got mixed with Haivtân's herd. Haivtân kept it and said, ' I will not give it back. ' The Rinds gathered together saying, ' Let us fight with Haivtân ; let us not give him Châkur's camel. ' But Châkur said, ' Many such camels have been killed by tigers ; many such have been given to those who asked for them. Let us not fight, let him take it. ' Again another day it happened that the Lashâris came and carried away a herd of Châkur's camels. Châkur pursued after the herd and overtook them. The Rinds and Lashâris fought together, and the Rinds were-beaten. When the Rinds returned after Châkur, Haivtân set out in pursuit : he over-

phadhâ, gon-dâtha-i: go Lashâriâ miṛathâ, bhorentâ-i Lashâri, bag zitha-i, burthâ-i waṭṭi loghâ. Rind sambarthâ, ki 'E bag Châkureghen, mâ na daññ Haivtânâr.' Agha Châkurâ gwashta, 'E hawân bagen, doiman baraghaṭhant-i. Nî ki Haivtânâ zithagbant, bilân Haivtânâ gwar bant. Roshe harbâo main kârâ lâfâ ravant. Azh doimanâ main brâṭhân gwar jawânthar ant.'

Jâro hâl hamesh en, ki Châkur dî Jâro dî rosheâ nishtagbant kachehriâ. Châkurâ dâiâr gwashta, ki 'Jâro bachhâ zîr biyâr.' Dâiâ Jâro bachhâ ârthâ. Châkurâ gwashta dâiâr, ki 'Zîr dai Jâroâr kutâ.' Jâroâ gwashta, 'Dâi! main neghâ mayâr-i.' Châkurâ gwashta, 'Na, dâi, bar dai.' Guḍâ ârtho dâṭhâ dâiâ Jâroâr mañ kutâ. Guḍâ chhorav levâ khanûna dast Jâroâ rishâ mân-âkhta-i. Jâroâ bânzrâ gipta bachheghâ kâtâr khashto, jaṭhâ-i bachhâ mañ sarenâ, khushtha-i. Gwashta 'Biyâ, dâi, nî bar-i, Châkur bilân khush bi.'

took the Lashâris, fought with them, defeated them, took away the herd from them and brought it back to his home. Then the Rinds prepared to fight, saying, 'This is Châkur's herd, let us not give it to Haivtân.' But again Châkur said, 'This is the same herd that my enemies were carrying off. Now that Haivtân has recovered it, let him keep it. Some day no doubt it will be of use to me. It is better that my brethren should have it than my enemies.'

This is the story of Jâro, that one day Châkur and Jâro were sitting in the assembly. Châkur said to the nurse, 'Bring Jâro's son here.' The nurse brought Jâro's son. Then Châkur said to the nurse, 'Put him in Jâro's lap.' Jâro said, 'Nurse, do not bring him near me.' But Châkur said, 'No, nurse, bring him.' So the nurse brought him and set him on Jâro's knee. Then while the boy was playing his hand touched Jâro's beard. Jâro seized the child's arm, drew his dagger and plunged it into his loins and killed him. Then he said, 'Come now, nurse, take him away; let Châkur be happy.'

Aghadi Châkurâ gwashta Haddehârâ, ki 'Tho Jâroâ rishâ dastâ lâ; tharâ kî khushîth, gudâ waṭhâr dî khushîth, kalâm drogh bîth-i, râst bîth-i.' Roshe Jâroâ Haddeh mâḍhin thâkh-tagħant. Haddeh mâḍhin gwashta, gwashtiyâ dast lâiṭha-ish Jâro rishâ. Sai chyâr mâh gwasthagħant; gudâ Jâro Haddeh dî gon-gikhta, Shâho dî gon-gikhta, (ki waṭhî gohârâkîft-aṭh). Shuṭhaghant galagh bastho, drashke bunâ waptagħant. Nî ki Haddeh whâv shuṭha, gudâ Jâroâ gwashta Shâhoârâ, ki 'Jane zahmâ Haddehârâ.' Jaṭha Shâhoâ zahm, Haddeh khushta-i. Jâroâ gwashta, 'Nî khadâ phatṭe, phûrûn-i.' Gudâ gwashta-i, 'Nî do mardi khade bî ki Haddeh manân dost aṭh.' Nî ki Shâhoâ khad phatṭha, gudâ Jâro jaṭha zahm Shâhoârâ, khushta-i. Hardo phûriṭhaghantî, tharṭha waṭhî handâ. Haddeh ki tharṭho niyâkhta Châkurâ gwashta, 'Haddeh ki gâreñ mañ shu'ar shaghân janân-i.'

Châkur Shaihak gushî; Jâro rishânî giragh rosh gushî; Haddeh khosh gushî :

Again, Châkur said to Haddeh, 'Touch Jâro's beard with your hand. If he kills you he must kill himself also; we will see whether he breaks his vow or keeps it?' One day Jâro and Haddeh were racing their mares. Haddeh's mare won, and in passing he touched Jâro's beard with his hand. Three or four months passed, and then Jâro took with him Haddeh and Shâho, (who was his own sister's son). They went out and tied up their horses, and lay down under a tree. As soon as Haddeh went to sleep Jâro said to Shâho, 'Slay Haddeh with your sword.' Then Shâho struck Haddeh a blow of his sword and killed him. Then Jâro said, 'Now dig a hole and we will bury him.' He also said, 'Let it be a hole large enough for two men, for Haddeh was my friend.' As soon as Shâho had dug the hole Jâro struck him with his sword and killed him. He buried them both and returned to his home.

When Haddeh did not return with him Châkur said, 'I will make a song taunting him because Haddeh is missing.'

Châkur son of Shaihak sings, about the day of touching Jâro's beard, of the slaughter of Haddeh he sings:

- O Mughal sanj khan naryânâ,
 Âhûâ sher gûmbazenâ.
 Zen trunden Ârabîyâ,
 Thank nazîkhen bigînâr ;
 5 Dîn mañ khârân hiyâle.
 Rind mañ khoheñ kilâtant,
 Khushtaghen Rindân galo nest :
 Hardo demâ jân dârî.
 Lev chitoy kharoân
 10 Jâro dî kârch kâtâr jukhtaghiyâ.
 Go nyân-bandân jañhiyâ,
 Brinjaneñ rish giptaghiyâ,
 Haddehâ pha zor gipta.
 Guḍâ Jâro Jalamb gushî : Châkur phasave dâtî gushi :
 Gozh de, o khanden Mazîdo,
 O Mazîdo, bange hâleñ ;
 Bange hâl o bâz khiyâleñ.

- O Mughal, saddle your steed,
 As swift as deer or tiger.
 Saddle your fiery Arab,
 And bring him close to me ;
 5 That I may tell you my thoughts
 The Rinds are my hills and forts,
 But for a slain Rind there is no way open .
 On both sides his life is shut in.
 Because he stood up in sport
 10 Jâro slew him with his companion.
 With knife and dagger he slew them both,
 Because his curled beard was touched,
 Because Haddoh seized it roughly.
 Then Jâro son of Jalamb sang ; in reply to Châkur he
 sang :
 Listen, O smiling Mazîds,
 Listen to this strange tale ;
 This strange tale in many words.

- 5 Drogh ma bant, Châkur Nawâven
 Drogh ma bant, ki drozhi na bai ;
 Drogh azh dathânâ darrâ bî.
 Azh zawânâ bai sharrenâ.
 Râsten, o Mîr mangehâni.
 Râsten, o Châkur Nawâven.
 10 Mañ brinjaneñ rîsh giptaghîyâ.
 Azh mâ p'hawen sâhe giptan,
 Azh wathî gudî miyârân,
 Azh khenaghiânî shaghânâ,
 Roshe Haddeh o Shâho bidîtha
 15 Dîr loghan mañ dighâren.
 Gon aîhi sândeñ khamâne,
 Jâbahe phur azh thanga,
 Thegh nokh sâj barûkh aîh,
 Kârch kâtâr jukhtaghîyâ ;
 20 Go nyân-bandâ jathîyâ.

- Speak not falsely, O Châkur Nawâb ;
 5 Speak not falsely, that you be not held a liar.
 Let falsehood be outside your teeth.
 Be noble with your tongue.
 Be true, O exalted Mîr.
 Be true, O Châkur Nawâb.
 10 My curled beard was seized.
 By this my life was taken from me,
 For my own double shame,
 For this malicious insult,
 One day saw both Haddeh and Shâho
 15 In their homes away in the earth.
 He had with him his bow,
 His quiver filled with gold,
 His sword with new scabbard.
 He was slain with his companion ;
 20 Both of them with knife and dagger.

Pha dil kāmā khuth o khisht.
 Haddeh pīlhāna niyākhta,
 Phophul o hirān warāna,
 25 Gwar janān chyār-kullaghenā,
 Gwar Chākur durren gohārā,
 Gwar Banarī nek-zanenā,
 Thankhen amzāne na nishta.
 Haddehā phol ma dighārā :
 Haddeh dighārā du marden.

Nodhbandagh Lashāri kissav ohhon bīṭha. Nodhbandagh
 Chākurā gwān'-jatho hurjin zare phurkhutho dāṭha-i. Hurjinā
 shert phalawā tung khuthaghand, ki zar darkhasth, Nodh-
 bandagh dast lāṭh-ish. Chāṭhō Nodhbandagh rawān bīṭha,
 māḍhin chakhā hurjin dāṭha. Shuṭha-i juzāna, zar raptaghand
 rishāna: dast na lāṭh-i, zar thewaghā rikhto shuṭhaghand. Demā
 jangale sākāre chinagheṭh. Nodhbandaghār loṭṭha-ish, "Nodh-

For their hearts' pleasure they were killed and left there.
 Haddeh never came home returning
 Eating betel and cardamoms,
 To the women in their four-sided huts,
 25 To Chākur's fair sister,*
 To Banarī, best of women,
 Nor sat with her in close embrace.
 Seek for Haddeh in the ground :
 Haddeh is in the ground in a double grave.

The story of Nodhbandagh Lashāri is as follows. Chākur
 once sent for Nodhbandagh and gave a pair of saddle-bags
 full of money. In the bottom of the bags he made a hole, so
 that the money might drop out and Nodhbandagh might touch
 it. Nodhbandagh threw the bags across his mare's back and
 rode away. As he went on, the money kept dropping out, but
 he did not touch it, and the whole of the money dropped out.
 In front of him was a band of women gathering tamarisk-galls.
 They said to Nodhbandagh, 'O Nodhbandagh, your name

* Haddeh was married to Banarī, sister of Mir Chākur.

bandagh, thaî nâm nî Zar-zuwâl bîth; mâr ohîe dai." Nodhbandaghâ gwashta, "Shâ maîn mādhin randâ zurthiyâ baraweth, har chî shâr phakar bî, zîreth, bareth." Mâian zurtho much khuthaghant-i, burthâ-ish. Shedh-demâ Nodhbandagh nâm Zar-zuwâl bîthâ. Guḍâ Nodhbandagh brāthân āpî sarâ zahr gipta, gwashta-ish, "Nodhbandagh, tho wathî thewaghen māl bahr-khane; ohîe bil dai, nawân go tho māl chî na bî." Guḍâ Nodhbandaghâ phasawe hawen sha'ar jathâ.

Kungurân, o kungurân !

Kungur jareñ brāhondaghân !

Gāle gazirân āvurthâ :

Aiv pharâ haisî sarâ.

5 Choshâ mañ gindân zâhirâ,

Zulm pharâ be-dādhihâ.

Drust dafâ rîsh āvurthâ ;

Nāmard rîsh jahl khuthâ,

Khond o khuriyân gwāh-khuthâ,

is now Gold-scatterer; give something to us.' Nodhbandagh said, 'Follow in my maro's track, and pick it up, and take away whatever you need.' The good women picked up and collected the money and carried it off. Thereafter Nodhbandagh bore the name of Gold-scatterer. Then Nodhbandagh's brethren were very angry, and they said to him, 'Nodhbandagh, you will divide the whole of your property; leave something, or you will become quite destitute.' Then Nodhbandagh answered them, and made this song:

O mankind, mankind !

Foolish generation of men !

The misers have uttered a speech :

They have laid an offence upon my head.

5 So I see manifestly,

They have injured an innocent man.

All men wear beards on their faces ;

But the unmanly wear their beards below,

They show them on their knees and heels

- 10 Change avur gaukh phadhā.
 Mardā hawēn vās na khuth,
 Beronagheñ mar gwar janāñ,
 Choshēñ ki chūri kukkuren
 Jant-i nasoā ma sarā.
- 15 Nindīth grehī phagurā,
 Āhāñ ki khashī phar dasā.
 Go mā sakhīēñ moravēñ,
 Go mā bakhīlēñ jheravēñ,
 Jherant hanchosh gushant,
 Sutā karīrā res-deant.
- 20 “Māl na bī pha Nodhbandaghā !
 Phul na zāī ma mausimā !
 Shazh māho phuren nokh sarā
 Zāīth niyārī khuraghāñ.”
- 25 Nī nādhan āthant jauren badhāñ.
 Zī pha shaghānā na khafāñ.

- 10 And some on the nape of their necks
 No man has ever undergone such disgrace,
 As a man dishonoured among the women,
 Striking them as a hen does her chickens
 When she strikes them on the head with her beak.
- 15 But a man sits near a woman, and weeps,
 And brings forth deep sighs from his mouth.
 With me the generous assomble,
 With me the violent quarrel
 They quarrel, and thus they say,
- 20 Turning away their faces from me,
 “ Nothing will be left with Nodhbandagh !
 Phul* will not bring forth in due season !
 In six months at full moon
 She will not bring forth, nor bear a foal.”
- 25 Now foolish were my bitter foes !
 Nor am I liable to the taunts of yesterday.

* Phul is the name of Nodhbandagh's mare.

- Agh mâ phaso phostî khuthên,
 Mâl cho mughemâ melathên ?
 Cho munkirâ yak-jâh khutha ?
 30 MÂl Muhammada zir-atî,
 Haft-sadh hasht-sadh goramâ,
 Bag girdaghen be-shon atîant.
 Shartân na dâtha hizbare,
 * Bhedî rangoî bâyan.
 35 Azh mâ na zîtha kâtulân :
 Bungâh o grânen lashkarân.
 Dâtha bi nâme Kâdirâ,
 Bi momin o whânindaghân,
 Barâ asîlen dârgurâ.
 40 Sohâ larîsân warâu ;
 Biyâyant ghâzi whazh-dilâ,
 Whazh-dil manî nâm giraut.

- If I were skinning my sheep and goats,
 How many of the greedy would there assemble ?
 Of the stingy how many would be gathered together ?
 30 I possessed the wealth of Muhammad.*
 Seven or eight hundred herds of cattle
 And herds of camels without number were grazing
 round about.
 I have never gambled at any time,
 Nor is their story in the coloured ankle-bones.
 35 Cheats did not take them from me,
 Nor the assembly of mighty armies.
 But I gave them away in the Creator's name.
 I gave them to pious men and reciters of the Qurân,
 And to the poor dwelling in the wilderness.
 40 At morning-tide they eat their fill,
 The warriors of the faith come with glad hearts,
 With glad hearts they take my name.

* i.e., enormous wealth.

- Dâdî na lekân châdharâ,
 Khes go khawâh o jâbahâ,
 45 Mîrî mazain thape lurâ :
 Eshâna Ghâzî barant.
 Sârî kâfôchî sai-sadî,
 Phar yak shafâ osâraghâ,
 Sohî bi swâlî ân-burîha ;
 50 Domb gushokhen langavân.
 Jawânen sarî Rablâ lavân,
 Shughrâ hame gâl khanân.
 Choshen suwâlîe miyâîth ;
 Biyâîth o ma lotî amrishâ,
 55 Ki "baufâ go hâthîne khasba."
 E dâdanî chîe niyâî !
 Khaule manân cho Omarâ,
 Cho Omarâ khaule manân.
 Man bashkaghe band na bân :

- In giving I take no count of sheets,
 Of scarves, silken overcoats or quivers,
 45 Or of my wide-wounding sword Mîrî :
 These the Ghâzîs carry away.
 A striped shawl worth three hundred (rupees),
 Worn for but one night,
 In the morning is taken away by the asker,
 50 By a Domb, a singing minstrel.
 Good men praise God,
 And render thanks to him for this.
 But let not such a petitioner come to me ;
 Let no one come and ask me for my wife,
 55 And say, 'Bring forth pillows and a lady fair.'
 For of such gifts there are none to be had !
 A promise is to me as to Omar,*
 As to Omar is a promise to me.
 I will not be stopped from giving :

* ' Umar, the companion of Muḥammad.

- 60 Band bîaghe marde niyân.
 Har chi ki khâf ash Kâdhirâ,
 Sadh ganj be-aiv darâ,
 Zîrân pha râstenî Chambavâ,
 Barân avo karch sarâ,
 65 Nî bahr khanân go hâdhirâ.
 Nelân khanân pha phadhâ ;
 Guḍâ manî brâṭh bingaveñ,
 Brâzâkht o brâṭh mângenvân,
 Kahar bant âptiyâ girant,
 70 Mirât milk johaghâ,
 Nodhbandaghâ mâl sarâ !

Phadhî roshâ Châkurâ Dombé shastâṭha-î, ki "Baro Nodhbandaghâr sha'ar khañ; guḍâ Nodhbandagh ash tho pholâ khant, 'Tho chí loṭe?' Tho hawen suwâlâ khane, ki 'Jar harchî ṭha-îjinde, ṭhaî zâle, ṭhaî loghâ, kullâ manân dai.'"

Dombâ shuṭhosha'ar khutha Nodhbandaghârâ; Nodhbandaghâ

- 60 I am not a man to be stopped.
 Whatever comes to me from the Creator,
 A hundred treasures without blomish,
 I will take with my right hand,
 I will cut with my knife,
 65 I will deal out with my whole heart.
 I will let nothing be kept back ;
 For then my young brothers,
 My nephews and my grieving brethren,
 Would quarrel among themselves,
 70 As to the partition of my inheritance and wealth,
 And regarding the property of Nodhbandagh !

Next day Châkur sent a Dom, saying, "Go to Nodhbandagh and recite a poem to him; then he will ask you what you want. Upon this make this request, 'Give me all your own clothes, and all your wife's clothes and all the clothes that are in your house.'"

The Dom went and recited a poem to Nodhbandagh, and

pholkhutha-i, 'Domb! tho chí lôte?' Dombâ gwashta, 'Wâzhâ! Maîn suwâl hamesh eâ, ki jar ki thaî jindegh-ant, thaî zâlegh-ant thaî logh-ant, kullâ manân dai.' Nodhbandaghâ gwashta, ki 'Tho wathî phushtî manân dai, maû wathî jaran kullân tharâ deân.' Domb phushtî gipto khotagh khutha-i; neme wathî jânâr khutha-i, neme zâlâr dâtha-i; kullân jaran ki loghâ aþhant Dombâr dâtha-i: logh azh jarâ i horg bîtha. Shafâ waptaghant loghâ hardo. Nemshaf bîtha leawe âkhto Nodhbandagh logh demâ jhukitha go bârâ phajyâ. Zâlâ gwashta, ki 'Lerave maîn logh gallâ jhukithaghen, bâr dî chakh en-i.' Nodhbandaghâ gwashta, 'Tho dafâ baro, bo gir-i. Bo thauzh khâith-i, kharo khan, bil-i; kutûrî bo-en-i, guðâ manân gwân' jan, maû bâr bozhân-i, ki Huzârâ dâtha-i.' Bo ki gipta zâlâ, katûrieigh-en-i. Gudâ Nodhbandaghâ bâr bokhta dîtha-i theghî jarâ dokhtiyâ thâithiyâ bâr lâfâ mân ant, mardeghon zâleghen. Wathî dî khutha-ish, zâlâr dî dâtha-ish. Bânghavâ kachehrâ âkhta

Nodhbandagh said, 'Dom, do you want anything?' The Dom said, 'My lord, my petition is this give me all your own clothes, and all your wife's and all that are in your house.' Nodhbandagh said, 'Give me your sheet, and I will give you all my clothes.' He took the Dom's sheet and divided it. With half he clothed himself, and half he gave to his wife: then he gave all the clothes that were in the house to the Dom, so that there were none left in the house. It was empty. At night they both lay down in the house to sleep. At midnight a camel came and sat down before Nodhbandagh's house with its load. The good wife said, 'A camel has stopped at our door, and there is a load upon it.' Nodhbandagh said, 'Go to its mouth and smell it. If it has a sour smell, make it rise and let it go: if it has a sweet smell, then call me to take off its load, for Heaven has sent it.' The good wife smelt it, and it had the smell of musk. Then Nodhbandagh opened the bales, and saw that they contained garments of every sort for men and women, all sewn and made up. So he clothed himself and gave of them to his wife. In the morning he came to

Châkuregh. Châkurâ gwashta, ki 'Nodhbandagh, tho be-shakk Zar-zuwâl e.'

Mîr Hân kalâm kissav hame-r'gâ en. Zâl dîthaghanti go mashkâû, havd-gist molid bashkâthâ-f. Ya roshe Rindân gwashta, 'Tho havd-gist molid bashkâthâ-f; demâ khase ki ginde go mashkâ kharâ gir de, molidâ ma bashk.' Shedh-demâ gudâ khar bashkâthaghant-i: kharânî shumâr nenî chikhtar bashkâthaghant.

Châkurâ sî sâlâ go Lashârîâ jang khuṭhâ. Gudâ pha-wathân Rind Lashârî hair khuṭhâ. Châkur shahr Sevi aṭh, hamodhâ kilât joritha-f. Sîsâl phadhâ zahr gipto Sevi ishta-f, laḍithâ Sindh phalwâ. Ân rosh ki Sevi khishta, hawen sha'ar Gwaharâmâr phasave dâtho gwashta-l.

Bilân mar-lawâshen Sevi
Gauren sadhânî margâvî !
Jâme Nindavâ bhattiyâ.
Sai roshân Baharâm neghâ.

Châkur's assembly. Châkur said, 'Nodhbandagh thou art without doubt the Gold-scatterer.'

And the story of Mîr Hân is on this wise. He saw the Rind women carrying water-skins, and gave them seven-score of female slaves. One day the Rinds said to him, 'You have now given one hundred and forty slave girls: henceforth when you see any woman carrying a water-skin give her a donkey and not a slave-girl.' So from this time forth he gave them donkeys, and there is no counting the number of donkeys he gave.

Châkur's war with the Lashârîs lasted for thirty years. After this the Rinds and Lashârîs made peace together. Châkur's town was Sevi, and he built a fort there. After the thirty years had passed in his wrath he left Sevi, and marched towards the Indus. On the day he left Sevi he made this song in answer to Gwaharâm.

I will leave man devouring Sevi !
Curses on my infidel foes !
For three days shall Jâm Nindâ from his oven
(Distribute bread) in honour of Bahrâm (slain).

- 5 Sisâl nvt o uzhmârâ
 Jân-jebhavân jangiyâ :
 Thegh azh balgavâ honenâ ;
 Chotân cho kamândî boghân,
 Jukhtân na nashant lârenâ.
- 10 Warnâyân du-mandîlenâ
 Lad ma deravân na rusthant :
 Ârifeñ phithî sar-sâyân :
 Misk ma barûtân na mushtant :
 Whard dumbaghân meshânî :
- 15 Karwâlî sharâb sharr joshant !
 Shâhân pha nishân yakhe nest !
 Drustân wârthaghân hindiyân :
 Theghân pharâhân ziverenân :
 Shartân dâthaghân shîmenân :
- 20 Bachakî lawar lânziyâ !
 Gwaharâm muzheñ Gandâvagh :

- 5 For thirty years, for ever, shall there be war
 With the men of giant size :
 Nor shall my sword be clean from blood-stains ;
 I will bend it like jointed sugarcane,
 So that through crookedness it will not go into the
 sheath.
- 10 The youths wearing two turbans
 Do not rise up from their dwellings to sport :
 They dwell in the shadows of their fathers :
 They rub no musk on their moustaches :
 Their food is fat-tailed sheep :
- 15 They boil strong liquor in their stills !
 There is not one bearing the marks of a ruler !
 They have all eaten their weapons :
 The broad swords are bitter to them :
 They have gambled away their heads.
- 20 They have childrens' sticks in their hands !
 Let Gwaharâm stay in dusty Gandâva :

- Singhe ma ziri phireñṭha !
 Māchiya lawashta lanjāiṭh ;
 Alī o Wali druh-dārān,
 25 Bag girdagheñ be shoneñ ;
 Yāki kilāta beroneñ,
 Hāgh kāvalī Turkānān,
 Rind bāragheñ borānān.
 Gwabārām azh dude hande bī ;
 30 Ne gor bī ne Gandāvagh.

Chākur ki Seviā dar khapta Sangsila Syahāf dagā rawān bīṭha. Sangsila nazikbā khohe sarā otak khutha-ī, shoḍhā Sevi phalawā ditha-ī. Dañ maroshī Chākur-māri nām-en-ī. Guḍā laḍiṭha Chākurā shamodhā, Haivtān tharṭho shuṭhā, nishta Linī. Rind gwastha demā: guḍā Haivtānā jang khutha go Rindā. Rind ki Multānā ākhta, guḍā Mīr Chākurā gwashta, 'Khase eñ ki tharī ro jang jhandā zīrṭh Haivtānā ?' Khasā waldī na dāṭha-ī. Guḍā Nazārī Sardār Bāḍhēlā gwashta, 'Mā

- A stone thrown into a well !
 Māchi has drunk blood ;
 Alī and Wālī are traitors.
 25 The camel herds wander unclaimed ;
 The rebels' fort is deserted,
 Reduced to earth by tyrannous Turks,
 And Rinds on high bred mares.
 Gwabārām will be driven forth from both places ;
 30 He will own neither grave nor Gandāva !

When Chākur went forth from Sevi he travelled by way of Sangsila and Syahāf. Near Sangsila he halted on a certain mountain, and thence looked towards Sevi. Until the present day this mountain is called Chākur-māri (Chākur's palace). Thence Chākur marched onwards, but Haivtān left him and returned and settled at Linī. The Rinds passed on, and Haivtān made war upon them. When the Rinds arrived at Multān Mīr Chākur said, 'Is there anyone who will return and raise the standard of war against Haivtān ?' But no one replied. At last Bāḍhel, Chief of the Mazārīs, said, 'I will

ziráñ jang jbandá.' Mazáris azh Tulumbá thartho ákhta, gwashitho shutha Goríá Chaupáná: Mazáris jang khuṭha hamodhá go Haivtáná.

Mír Chákur Shaihak náme bachh ath. Chákurá Bijar gwán'-jansintha, Shaihak dí gon-dátha-i, ki 'Baroeth, Shaihaká Sir khane, biyáeth.' Gudá emar shutho bokhtagbant Haivtán halk mazikhá. Haivtán hirentho hardo Bijar dí Shaihak dí khushta-ish. Bijare mazáñ rish ath. Rish buriṭho Bijare chaunri khuṭhagbant-i Haivtáná. Shaihak pahli síhán jatḥo sáji khuṭhagbant-i. Gudá Haivtáná wathí rish sáinthagbant, ki 'Cho ma ví ki mañ rish burant chaunri dí khanant-i.'

Mír Chákur áñ wakhtá nishtagbeth Satghará. Bádhelá avzár shastáthgkant phamodhá, hal dáthagbant-i Chákurár, ki 'Tho lashkará biyár, Haivtán Liníá nishtagben.' Gudá Chákur o Míroá lashkar khuṭho ákhta Multáná. Gudá Bádhel thí avzár shastátha. Sítpurá tretthagbant, Chákurár hál dátha-i ki Haivtána Liníá nishtagben. Gudá chikṭha-ish lashkará,

raise the standard.' Then the Mazáris returned from Tulumbá, and passed on to Gorí and Chaupán, and there they made war upon Haivtán.

Mír Chákur had a son named Shaihak. Chákur called Bijar to him, and sent Shaihak with him saying, 'Go and arrange a marriage for Shaihak, and return.' So they went, and encamped near Haivtán's village. Haivtán attacked and defeated them and slew both Bijar and Shaihak. Bijar had a very long beard. Haivtán cut it off and made himself a swish (for flies) of it. And Shaihak's ribs he stuck on spits and made roast meat of them. Then Haivtán shaved off his own beard, 'Lest,' he said, 'they cut off my beard also, and make a swish of it.'

At that time Mír Chákur had settled at Satghará. Bádhel sent a horseman there and gave the news to Chákur saying, 'Haivtán is at Liní, bring up your army.' Then Chákur and Míro collected their army and came to Multán. Then Bádhel sent another horseman. He met them at Sítpur and told Chákur that Haivtán was still at Liní. Then they led up the

mân rikhta-ish; Haivtân jindâ phadâṭha, bâzen mard khushta-i, shahr lutṭha-i. Haivtân dīmâ ghoṛ rikhta. Guḍâ Haivtân drikh-dâṭha ma gaṛ lâfâ, ki nâm Gogaṛ aṭhî; hamodhâ khapto murṭha. Gwârân Sargânî er-khapto shuṭha gaṛ lâfâ; Haivtân saghar buriṭho âṛṭha-i, Châkurâr dâṭha-i. Khopar buriṭho mazhg khashto, guḍâ khopar nughra marhainto Châkurâ bhangav pyâlo thâinṭha-i. Guḍâ Bijar o Shaihak hon gipto tharṭho âkhta Châkur Satgharâ. Bâz Rind tharṭho âkhta Derav debâ, demâ ۛ shuṭha. Deravâ Dodâî nishta, ki asul azh Doda Sâtha-Somrâ bîṭha-i. Dodâ hâl hamesh aṭh, ki Sâhle Rindâ ânhiyâr waṭhî jinkh sirâ dâṭha: shânhiyâ Dodâî bîṭha.

Akhtaghâ Dodâ 'sh-ângurâ pâhrâ,
Sukhtaghiyâ go dakhtagheñ rahnâ:
Sâhleâ dast ma chotavâ shipta,

army and took the place by storm. Haivtân himself fled, and many men were killed, and they plundered the town. The horsemen pursued after Haivtân. The Haivtân leapt into a chasm, the name of which is Gogaṛ, and there he fell and died. Gwârân Sargânî went down into the chasm, and cut off Haivtân's head and brought it and gave it to Châkur. Châkur cut the skull and took out the brains, and then had the skull mounted in silver, and made a *bhang-cup** of it. Then, having avenged the blood of Bijar and Shaihak, Châkur turned again to Satgharâ. Many Rinds returned to the land of Derâ (Ghâzi Khân) and would go no further. At Derâ lived the Dodâîs, who were sprung from Doda of the Sâtha-Somrâ tribe. Dodâ's story was this. Sâhle Rind gave him his daughter in marriage, and from him the Dodâîs were descended.

Dodâ came from the other side,
All burnt up with patched rags on him;
Sâhle laid his hand upon his hair

* See Vol. II., p 290.

Phusagh azize nighâh dâshta.
 Sâhleâ dramânî Mudho dâtha,
 Pha jan sângâ mar Baloch bîtha;
 Daur Mudhoâ gwar Dodavâ dîtha.

MİR Châkur wakhtâ Dodâi Sardâr Sohrâv ath. Châkurâ ânhiyâr gwashta, ki 'Âumar ki tharî khâi tho go anhiyâ mir.' Guḍâ Dodâi go tharaghen Rindâ miratha. Ân Rind ki dema shuṭha go Châkurâ bahr bahr bîthagbant, ân Jaghdal bîthagbant, ânki thartho âkhtagbant Baloch bîthagbant. Châkur gwashta demâ, Dilliâ shuṭha Hamâû Bâdshâh go, ânwakhtâ ki Dillî jatho gipta-ish. Guḍâ MİR Châkur azh Dilliâ thartho, nishta Satgharâ; hamodhâ murṭha. Ziârat dîdân hamodhâ ant-i.

And saw in him an excellent son.
 Sâhle gave him the fair Mudho
 And for the woman's sake the man became a Baloch;
 And with Mudho Dodâ obtained wealth also.

In MİR Châkur's time Sohrâv was the Chief of the Dodâis. Châkur said to him, 'If any men come back, fight with them.' So the Dodâis made war on the Rinds who returned. Those Rinds who went on with MİR Châkur have become divided and are now Jâts; but those who returned remained Baloches. Châkur went on to Dilli (Dehlî) with King Humâyûn, when he marched down and took Dillî. After that MİR Châkur returned from Dillî, and settled at Satgharâ, and died there. His tomb is still there.

No. XXXVI.

ISMÁ'IL KHÂN'S GRANDMOTHER,

AS RELATED BY A BARD FROM JĀLANDHAR.

[According to the bards this tradition is familiar to all the people of Jhang and the neighbouring modern town of Maghiānā.]

[The story given here bears a close relationship to that given at pp. 177-181 of this volume, and is evidently meant to account for the care taken of the tomb of Hīr and Rānjhā near Jhang by the grandmother of the present Siyāl Rāis (Chief) Muḥammad Ismā'il Khān of Jhang, an act against the traditions of her tribe. The story of Hīr and Rānjhā is explained at p. 177 *ante*, and needs no further comment here.]

[Hakim Jān Muḥammad, to whom the bards attribute the story, has been found to be still living. He says that it was Ismā'il Khān's mother, and not grandmother, to whom the stranger appeared, and that this occurred shortly before the commencement of the British rule in the Panjāb (1849 A.D.). He says also that he was present on the occasion and was then 18 years of age.]

[The family of the Siyāl Chiefs of Jhang is an old and illustrious one, but it first comes into prominence with the 13th Chief Walidād Khān, who consolidated its fortunes. He died in 1747 A.D. and was succeeded by his nephew 'Ināyatu'llah Khān, a man as able as himself, but overshadowed by the then rising Sikh power. He died in 1787 and was succeeded successively by his two sons Sultān Mahmūd Khān and Sāhib Khān. They both came to an untimely end before 1790, when their relative Kabir Khān who had married the widow of Sāhib Khān and daughter of 'Umar Khān Siyāl, succeeded. He came of the line of Jahān Khān whose children had been ousted by Ghāzi Khān, grandfather of Walidād Khān, in the 17th century. This Chief was a man of mild character, and in 1801 abdicated in favour of his son Ahmād Khān, who was succeeded successively by his sons 'Infiyat Khān in 1820 and the present Muḥammad Ismā'il Khān in 1838. After the days of 'Ināyatu'llah Khān the fortunes of the family sank to a very low point, from which they have been partially recovered by the loyalty of Muḥammad Ismā'il Khān to the British Crown.]

[The grandmother then of the present Chief was the wife of Kabir Khān and daughter of 'Umar Khān, and is the heroine, so to speak, of this legend.]

TEXT.

Shahr Jhang vichh Jān Muḥammad Hakīm barā hai nāmī,
Is peshe de kārān us dī izzat karen tamāmī.
Darveshon se eh raghbat rakhtā, haigā sidhā sādā.
Ik riwāiat baiān kare, jo kahī sī is de dādā.

- 5 Ik musāfir ethe āiā, dasdā nek o kār ;
 Kise se bin pūchhe-gachhe pahunchā Khān de ghār.
 Samā'il Khān dī dādī, yāro, is wakt si jīūndī.
 Dar par ā āwāz kart, oh āī nīūndī nīūndī :
 Bolā : " Main hān hājī, Māī, haj te hun main āiā :
 10 Tere pās snehā sunke Hīr Rānjhā dā lāiā.
 "Chār wariān dā arsā guzrā main sā haj nūn giā.
 Ik tūfān jo āiā dādā, jahāz sādā phat pīā.
 Aur Allāh de fazal wa karam te eh sabab ban giā :
 Ik takhtā de utte bandā baiṭhā hī rah giā.
 15 Do roze de, Māī. kaṇḍā takhtā pahunchā.
 Bāhir āke sāns le ā, na āgā pichhā sonchā.
 Jānde jānde mainūn, Māī, ik jhuggī nazar āī :
 Jeh de vichh bābū dekhiā, na dekhi koi māī.
 Khair, pichhe ik buḍḍhī āī, mamtā vichh oh mātā
 20 Kahne lāgī : ' Jam jam āiā, karam kitā, tūn dātā.'
 Dūdh pilāiā, khidmat kīṭī, puchhiā sārā hāl.
 Chir de pichhe buḍḍhī āiā, mahiān dā rukhwāl ;
 Oh nūn sārā hāl sunākar, phir bolī oh nārī ;
 ' Eh hī merā hī khasam Rānjhū, main hūn Hīr bichārī.'
 25 Kuchh dinān main othe rahiā, ārām buhut sā kitā.
 Dūdh dahī dī kamī nā, kaī main āiā chā pītā.
 Haj dihare nere āe, maiu hoīā udāsi :
 Rānjhā mainūn puchhan lāgā : ' Tahil nūn hoī khāsi ?'
 Main kahiā : ' Lāhauwalā !* kyā zikar es dā, wālī ?'
 30 Haj te mahrūm hān rahiā ; eh merī hur hālī.'
 Bolā : ' Tūn vī rakh tasalli, main vī haj hai karnā.
 Donon katṭhe haj karānge, āheṇ kyūn hai bharnā ?'
 Panjvīn othon turke donon jā pahunche Arfātān.
 Haj kitā ikatṭhā, donon phir ā gae apne hātān.
 35 Chand roz de bād, jo mainūn hub-i-watan dokh dīnā.
 Yūsaf jehī nūn watan na bhōliā, main hān kaun kamīnā ?
 Khushī nāl un donon uthon mainūn rukhsat kariā.
 Rānjhe merā hatth pakar, chhanā kaudhe lā dhariā.

* An abbreviation of ' *Lā haula wa lā kūrata illā b'illah*, there is no strength or power but in God : ' an expression denoting horror.

- Chalte vele Hirā eh bolī : ‘ Jhang Shahr vichh jānā :
 40 Merā eh snehān jāke Khānān ghar pahunchānā.
 Asī tuhādā kī gānwāīā, sādīo bhālo pīo ?
 Roze tuhādī barkat paist, sādī badī ohhādīo dīo.
 Har Jumerāt chirāgh jalāo sādē rozā jāke :
 Bārān nidhān nau sidhān hosān tuhādē ghar din rāte.’”
- 45 Buddhī Māī us hājī nūn jo kuchh baniā dinā ;
 Chirāgh jalāne us ne, yāro, zimme apne lūnā.
 Thorē der na guzrān, pāī jagir milī bahuterī.
 Yā rotī dī nāfat se, yā izzat hoī changerī.*

TRANSLATION.

In the City of Jhang there is a well known Physician
 (called) Jān Muḥammad,
 Whom all respect for his profession.
 He cherishes religious mendicants and is a simple and
 straightforward man.
 He tells a tale that he heard from his grandfather.

- 5 Once a traveller came here, who seemed an honest man ;
 Without asking (his way) of any one he went straight
 to the Khān's (Chief's) house.
 At that time Samāīl Khān's† grandmother was alive, my
 friends.‡
 He made a cry at the gate and she came and bowed
 her head.
 And he said : “ I am a pilgrim, Mother, and have return-
 ed from the pilgrimage (to Makkā),

* The bard here wound up his poem with eight lines devoted to personal abuse of the present Chief Muhammad Ismā'īl Khān of Jhang, apparently because the Chief had not treated him with the consideration he thought fitting on some occasion. The lines are therefore omitted. It is a common practice for bards to vent personal spite in this way, and it is their power of doing so that has made them so powerful a body in Indian life.

† That is, the present Chief Muhammad Ismā'īl Khān.

‡ Addressed to the audience.

- 10 Bringing thee a message from Hîr and Rânjhâ.
 Four years ago I went on the pilgrimage (to Makkâ).
 A violent storm arose and my vessel was wrecked.
 By the grace and mercy of God I found this means
 (of escape) :
 I sat on a plank and was saved.
- 15' In two days, Mother, the plank reached the shore.
 I came out (of the sea) and took breath and had no
 hope (in the world).
 As I was walking along, Mother, I saw a hut :
 In which I saw a good-man, but saw no good-wife (with
 him).
 But presently an old woman came, and respectfully the
 good-wife
- 20 Said : ' Welcome, welcome, thou hast done us a kindness,
 kind sir,'
 She gave me milk and did me service and asked after me.
 Presently an old man came, a keeper of buffaloes,
 She told him all my story, and then she said :
 ' This is my husband Rânjhâ and I am poor Hîr.'
- 25 Some days I spent there in great comfort.
 There was no lack of milk and curds and I had my fill.
 As the opportunity for the pilgrimage was passing away
 I became sorrowful ;
 Whereon Rânjhâ asked me if he lacked anything in his
 service.
- Said I : ' God forbid ! who said so, my lord ?
- 30 I have missed the pilgrimage ; this is my trouble '
- Said he : ' Be at ease, I too must make the pilgrimage.
 We two will make the pilgrimage together, so why
 heave sighs ?'
- On the fifth day, we went thence and reached mount
 'Arafât.*
- Doing the pilgrimage together we two returned to our
 own country.

* The sacred hill near Makkâ.

- 35 After some days I had a desire to visit my home.
 Yûsaf* did not forget his home and I am but a poor mortal !
 With kind courtesy they both gave me leave to depart thence,
 Rânjhâ seized my hand and placed a cup beside me.
 And when I was going Hîr said to me : ' Go to the City of Jhang,
- 40 And carry this message for me to the house of the Khân,† (and say) :
 ' What harm we have done you, our brethren and parents? Daily will your prosperity increase, if you will give up abusing us.
 Do you light lamps every Thursday at our shrine,
 And the twelve riches and the nine blessings‡ will be yours day and and night.' "
- 45 The old Lady§ gave the pilgrim all she could afford ;
 And took upon herself to light the lamps, my friends.||
 Before many days had passed (the family) obtained a great feof.
 From a lack of bread they obtained great wealth.¶

* Allusion to the Biblical (which is also the Musalmân) story of Joseph.

† *i.e.*, to Kabir Khân, grandfather of Muhammad Ismâ'il Khân.

‡ A *Hindû* notion

§ *i.e.*, The Nawâb's grandmother above mentioned.

|| See line 7 above.

¶ The reference is to the great poverty of Ismâ'il Khân's family in the latter days of the Sikh rule and its acquisition of wealth soon after the advent of the British.

No. XXXVII.

THE BRACELET-MAKER OF JHANG, AS RELATED BY A BARD FROM JĀLANDHAR.

[The object of this is, like the last story, to glorify the shrine of Hîr and Rānjhā near Jhang. The writer professes to tell the "true tale" of Hîr and Rānjhā and passes adverse criticisms on those of his predecessors, giving a valuable, though by no means a complete, list of them. It is, however, evident that his version is not by any means the "true tale," and there are signs of his mixing up the story of Hîr and Rānjhā with the equally famous, if not more important, Siyāl tale of Mirzā and Sāhibān].

TEXT.

*Qissa Hîr Rānjhā Musannifa Ḥāfiz Aḥmad
Mutawattan-i-Jhang.*

Allāh Pāk dī hamd karān, jo ḡhaddā hai Saltār :
Fazal karam se apne bhijā Nabbi, karīm mukhtār.
Darūd bhajūn phir Hazrat utte, nāle Chārū Yār.
Āl suhābān pe rahmat bhajūn : berā ho jāe pār.

- 5 Hamd niyat de bād, muhibbo, matlab wal hun āwān.
Hîr Rānjhe dā kissā kahkar, man vichh khushī manāwān.
Makbil ne ik Hîr banāi, aisā zor lagāi,
Jāhil Rānjhe mūrakh Jatt nūn ālim ākh dikhāi !
Wāris Shāh dī Hîr jo vekhī, aisī pāt phāi !
- 10 Hîr Jattī dī sifat karī, in jaisī ho shahjāi.
Hîr Rānjhe dā kissā, yāro, haigā bahut mashhūr,
Par oh de banāwan kārān log rahe mazīr.
Roshan Shāh ne Hîr banāi, ishk hajar dā johrā :
Mān beṭī dā jhagrā hai, kuchh kissā nahīn achherā.
- 15 Asal hāl hai in kī, yāro, main bayān hān kardā,
Sabhi gallān chhod-chhāḍ-ke, asal mutālīb phardā.

- Takht Hazārion Rānjhā turīā, Kihwōn chālī Hîr.
Dariyā Chinā te mel ho gāi, ban gae shakar shîr.
Ghar vichh apne sātḥ le āi, mān nūn bolī : " Mātī,"
- 20 Māhīnān dā charwāhā le āi ; is vichh shak na kārī."
Mān bechārī angunhārī Chūchak nūn kah dītā :

- “ Eh nûn tust hun kâman rakh lo, muft Rabb kamm kitâ.”
 Chand dinân de bād, sahî yâro, eh phûl sâ khiliâ.
 Hîr Rânjhâ dâ mel bhî, logo, bahut achhâ hai miliâ.
- 25 Rotî de parwâ na rakhdâ, khâve dâdh malidâ.
 Dîl dîân khushîân mânan lagâ, khil gae hain didâ.
 Rânjhâ bhî hun chaubar hoîâ, Hîr hoî muñiâr.
 Belâ vichh oh manjân karde, koî na rokanhâr.
 Didâ ne phir chughali mârî : “ Ai Chûchak dî nâr,
- 30 Rânjhe nûn tûn nafar na jânen, terî dhî dâ yâr !”
 Mân piû bhrâwân châchiân sochiâ eh ilâj ;
 “ Hor na chârâ koî bandâ kariye eh dâ kâj.
 Kheriân vichh, jo bhâf os de, unhân vichh hai Shidâ :
 Oh de nâl sagâf karke khoe rog niñî dâ.”
- 35 Shide nâl biyâhî Hîr, to Rânjhâ harân hoîâ :
 Bâlâ Nâth dâ chelâ banke munde kan paroiâ.
 Shahti de wasîle kâran Kheriôn Hîr nikâlî ;
 Sândal Bâr vichh lendâ phiriâ, Ganjâ Bâr vichh dâlî.
 Uthe hî ik sher babar châ, Rânjhe par ghurâiâ :
- 40 Rânjhe ne tad jân hîlke, oh nûn mâr mukâiâ.
 Hîr eh dî mardî vekhke hor vî sidke hoî.
 Dîl o jân te wârî jândî, kadhî kallî na hoî.
 Ohherwe pichhe Shidâ lâiâ Kâbulâ mel châ hoe.
 Hâkim de Darbâre jâkar Kherâ bahutâ roe.
- 45 “ Sâdî zûl nasâ le âiâ ; badâ sakhat hai zâlim.
 Sâdî nâr diwâ de sâunûn, Allâh kitâ Hâkim.”
 Hâkim ne insâf de rû se Shide Hîr dilâî.
 Rânjhe nûn châ kaidî kitâ, pairân berî pâl.
 Lagî âg Kâbule tânû, jal giâ âdhâ shahr.
- 50 Lokân jâ fariyâdî hoe : “ Barâ kitâ taiñ kahr :
 Fakîr dî aurat Jâñt nûn ditti ; aisâ kahr machâiâ,
 Jis de kâran Âdalî Shahr nûn khagistar karwâiâ !”
 Hâkim ne fariyâd eh sunke Shide se ran chhîñî ;
 Rânjhe nûn phir kaidon chhadke Hîr eh nûn de dîñî.
- 55 Hîr Rânjhe tân khushîân karde, des apne nûn ÷urde ;
 Khere mâre ranj gham de ho gae jaise murde.
 Shide ne is hasrat hî meñ apne âp gauwâiâ :
 ‘ Hîr Hîr’ hî kahdâ, yâro, asal des nûn dhâiâ.

- Eh donoñ jad pabunche Jhang vichh, Siyālāñ matā matāiā :
- 60 "In donoñ ne kul sādē nūñ dāgh bahut hī lāiā,"
 Rānjhe nūñ phir kihā ākar : "Takdīroñ nahīñ chārā.
 Je tū jang le āveñ watanōñ nikāh parhāve, yārā."
 Rānjhe eh bishārat sunkar taraf Hazāra chaliā.
 Hīr nimāñī dākam Siyālāñ kitā ātā daliā :
- 65 Hīr Jaṭṭī to asar zahar se jāñ ba Hakk ho gai,
 Rānjhe ne hatth uṭhākar bahut bintī kī:
 "Yā eh nūñ Tū zindā karde, yā mainūñ de mār !
 Tainūñ sab āsāñ hai, Rabbā ; tūñ kādir ghaṭṭār."
 Kahde haiñ ki kabar phat gai, Rānjhā is meñ waṛiā ;
- 70 Jis tarāh Hazrat Yūnis shikam machhī vichh waṛiā.

- Rozā in kā haigā, yāro, Maghiāne de pās.
 Māghe de din melā hondā ; dekheñ ām o khās.
 Tīn darwāze is roze de khulle hainge, yāro ;
 Kheriāñ wal dā band darwāza hukum hoiā Darbāro !
- 75 In donāñ nūñ wāl jāñke, log niāzāñ mande.
 Jumerāt nūñ jāveñ utthe kai log ban ban de.

- Ik kissā hai, main ne apne kanne suniā, yāro ;
 Tuhāde āge ākh sunāwāñ, khālī az inkāro.
 Ik shakhs sā, bandā Rabb dā, Chūrīgar mashhūr.
 80 Maghiāne vichh rahindā sā, par lā waldioñ ranjūr.
 Har Jumerāt nūñ jāndā, rozā kardā bahut pukārā :
 "Allāh, mainūñ betā diēñ, barkat insachiārā !"
 Chār pāñch Jumerāt jo us ne īn bintī kī,
 Hātīf ghaib ne do laṛkoñ dī : eh bishārat dī.
- 85 "Chhoṭe dā nūñ Alī Muhammad, baḍe dā Rānjhā
 rakheñ.

- Ālim āmil donoñ honge, raushanī kareñge akheñ."
 Fazal karm se Allāh Kādir donoñ putr hoe.
 Ālim fāzil lācāñī se, sattāñ pāñī dhoe.
 Barā bhāī to mar chukā hai, chhoṭā hai maujūd.
 90 Ālim āmil pāiā us nūñ, khalak rakhe mahmūd.
 Buddhā haigā nawwe sālā ; chehrā bahutā chamke
 Allāh dī ibādāt kārāñ, jaisā kundan chamke !

TRANSLATION.

The Story of Hîr and Rânjhâ by Hâfiz Ahmad of Jhang.

I praise the Holy God, the great Forgiver,
That of His mercy and compassion sent His Prophet, His
gracious agent.

Next I salute the Prophet and the Four Friends.*

I pray for peace upon all his descendants; may they
obtain salvation.

- 5 After praise and salutation, my friends,† I come to my
story :

By reciting the tale of Hîr and Rânjhâ I shall be happy
in my mind.

Makbil wrote a (story of) Hîr of such a violent kind,
That he turned that ignorant and boorish Jatt Rânjhâ
into a learned man !

When I saw Wâris Shâh's Hîr, such a muddle I found
it !

- 10 He praised Hîr so that he made the Jatt Hîr into
a princess.

The story of Hîr and Rânjhâ is well known, my friends,
Yet people have been unable to write it.

Roshan Shâh has made a (song of) Hîr, full of love :
But it is a (mere) quarrel between mother and daughter
and no proper tale.

- 15 Their true story is as I tell it, my friends,
Leaving out all the embellishments and sticking to the
real facts.‡

* The 'Four Friends' of Muhammad are 'Ali, 'Abû Bakar, 'Usman, and 'Umar.

† i.e., the audience.

‡ This is wrong; Hîr was a Siyâl : see p. 177 *ante*.

The author here enumerates the various favourite rescensions of the story of Hîr and Rânjhâ. That of Wâris Shâh, (see page 187 *ante*), I was told by a Mân Jatt gentleman of standing, is considered to be one of the purest Panjâbî works extant : or to use his words 'no one—not even a Panjâbî—can say he understands Panjâbî until he has read Wâris Shâh.'

Rānjhā left Takht Hazārā and Hīr came from Khiwā.* They met on Chināb's banks and mingled as sugar and milk.

She took him to her house and said to her mother:
"Mother,

- 20 'It is (only) a buffalo-herd that I have brought: have
"no doubt of this."

Her wretched sinning mother said to Chûchak:†

"Take this man as thy servant, God hath done our
work (for us) for nothing."

After some time, my good friends, he blossomed as a
flower.

The meeting of Hīr and Rānjhā, friends, was a happy
meeting.

- 25 He gave up bread and took to milk and sweets.
His eyes were gladdened with the gladness of his heart.
Rānjhā now became lusty and Hīr a ripe maiden.
They enjoyed each other in the wilds and there was
none to stay them.

- Then Didāt told tales (and said): "O wife of Chûchak,
30 Don't think that Rānjhā is a servant, he is thy daughter's
lover!"

Then mother and father and uncle thought of a remedy
(and said):

"There is no other means of stopping this business.
Among the Kherās,§ her brethren, there is one Shidā:
Betroth the girl to him and her pain will go."

- 35 Hīr was married to Shidā and Rānjhā became troubled,
And becoming a follower of Bālā Nāth he put rings
into his ears ||

* Takht Hazārā, Rānjhā's home, is in the Gujrānwālā district. Khiwā near Jhang is connected with the other Siyāl tale of Mirzā and Sāhubān and is here introduced by mistake.

† Her husband and Hīr's father.

‡ Hīr's uncle according to the bard, but see p. 177 *ante*

§ The Kherās are a section of the Siyāls at Rangpūr in the Muzaffargarh district.

|| i.e., he became a Kanphaṭṭā Jogī and a follower of Gorakh Nāth See *ante*, p. 435ff.

- With the help of Shahtî* he took Hîr away from the
 Kherâs,
 And wandering across the Sânda Bâr† he put her into
 the Ganjâ Bâr.‡
- There a tiger growled savagely at Rânjhâ,
 40 And Rânjhâ keeping his presence of mind slew him.
 Hîr, seeing his prowess, became all the more enamoured
 of him.
- She loved him heart and soul and could never be separated from him.
- Shidâ followed up the runaway and overtook him at
 Kâbulâ.§
- The Kherâ (Shidâ) went and wept in the Court of the
 Rulers (of Kâbulâ, saying) :
- 45 "He hath come (here) with my wife, the great oppressor.
 Give me back my wife, for God hath made thee a Ruler."
 The Ruler did him justice and gave back Hîr to Shidâ.
 Rânjhâ he made a prisoner and put fetters on his feet.
 Kâbulâ caught fire and half the city was burnt.
- 50 The people went (to the Ruler) and complained (saying) :
 "Thou hast committed a great injustice,
 In giving the *faqîr's* wife to the Jat‡ ; || and hast committed
 such injustice,
 That the City of Âdalî¶ is in flames !"
- When the Ruler heard this complaint he took the woman
 from Shidâ,
 And releasing Rânjhâ from prison he gave him Hîr.
- 55 Then Hîr and Rânjhâ with gladness went to their home.
 But the Kherâ (Shidâ) in his grief and misery became
 as a corpse.

* Shidâ's sister.

† This is a table-land in the Jhang district.

‡ In the Montgomery district.

§ This appears to be meant for Kot Kamâlîâ in the Montgomery district.

|| Shidâ was however a Siyâl.

¶ This also appears to be meant for Kot Kamâlîâ in the Montgomery district, but may mean Kot Addû in the Muzaffargarh district. See the next story, *passim*.

Shidâ was (like unto) dying of his grief,
And calling out 'Hîr Hîr,' my friends, he returned to
his home.

When the pair reached Jhang the Siyâls made a plan,
(saying):

- 60 "These two have put a great stain on our family."
So they went again to Rânjhâ and said: "There is
no remedy against Fate,
And if thou wilt bring a procession from thy house we
will perform a marriage, friend."
When Rânjhâ heard this good news he went to (Takht)
Hazâra.*
And the Siyâls (as it were) ground the wretched Hîr
to flour:

- 65 And Hîr the Jât†† from poison gave her life to God.
Rânjhâ lifting up his hand, prayed much (to God and
said):
"Either do Thou bring her to life, or slay me!
All things are easy to thee, O God, mighty and
merciful."

It is said that the grave (of Hîr) opened and Rânjhâ
went in,‡

- 70 As Yûnis entered into the whale's belly §

Their shrine is near Maghiânâ, my friends.

The fair (in its honour) takes place in February; high
and low attend it.

There are three doors to the shrine which are open, my
friends;

But the fourth towards the Kherâs|| is shut by the order
of the Court (of God)!

* His home in the Gujrânwâlâ district.

† See above, line 10.

†† See p. 178 *ante*.

‡ This is the story of Jonah in the whale's belly, common to
Christians, Jews, and Musalmâns.

|| Compare p. 178 *ante*.

- 75 Holding these two as saints the people make vows to them.

The people of many forests go there on Thursdays.

A tale have I heard with my own ears, my friends,
Which I tell to you, as it is not to be gainsaid.

There was a man, a servant of God, known as a Maker
of Bracelets.

- 80 He dwelt in sorrow in Maghiânâ, as he had no offspring.
Every Thursday he went to the shrine and cried aloud :
"O God, grant me a son, by the blessing of these
holy ones !"

Four or five Thursdays he had prayed thus,

When the invisible angel (within) gave him happy
news of two sons (to be born to him and said) :

- 85 "Call the younger 'Ali Muḥammad and the elder Rânjhâ.
They will be pure and holy and the light of thine eyes."
By the grace and mercy of Almighty God two sons
were born.

Exceeding pure and holy, washed seven times with the
water (of grace).

The elder brother is dead, but the younger is still alive.*

- 90 Pure and holy they find him and so the people praise
him.

He is an old man of ninety years with a bright face,
shining

By the grace of God, as gold doth shine !

* 'Ali Muḥammad is still living in Maghiânâ and has erected a mosque there. He has a great reputation for learning and holiness. His brother Rânjhâ is said to have lost his intellect from over-study of the *Hâfiz-i-Jamâl*.

NO. XXXVIII.

THE MARRIAGE OF HIR AND RÂNJHÂ, AS RELATED BY SOME JATTS FROM THE PAṬIĀLĀ STATE.

[This song relates only half the story of Hir and Rânjhâ, carrying us to the point where Rânjhâ gets possession of Hir, and omitting the latter half relating to the murder of Hir, though this is the most important part of it, and is the portion which has given it such fame.]

[There is nothing to add to the notes already given at page 177 of this volume to generally explain this story. The object throughout is to give a factitious value to Rânjhâ by making him out to be a wonder-working *faqîr* of the type of the greater saints, and rendering the record of his doings as fabulous as possible. The existence of a shrine to Hir and Rânjhâ at Jhang probably accounts for this.]

[The story being well known to the audience the allusions in it are obscure, and the dialogues most abruptly introduced; which last characteristic has made it—without reference to the rough dialect in which it is composed—a difficult one to render without a guide.]

TEXT.

Rûg Hir Rânjhâ.

Abbal Nâûn Allâh dâ lenâ : dâjâ dos Muhammad Mîrân :
Tijâ nâûn mat pitâ dâ lenâ, unhâû dâ chungâ dâdh
sarîrân :
Chauthâ nâûn an pâni dâ lenâ, jis khâvo man banhe
dhîrân :

TRANSLATION.

The Song of Hir and Rânjhâ.

Firstly, I take the name of God; secondly, of the Great
Muhammad, the friend (of God):
Thirdly, I take the name of father and mother, on
whose milk my body throve:
Fourthly, I take the name of bread and water, from
eating which my heart is gladdened:

Panjmân nâûn Dharti Mâtâ dâ lenâ, jis par kadam takt-
mân :

- 5 Chhewân nâûn Khwâjâ Pîr dâ lenâ, jhul pilâve t̥hande
nîrân :

Satwân nâûn Gurû Gorakh dâ lenâ, patal pûje bhojan
khîrân :

Aṭhwân nâûn Lâlânwâlê dâ lenâ, bande bandân de t̥ore
tabaq janjîrân.

Ghar Maujû de Rânjhâ jamiâ; ghar Chûchak jamî Hîrân.
Ral mil pagambarî matâ matâiâ, sâhâ joṛâ Panjân Pîrân.

- 10 Panj Pîr; ohhewân Miyân Rânjhâ; satwân Hazrat Miyân
Mirân.

Fifthly, I take the name of Mother Earth, on whom
I place my feet :

- 5 Sixthly, I take the name of Khwâjâ (Khizar), the Saint,*
that gives me cold water to drink :

Seventhly, I take the name of Gurû Gorakh (Nâth),
whom I worship with a platter of milk and rice.

Eighthly, I take the name of Lâlânwâlâ,† that breaketh
the bonds and the chains of the captives.‡

Rânjhâ was born in Maujû's house and Hîr in Chûchak's.
The prophets took counsel together and the Panj Pîr
were rejoiced.

- 10 There are the Five (great) Saints; the sixth is Miyân
Rânjhâ; the seventh is the Holy Miyân Mir.||

* See *ante, passim*.

† A title of Sakhi Sarwar.

‡ The extraordinary mixture of Hindû and Musalmân belief in the
above verses is characteristic of the poem, and is kept up throughout it.

§ See *ante*, Vol. II., p. 373.

|| Shekh Muhammad, better known by his titles of Shâh Mir and
Miyân Mir, flourished as a saint at Lâhor between 1550 and 1635 A.D.
His fame principally arises from the fact of one of his disciples, Mullâh
Shâh, having been the spiritual adviser of Dârâ Shikoh, the able son
of the Emperor Shâh Jahân (flourished 1615-1670). Miyân Mir has
given the name to the now well-known Military Cantonment near
Lâhor.

Rânjhâ jame, te sâdî ho gai sar-se sab parwârî.
Pharke chhanâû, bhâjî pherî, khul gai rasat bazârî.
Kam kâr Maule kujh nahîû likhiâ : mahî nâl bihârî.

- Dhur Kashmîrôn Mugaletê â gae, â gae ba rû Khudâe.
15 'Nau hath dâ gatthâ tre hath chhubbî Miyân Rânjhê
jimî* khichâî.
Hornân nûn jimîn nahnân âtân, Rânjhê nûn dab te kâhî.
Kahe : " Khuârî, dâtî, rambâ ditte, Nikkû, Lohâr de sâî,
Din chaphde nûn merâ khurpâ ghar de, terî mihinat
rakhdâ nâûn."
Kahe : " Bagâwân, bûtf mârân, jimîn banâwân niâûn."
20 "Chal, manâ, chal kariye, phakîrî sâqâ rahan, malokân
dâ nâhûn."

Rânjhâ was born and all the household rejoiced.
Taking the cups the presents were made with the
market-full of food
God wrote no labour (in his fate) : he was to be happy
with (tending) buffaloes.

- The Mughals came from far Kashmîr by the order of
God.
15 Laud was given to Miyân Rânjhâ, nine links and three
chains.
Others got good land, Rânjhâ got tares and weeds.
Said (Rânjhâ) : " O Nikkû, thou chief of Blacksmiths,
make me an axe, a sickle and a hoe.
Let me have the hoe by daybreak and there will be no
delay about thy wages."
Said he, " I will ply (the hoe), clear the weeds and
make the land arable."
20 (Said Rânjhâ) : " Come, my heart, I will go and be-
come a *faqîr*, I am not happy here."

- Baiṭhe Rānjhe nūn garmī ho gal, Lālī bhābī holi māṛī.
 Takht Hazārā Rānjhā ṭuriā, pahilī rāt kukhī.
 Ghar tūn khānde dūdh malāṭū, ṭuk nā lajde beh.
 Dharke sonde lef sirānān, āj bāsā āiā bich keh.
 25 Dāḍe Rabb kol ujar nā koṭ, Lekh likhāī eh !

- Adhī rāt Pirān dā belā. "Tūn kere bakht* dā rāhī ?
 Lambī dāhṛī, khunḍiān monchān, baghal heṭh bichhāī.
 Bhālī chāhe ithon āsan chak le, dhaulāī khāke na jāin."
 "Tainūn, Kājī," boliā Rānjhā, "Sachī ākh sunāī.
 30 Dharmasālā maslān, Kājīā, baniān dharm dā bānān ;
 Āe sādḥ nūn rahan nā deve, kāphirā be-imānān.

- As Rānjhā sat (at his work in the field) he became hot,
 and Lālī, his brother's wife, laughed at him.
 Rānjhā left Takht Hazārā, and the first night he found
 trying.
 At home he had cream and milk, now he could not
 even get stale leavings.
 He had had a bed and pillows to sleep on, now he dwelt
 on the sand.
 25 He could make no complaint to the Great God, for Fate
 had written it so !

- It was midnight at the time for the Saints.† "Why
 art travelling at this hour of the night ?‡
 Long thy beard and long thy moustaches and thy
 bedding under thy arm.
 If thou seek thy good go hence, or be pushed out."
 "O Qāzī," said Rānjhā, "I tell thee truth.
 30 Inns and mosques, O Qāzī, are built for religious use,
 And thou wouldst turn away a saint, thou infidel and
 without faith !

* For *waqt*.

† i.e., ghosts - but see above, line 9.

‡ This is a conversation between Rānjhā and some Qāzī on his way from Takht Hazārā.

Rakhîñ roje, parhîñ namâjân, tangdâ alaf Kurânâ;
 Âe sadh nûñ rahan na deve, kaphirâ be-imânân!
 Takht Hazârâ main bâbal dâ chhadiâ; mân chhadî sab
 rîtî:

- 35 Sukh vasse eh nagar, kehâ rain phakîrân nûñ bitî!"
 Gabrûân ne ÷ukre ânde, ÷handî lassi pîtî:
 "Jug jug jî, tusîñ gabrû, ithe rain phakîrân nûñ bitî!"

"Sajje jandiâ, khabbe ho jâ, sajje pair na pâññ:
 Ithe kubbhe bhainke chher* mahî dâ, sajje pain balâññ.

- 40 Âpe khaññân, âpe karâwân, ghar tûñ baheke khâññ.
 Rattâ palang, saped nihâñ, shauk de nâl banðâññ."

Thou keepest fasts and sayest prayers and knowest the
 words of the Qurân;

And thou wouldst turn away a saint, thou infidel and
 without faith!

I have left Takht Hazârâ of my fathers; I have left
 my mother and all my customs:

- 35 May the city prosper where stayed the *faqîr* for the
 night!"

The youths brought him bread and cold butter-milk:
 (Said he): "Live for ever, ye youths, with whom the
faqîr stayed for the night!"

"O thou wanderer to the right,† go to the left, put not
 thy feet towards the right.

For hither to the left the lions roar and to the right are
 horrors.

- 40 I live upon my own earnings, do thou come in and eat
 with me.

My red bed and my white bedding do I gladly share
 with thee."

* For *sher*.

† This next conversation on the road to Jhang is between Râñjhâ and
 Lûnân, the heroine of the tale of Pûran Bhagat; for which see *ante*,
 Vol II., p. 387ff. She is only introduced here as a well-known personage.

“Takht Hazârâ main bâbal dâ chhadiâ, bîr chhade kukainde.

Kisî aghete, kisî picchete, bikhat sâre nûn painde.”

“Ik gall âkhân, âkh sunâwân, sach dî âkh sunâî.

45 Dhîân meriân dhûndî bhattâ, putr karan kamâî.

Do dhîân ghar kuâr putrâ, dohân nâl biyâh karâî.

Tainûn kasam Kurân de, merî jorî bhang na pâî.

“Ik gall âkhân, âkh sunâwân, sach dî âkh sunâî.

Puttân teriân se khûh na liwâwân, toba patânnân nâî.

50 Bhalî châlunân, picchâ nûn murî jâ, dhanlâ khâke na jâî.

Eh to Rânjhâ Jhang Siyâl nûn jâungâ, tere rakhan dâ nâî.”

“Jal bichh Lûnân, main thal bichh Lûnân, main Lûnân talîân sâre:

Jithe Lûnân main pair dhardî, dharti mardî bhâre.

Âj dî rain sâde kaṭ jâ, nagarî bas jâ sârî.

“I have left Takht Hazârâ of my fathers, and have left my weeping brethren.

Sooner or later troubles fall upon us all.”

“One thing I say to thee and I tell thee truth.

45 My sons are eating well and my daughters take them their food to the fields.

I have two virgin daughters in the house and I will marry them both to thee.

I adjure thee by the Qurân not to spoil this match.”

“One thing I say to thee and I tell thee truth.

Thy sons shall dig me nor wells nor ponds.

50 If thou seek thy good go back, or I will push thee away. I am Rânjhâ and am going to Jhang Siyâl and thou shalt not stay me.”

“On water I am Lûnân, on land I am Lûnân, I am Lûnân the haughty:

Where I Lûnân place my feet the earth trembles.

Spend the night with me that the city may prosper.

- 55 Tere khâtir main ithe â gal, kadhî mandiron nikaltî nâhî.
 "Ik gall âkhân, âkh sunâwân, sach dî âkh sunât.
 Sawâ man kache main ðoðe, pindâ bhang dâ oṛâk nâhî.
 Sawâ ser fahim* dâ, ikko mâwâ dârâ dî pindâ sarhât.
 Buri mahî dâ dâdh main pindâ, chûrî khândâ ghî khand-
 wâlî."
- 60 * Gadîân-wâlio, lad lo gadî, âpân-wâlio bhât:
 Banghîân-wâlio tund sharâb de mere pe jâo dhaular dî
 râhî.
 Ik lakkh lage, tân main do lakkh de deân; mihinat
 kisî dî rakhdî nâhî.
 Nagari merî Rânjhâ â gîâ, â gîâ pûrâ sâhî."
 "Takht Hazârion main, Rânjhâ, tur piâ, Maujû Jatt dâ

- 55 For thy sake have I come here, that never (before) left
 my palace."
 "One thing I say to thee and I tell thee truth.
 I take a *man* and a quarter of poppy juice (daily) and
 drink an endless quantity of *bhâng*.†
 I take a *ser* and a quarter of opium‡ and a whole cup
 of wine at a draught.
 I drink the milk of brown buffaloes (only) and eat
 cakes of sugar and butter."§
- 60 "O carters and camel-drivers, take up your loads:
 O porters, take cups of wine to my palace.
 If your wages be one *lâkh* (of rupees) I will pay two
lâkhs: I will keep nothing back.
 Rânjhâ hath come to my city: a holy saint hath come."
 "I, Rânjhâ, am come from Takht Hazârâ, the son of
 Maujû the Jatt.

* For *afim*, opium.

† See Vol. II., page 290. A *man* and a quarter would be over a hundredweight; of course a fabulous amount

‡ i.e., 2½ lbs, enough to last a confirmed opium-eater six months.

§ All this is meant to show that he would be a very expensive guest.

- 65 Jad main Rānjhā, panjān baras dā hoīā magar manjhī de lāīā.

Bārān baras manjhān chārīān, sir bāpe de rāj kamāīā.

Mar gae pitā, tāt pai gae kajē, bhātān dagā kamāīā.

Main toī, Rānjhā, Jhang Siyālē nūn jāogā, nahīā haṭdā terā haṭāīā.

Pichhe ranān bāhīān chhaḍīān, Lālī nūn bahut piārā."

- 70 "Mārān dāngān, ghaṭṭān aṣī, turat uṭhā deān phāī.

Ik lakkh māngīā, main do lakkh lāīā; mihināt kisī dī rakhī nāīn.

Nāl sukhān de jhūtā kītā, umar sārī chhaḍdī nāīn.

Tere khātir main ithe ā gae, mabilān bāhir nikaldī nāīn."

"Bhajjān dāngān, ṭūṭān rassī; phakīr nahīn phāī chaph-āḍī."

- 65 When I, Rānjhā, was five years old I was put to mind buffaloes.

Tending the buffaloes for twelve years, I live upon my father like a king.

When my father died I fell into trouble and my brethren cheated me.

I, Rānjhā, will go to Jhang Siyāl and will not be stayed by thee.

I have left many women behind me and Lālī* loved me much."

- 70 "I will beat thee, I will bind thee, I will hang thee up at once.

They asked one *lākh* (of rupees) and I gave them two *lākhs*; the labour of none (of them) was unpaid for.

Thou hast gone back on thy word and all thy life I will not let thee go.

For thy sake did I come here, that never (before) left my palace."

"Thy sticks will break and thy ropes will snap; thou canst not hang the *fāqir*."

* See above, line 21.

- 75 "Hāsi bahāue meñ tatthā kitā ; tān lad le āi, yāri."
 "Bhājji phirdi bichh masānān, ultī jhagre bāndī.
 Pichhān mukhe, vekh le ; terī dhaular jaldī jāndī !"

"Ik gall ākhān, ākh sunāwān, sach dī ākh sunāi.
 Pīrān bhijīā, chalke ā giā, ā giā tere tānī.

- 80 Panj ser dūdh dī loṛ ban gai, main wāfar mangdā nānī."
 "Panj ser dūdh bhet Pīrān de denā, āvīn gawānā
 nahīn."

Aggion Rānjhā boldā : "Tainūn ākh sunāi :
 Bakrān terīān pai jā pethā, bhet nā rah jāe kai.
 Bichh bātūn de mar jān lele, ghar mar jā buddhī māi.

- 85 Ran mar jāe, tūn randā ho jāe, nigar-sigarī āe !"

- 75 "It was in laughter and fun that I upbraided thee ; so
 load up thy bags, my friend."
 "Thou art like a mad-woman wandering in the burning-
 grounds and quarrelling foolishly.
 Turn thy head and see : thy palace is on fire !"

"One thing I say to thee and I tell thee truth.*
 The Saints have sent me and I have come to thee.

- 80 I want five *ser*† of milk and nothing more."
 "I have to offer the five *ser*s to the Saints and have
 no more to waste."

Then said Rānjhā : "I tell thee :
 Thy goats shall die and none of thy sheep shall escape.
 Thy lambs shall die in the fields, and thy old mother
 at home.

- 85 Thy wife shall die and thou shalt be a widower and
 shalt be ruined !"

* This conversation is between Rānjhā and a householder on the way to Jhang.

† In India liquids are measured by *weight* : a *ser* is about a quart.

- Panj Pir, chhewān Rānjhā, kallar goshat lāf :
 Kālī kambal mohgān-wālī Pirān het bichhāf.
 Baheke Rānjhā banjālī bajāwandā, Darge kūk sunāf.
 Āp Indar ne sun lī banjālī, bhūri mahī arson āf.
 90 Sabr sabūri de, bare ghaṭ līe, bhūri pasmen āf.
 Pahiñ dhār Rānjhe ne Dhartī Mātā nūn de, līe dūj
 kūsī pāf.
 Bhar bhar chipiān dindā Pirān nūn, Pir pī pī dīn doān :
 "Jān, Rānjhā, tainūn Hīr bakhshī Makke Madīne
 tān."
 Takht Hazārā Rānjhā turīā, hoke turīā nit ānā :
 95 "Na koī ān siān mere, nā koī shahr ṭhikānā !"

- The Five Saints and the sixth Rānjhā took counsel
 (together) in the wilds :
 And beneath the Saints was spread a black blanket
 full of holes.
 Rānjhā sat and played on the flute and the sound of it
 reached to the Court (of God).
 Indra heard the flute and sent a brown buffalo from
 heaven.
 90 He had patience and took a large pitcher and the
 buffalo gave milk *
 The first spirt Rānjhā gave to Mother Earth, and the
 second went into his cup.
 He filled cups and gave to the Saints and the Saints
 drank and gave their blessings, (saying) :
 "Go, Rānjhā, Hīr hath been given thee from Makkā
 and Madīnā."†
 Rānjhā left Takht Hazārā in low spirits ;
 95 (And said) : "I have no friends now, nor do I know of
 any (friendly) town !"

* Which he had failed to get from the householder.
 † i.e., by the Prophet Muhammad.

Pattan râť Rânjhe nûn a gať; lařđâ dang nidânâ :

"Ba râ Khudâe de berē pā de, Luđanâ, main Jhang Siyālân nûn jānâ."

"Adhĩ râť, Pírân dâ velâ : tûn kere bakht dâ rāhĩ ?

• Eh dâ haķĩ kālĩ bagdĩ, lendĩ đur himān :

100 Gausân kutbân đĩ akal gañwāndĩ, terĩ tākās laghan đĩ nān.

Haťke jhâr muñđâ lambâ pai jā, sawere lakhke jān.

Chhattis bāje sur jad kīte, bichh birûn dâ bājâ bajāi :

Biche turiân, biche bharkân, biche nāch karāi.

Biche uthe bolan kokrâ, biche mor bulāi :

105 "Ba râ Khudâe de berē đho de, Luđanâ; koi gaush kutb chařh āi."

"Gaush kutb dâ velâ eh nahĩ, chor uchakke phirde.

Night overtook Rânjhâ at the ferry* and the sting of sorrow entered him : (said he) :

"For God's sake, O (ferryman) Luđan, give me a boat, for I have to go to Jhang Siyâl."

"It is midnight and the hour for the Saints : † why art travelling at such an hour ?

This river runneth violently and runneth afar :

100 It frighteneth holy men and saints and thou shalt never cross it (now).

Better stay now and lie down under a bush, and cross in the morning."

(Rânjhâ) played the 36 tunes‡ and played in the wilds : On pipes and then on drums and then he made the (creatures) dance.

And then the cock crowed and the peacock screamed :

105 "For God's sake, Luđan, give him a boat ; he is some holy man or saint."

(Said Luđan) : "This is no time for saints and holy men, but for thieves and pick-pockets to roam.

* Over the Chinâb : he is now fairly started on his road.

† See above, line 26.

‡ See Vol. I., p. 176.

Biche machh, biche murgabîân, biche nâkâ ghûrde :
Gaush kutb je hondâ Makke dâ, inhoñ beṛe painde dhur
de.

Inhân jihîân maṛorewâle main bâhle dekhe tharde."

- 110 Sube sâr fajar dâ belâ: "Tûn kidharon â giâ natṭhâ?
Hatth vichh kunchhî, munḍhe bhorâ, sir baliâ dupatṭhâ.
Hornân nadiân bahan changerî, Chândal dâ bahan
ubatṭhâ:

Kachiân kandân nûn gârat kardî, pakkîân deke siṭṭî
dhakkâ.

Maclhâ kachhâ oṛak hai nahûn, bich sansâr dâ chhatṭâ.

- 115 Tere khâtir beṛî ḍho lie; kyûn dubtâ, gâfilîâ Jattâ?"
"Ghar mâ-piân de lâ; ladkiân, sâde palle Ludan pîâ!
Ghar mûrakh de bâsâ ho giâ, ro ro janam gañwâin.

Large fish and water-fowl and crocodiles roam (the
river):

If he were saint or holy man of Makkâ* he would find
a boat for himself.

I have seen many a vain fellow like him."

- 110 It was the hour of early morn; (said Ludan): "Whence
art come along?"

A staff is in thy hand, a blanket over thy shoulder, and
a kerchief on thy head.

Other rivers flow gently, but the Chândal† boils along,
Sweeping away the mud walls and throwing down the
brick ones.

There are endless fish and tortoises in the world.

- 115 I have a boat ready for thee; but why drown, O heed-
less Jatt?"

(Said Rânjhâ): "I that have been loved and petted at
home have (now) Ludan for my lord!

I am dwelling in the house of a fool and am throwing
away my life in tears.

* i.e., a real one.

† The Chinâb.

Mâ-piân merân de kus bas nahîn, nâiân Bâhmanân dagâ
kamâiâ.

Khund jā bere, phat jā chappā! Sānū Khwājā vichhon
lāl pāiâ."

120 " Bhajā bhajā main, Luḍan, ā giā, ā giā unchī kerī.

Kahe : kisī de chharīān mûngān ? Kahe : magre lag giā
herī ?

Gunnī mārke achhī le jā, uchhal dherī terī.

Ik le jā, ik chhaḍ jā, dhakke de rahande Luḍan de
dere."

" Bhajā bhajā ā giā, Luḍanān, ā giā unchī kerīn.

125 Nā kisi chharīān mûngān : nā magre lag giā herī.

Je tūn putr mallāh dā, Luḍanān, bhajke phar le berī.

Dovīn rahan mubārik tainūn, ehnān se jān chhurā le merī.

It was no fault of my parents, but the barbers and
Brāhmans deceived me.*

May thy boat sink and thy oars break ! I have found
a ruby from Khwājā (Khizar)."+

120 " I, Luḍan, have come quickly, have come to the lofty
bank.

Say : hast stolen any one's cattle ? Say : is any one
pursuing thee closely ?

Make thy choice (of the boats) and take the good one
according to thy desire.

Take one and leave one, that Luḍan's house may not be
ruined."

" Quickly hast thou come, O Luḍan, hast come to the
lofty bank.

125 Neither have I stolen any one's cattle, nor is any one
close behind me.

If thou be a (true) boatman's son, Luḍan, quickly get
the boat.

Mayest thou be happy in both (worlds), that savest my
life in this one.

* i.e., into hopes of a wife in Hir.

† i.e., out of the river.

Rattâ palang, saped nihâlî;—kis umrâ dî berî ?
Zarrâ ik Ludanân, mainûn so lain de, rah jâ jân sukhâlî
merî."

- 130 Baddî deke Rânjhâ so gîâ, banke dharam de bhâî.
" Unche dhaular Siyâlân-wâlîe koliâ Mandî kherî : •
Rattâ palang, saped nihâlî, Hîr Siyâl dî berî.
Dhî Chûchak dî, bahin Pathân dî, ran phirdî ishk dî
gherî.
Chhej utte panchhî langh jâ, Jattî jân gatwâ de merî !"
135 Deke badî Rânjhâ so gîâ, Ludan nûn bhang piyâ lî.

Suttî paî nûn supnâ â gîâ, kinne pândî ne chhej intâve.
" Âkhân sachi, Âkh sunârâ, eh gall nâ mere man bhâve.

The bed is red, the bedding white ;—what noble's boat
is this ?

Let me rest a moment here, O Ludan, that I may be
at ease."

- 130 Rânjhâ gave him a bribe, and, becoming his sworn
brother, went to sleep (on the bed).

(Said Ludan): " There is a lofty palace of the Siyâl's
near the Kherâ's* Quarter.

The red bed and the white bedding and the boat are
Hîr's, the Siyâl (lady).

Daughter (she) of Chûchak, sister of Pathân, a very
maiden of love.

If a bird fly over her bed (Hîr) the Jatt woman will take
away my life !"

- 135 But Rânjhâ gave a bribe and went to sleep, and made
Ludan drunken with *bhang*.

As (Hîr) lay asleep she had a dream that some one
had ruined (lain down on) her bed (in the boat).

(Said she): " I tell thee truth, I tell thee that this will
not leave my mind.

* A division of the Siyâl Tribe.

Râtîñ mainân supnâ â giâ, kâlâ nâg darâve.”

Âkhe tân: “Mainân Râñjhâ milân; nahñ, tân kabar chatârî.

140 Kholke patri das de, Tulsîâ, jo terî patri bich likhiâ
âve.”

“Patri kholân, khol sunâwân, sach dî âkh sunâwân:

“Chhejî terî sahî terâ son giâ; jhâth kadhî na lâwân.”

Ral mil salân mattâ matâñ, Phattî tâli charhâi.

“Son Bîrân de; kasam Kurân de; jhâth boldî nân.

145 Chhejî terî sahî terâ so giâ; main sach dî âkh sunâi.

Tân chalke phar lo Luḍan mallâh nân; waddî leke, chhej
lutâi.”

Dil dariyâ samundaron ḍungâ: kaun dilân dî jāne?

I had a dream in the night; a black snake* came and
frightened me.”

Then said she: “I must meet Râñjhâ, or I shall go
into the grave.

140 Open thy books, O Tulsî,† and see what is written
in thy books”

“I open my books and I tell thee truth:

Thy lover hath slept on thy bed; I will tell thee no
lies.”

The maids met together and consulted, and sent Fattî‡
up a tree.

(Said she): “I swear by the Saints;§ I swear by the
Qurân; I tell no lies.

145 Thy lover hath slept on thy bed; I tell thee truth.

Go and seize thou Luḍan the boatman, that hath taken
a bribe and destroyed (the honour of) thy bed.”

The heart is deeper than seas and rivers: who knoweth
the heart?

* i. e., something evil.

† The family Brâhman of these Muhammadans! It is not uncommon
however for Panjâbî Muhammadan tribes to consult Brâhmanas in this
manner.

‡ One of themselves.

§ See Vol. II., p. 377.

- Biche berī, biche chappā, biche banjh muhāne !
 Chaudān Tabak bande bich bas gae, tambū wāngo tāne !
 150 Je koī thāṭh dilān dī bujhe, har dam khushīān māne !

“Nange pinde choṭān māriān, merī hundi nain uimānī.
 Jihān choṭān tan mere lāiān, tere ik lage tān jūne !
 Landiān, lamīān, chhail jawānān, soṅ gae chhej cham-
 beli.

- Suttā hī, tān jāg pio, chugalān phal chameli.”
 155 Āiā Sāwan, Hīr de dil parchāwan, pannī chhadiān sikhān.
 Kannān maṇḍā balohe sondhe, jholī āntī hakīkān.
 “Kī ho giā jhaṭ man chhej so giān ? Kī lag gai lāj
 sarīkān ?

It hath boats and oars and boatmen within it !
 The Fourteen Quarters* (of the World) are in it, stretch-
 ed like a canopy !

- 150 Who knoweth the dictates of the heart will be happy
 every moment !

“Thou strikest a naked† body and my eyes are weary
 If one such blow as thou givest me were to reach thee
 thou wouldst understand !

O wicked, tall and handsome youth, thou hast lain on a
 jasmine bed.

As thou hast lain, awake now and pluck the jasmine
 flower.”

- 155 Sāwan had come and Hīr's heart inclined (to love) and
 the herbs began to spring.‡

Beautiful were the rings in her ears and bracelets on her
 arms.

(Said Rānjhā) : “What if I lay on thy bed awhile ? Dost
 fear shame from thy family ?

* Muhammadan notion.

† i.e., a defenceless body : this conversation is between Hīr and Rānjhā.

‡ The rainy month of July-August and the season of love to Northern Indian ideas

- Terī sādī mundān dī yārī, dastān sandiā likān.”
 Jhang Siyālē ārū pakke, bāghā miṭṭhiān dākḥān.
 160 Hīr kahindī: “Rānīhā, tūn sach ākh: kī sāk lagdiān
A. A. 1. 123
 “Jadoñ, Rānīhā, main ghar Indar de sigā, tūn pātar
 • banke āī.
 „Jadoñ main, Rānīhā, Nāmānand ban giā, tūn main
 Gorkhān parnāī.
 Jadoñ main, Rānīhā, Radhe Kishn sigā, tū Brikhbhān
 dī jāī.
 Phir tūn, Rānīhā, main Takht Hazārā jamiā, tū Chūchak
 Mihar dī jāī.”

Like the lines on the palm (of the hands) thou and I
 have been lovers from the beginning.”

The peaches were ripe in Jhang Siyāl and the sweet
 grapes in the gardens.

- 160 Said Hīr: “Rānīhā, tell me truly: what is the relation-
 ship between us?”

(Said he): “When I, Rānīhā, was in the house of Indar,
 thou wast a maiden there.

When I, Rānīhā, was Nāmānand,* thou wast my wife
 Gorkhān

When I, Rānīhā, was Rādhā Kishn,† thou wast Brikh-
 bhān's daughter.

And then when I, Rānīhā, was born in Takht Hazārā,
 thou wast born to Mihar Chūchak.”‡

* *i.e.*, Rāmānand, the mediæval reformer of the 15th century, and
 the founder of the Bhagats or Hindū free thinkers

† Rādhā was the wife or mistress of Kṛṣṇa, and Vṛishabhānu was
 her father. Rādhā Kishn joined together as in the text is a common
 modern synonym for Kṛṣṇa, as Gauri Sankar is for Śiva. This
 pairing of the deities, male and female, is carried to a climax in the
 Hari hara or half-male and female god sometimes depicted in Vaiṣh-
 nava temples

‡ All these are allusions to their respective former births under the
 doctrine of the transmigration of souls

- 165 "Dâhrî â gat, patte rakhâ hē, kis bidh rahâ kawârâ ?
 Ike nânak hinân, ike tûn dâdak terâ hinân, ike tûn bhâân
 nûn nahîn piârâ :
 Ike tû mân kujhajî ne janiâ ; nahîn, tûn lâl kharîdan-wâlâ.
 Inhîn gallân bichon augun tainû, tûn tâlon rah giâ
- "Muñh dahri, sir patte rakhâ hē, nahîn main phirdâ
 kawârâ.
- 170 Nânak unchâ, merâ dâdak unchâ, unchâ Takht Hazârâ.
 Nâ mân kuchajî ne janiâ, bhâân nûn bahut piârâ.
 Sat bharjâân, ghar kaṭak ranân dâ ; main lâl kharîdan-
 wâlâ.
 Ghar Chûchak dî Hîr sun lî, main oh dâ baran-wâlâ.
 Mandî changî dâ lûgû nahîn, Lâlî nûn bahut piârâ."

- 165 "Thou hast a beard and thy hair is grown, how art thou
 still a bachelor ?
 Either thy mother's or father's relatives are low people
 or thy brethren love thee not.
 Either thou art born of an inferior mother, or thou art
 a dealer in rubies *
 In some way there must be a fault in thee that thou art
 a bachelor."
- "There is a beard on my face and hair on my head, but
 I am no bachelor.
- 170 My mother was well born and my father well born and
 lordly is Takht Hazârâ.
 I am not born of an inferior mother and am much loved
 of my brethren.
 I have seven sisters-in-law and many women at home ;
 I am a dealer in rubies.
 I have heard of Hîr in Chûchak's house and her will I
 marry.
 I set not my heart on good or bad (women) and am
 much loved by Lâlî."†

* i.e., a rich man

† His sister-in-law : see above.

- 175 Chand sūrij charhoñ rah gae, lû tārāñ dī āi.
 Chhaparāñ bichhoñ pāñī sūkh gae, bele sūkh gae ghāi.
 Āp Muhammad janj charhiā, Brahmā bedī gadāi.
 Ralke hūrāñ mangal gāvīāñ, parīāñ mehnđī lāi.
 Panjāñ Pīrāñ ne kalime parh lē, Khājā bhare ogāhī.
 180 * Hîr Rānjhā dā melā ho gā, phiriāñ Rabb rajāi.

*

"Ik, Bābal, main māhī āndā, Jatt manjhī chār le āve.
 Jis manjhī nūñ khonḍā lāndā, kattā mūl na jāve.
 Agge māhī ikkī charhde, eh kallā chār le āve.
 Sūrat māhī dī chandar bargī, us dī tāt jhallī na jāve.

- 175 The sun and moon ceased to rise and the stars to shine
 forth.
 The water dried in the ponds and the grass dried up in
 the wilds.
 Muhammad formed the marriage procession and Brah-
 mā (!) set up the posts (of the marriage canopy).
 The maids of heaven sang songs of rejoicing and fairies
 brought the henna.*
 The Panj Pīr performed the ceremony and Khwājā
 (Khizar) was witness.†
 180 Hîr and Rānjhā met together and God was favorable to
 them.

(Said Hîr): "Father, I have brought a neatherd, a Jatt,
 to graze the buffaloes.
 Whichever of them he touches with his staff will surely
 bear a (cow-) calf.
 Hitherto thou hast sent out 21 neatherds; this one will
 graze them alone.
 The beauty of the neatherd is like the moon and his
 habits shall not depart.

* For staining the bride's hands

† These lines are meant merely to convey a general idea of magni-
 ficence.

- 185 Ik mâhi dī tãb burī hai, bhāṭṭā Hīr se dhuwawe.
 Âpe chûve, âpe rīṛke, âpe dūdh jamāve."
 "Jehṛā, Hīre, tain mâhi āndā; majjī kere sabre dī
 chāre?
 Addī Rānjhā dī rāj karaindī, khūṇḍe dī maṭak bharī.
 Tīn pāṭ ghl patṭhiān nūn maldā, choke jīmī nūn
 jāve.
- 190 Dand Rānjhā dī sone dī mekhān : kīdīān majjī chāre?
 Jinnī ghariān phir gā laṛ, dū basde būhe ujāre.
 Eḥān de paṭṭe kadhī nā basde, phirde dwāre dwāre.
 Adhī rātoṅ merā mūngā chaṛhdā, inhoṅ sote nūn rain
 bhāve.
 Bhalī chāhe laṛ chhoṛ de chāk dā : sānūn agle mâhi piāre."
- 185 The neatherd hath one bad habit, that Hīr must take
 him his food (to the fields).
 He will himself draw, curdle and set the milk."
 "O Hīr, the neatherd thou hast brought: will he
 graze any one's buffaloes?*"
 Rānjhā's heel hath the signs of royalty† (on it) and he
 hath a mighty staff.
 Three-fourths of a *ghl* he puts on his locks, which
 fall to the ground.
- 190 Rānjhā's teeth are pegs of gold: whose buffaloes shall
 he graze?
 The houses that this youth shall visit will be ruined.
 His work shall never prosper, but he shall wander
 (begging) from door to door.
 My cattle graze at midnight, but he passes the night in
 sleep.
 If thou wishest thy good let the youthful servant go:
 I am pleased with my former neatherds."

* Being too noble for such work.

† This is the "lotus mark" mentioned at p. 336, Vol. II.

- 195 "Ghar baiñhe sardâri kariye, ÷urke banne nakâre.
 Kukhoñ haule kinf, Híre, parbat jode bhâri.
 Râthoñ de put châk sadâ le; châk honde kaun bichâre ?
 Bîr Pathân tainûñ ghusse honde, tere pit ne mihine mâre.
 • Ohhad de pallâ, muñ jâe ghar nûñ, asî uríye hans bichâri.
 200 Râji hoke mainûñ tor de, jáke raliye bhâichâre."
 "Ik gall tainûñ âkhân, Rânjhe, sachi âkh sunâi.
 Je tû rahe, tûñ rahûngí; nâ, jáññ tere tain."

Chûchak kahindâ âkhdâ, sachi akh sunâi:

"Sûn le, Rânjhe bhâi, is bâroñ meri mahiân hank le,
 dûji hank le gâñ."

- 205 Sattar Khân, bahattar umre, Hír Chûchak ne Rânjhe nûñ
 pharâi.

- 195 (Said Rânjhâ): "At home I was a nobleman, but going
 abroad I am become of no account.
 O Hír, thou hast made me lighter than a straw, that was
 as heavy as a mountain.
 The son of noblemen is called a servant; and how
 helpless is a servant.
 Thy brother Pathân is wroth with thee, and thy father
 doth reproach thee.
 Let go my robes that I may go back home, and let me,
 the helpless swan, fly away.
 200 Let me go of thy own free will, that I may mingle with
 my brethren."
 "I tell thee one thing, Rânjhâ, and I tell thee truth.
 If thou remain I will remain, or I will go with thee."

Saith Chûchak and he speaketh truth:

"Hear, friend Rânjhâ, drive the buffaloes from this pad-
 dock and the cows from the other."

- 205 Before 70 Khâns* and 72 nobles Chûchak betrothed
 Hír to Rânjhâ (saying):

* i. e., leaders of the Siyâls.

"Jab lag jîve, mâl hai mâhî dâ; taiû te mar gac nâbar
nâû.

Je te te koî Hîr khoî tore, bich Dargâh deân ogûhî.*
Jadoû Rânjho nûn eh gall âkhî, hak lîân majjî te gûn.

"Bâbal tere, Hîre, oh dhan dindâ, jerâ chariâ loṛdâ
râtî.

210 Paṭ diân kîf, toṛâ diân rassî; majjî hai baḍî kamzâtî.

Sappân nâl hai majlis merî, sherâû nâl jamâtî.

Tûn toû soî rang mahil bich, sânnû nibar deân nahûn
râtî."

"Hatth bañhke karân bintî, tainûn sachî âkh sunâi.

Ik pâse merâ Chûchak bâbal, ik pâse Tullî mâi.

"As long as thou shalt live she is thine, and when thou
art dead she will not deny it.

If any one tear Hîr from thee I will bear witness
(against him) in the Court (of God)."

When Rânjhâ was told this he drove off the buffaloes
and the cows.

(Said Rânjhâ) Thy father hath given me, O Hîr, cattle
that will only graze at night.

210 They pull out their pegs and they break their ropes,
these buffaloes are very vicious.

My company is with the serpents and my friendship
with the lions.

Thou sleepest in the painted palace and I cannot pass
the night."

"With joined hands I beseech thee and I tell thee
truth.

On one side of me (sleepeth) my father Chûchak and on
the other side my mother Tullî.

* For *gurdâh*.

- 215 Ik pāse bīr Pathān sondā, kol sondī Koḍī bharjāī.
Chher majjī chal bele nūn, main din charhde nūn āī.”

“Manjhi āīān, merā chāk nahīn āīā, kehre rangān bich
rattā ?

Nā main, katiā, nā kaḍḍhā kasidā, deko ā gai Rānjhe
nūn bhāṭṭā.

Muthān bharke jad dekhā sī, mere Rānjhe dā pipdā tattā.

- 220 Nau mahīān sukh Sultān dī deān, daswān chhadān kaṭṭā :
Terōn lāke lungī deān, sir dā dewān sāf dupattā :
Innī baksān* us nūn, jerā koī Rānjhe nūn kar de achiā.
Jerā koī Rānjhe nūn rāje kar de, asīn hājī o Makkā.
Hīr Siyāl, main tohen ḍub gai, jadoñ de liā berī nūn
dhakkā.

- 215 On one side sleepeth my brother Pathān and near him
his wife Koḍī.
Drive the buffaloes to the forests, I will join thee at day-
break.”

“The buffaloes have come, but my servant hath not
come ; in what pleasures is he joying ?†
Neither have I spun, nor have I plied the needle, but I
am come with food for Rānjhā.

When I shampooed my Rānjhā I found his body hot.

- 220 Nine buffaloes do I vow to (Sakhī Sarwar) Sultān, and
the tenth shall be a (cow-) calf.

I will give him my skirt and the kerchief from my head :
To him will I present them that shall make my Rānjhā
well.

For him that shall make my Rānjhā happy, will I be a
pilgrim to Makkā.

I, Hīr of the Siyāls, was ruined for thee, when thou
(Rānjhā) didst push off thy boat.

* For *bakshān*.

† From here to line 264 is a lament by Hīr.

- 225 Manjhi âiân, chāk nahîn âiâ, bele bich khari palammân.
Tallân jhassôn, dast marorân, merâ nij bhâtân kammân.
Jândi joban, bahinde pânî kinnî nahîn ghatiâ bannân.
Bâhar jâveñ bābal Chûchak jhirke, ghar âveñ Tullî am-
mân.

Jâveñ masîte Phattû Kâjî jhirke, dar bich chāchā Kaidû,
langân.

- 230 Tanjan bich kurân jhirakdîân, bich vi gali de ranân.
Dhulke merâ joban bich rāhîn pai giâ, mainûn disdâ
obhâ kammân.

Je jânân mainûn kajiâ painge, to nij Siyâle jammân !
Manjhi âiân, chāk nahîn âiâ, manjhi nûn kis bidh talle ?
Âj Rânjhe ghar Hir de nahîn âiâ, khabar nahîn bich
bele.

- 225 The buffaloes have come, but my servant hath not come,
and I search for him in the forests.

I will rub his feet and knead his hands, that is my
favorite.

My youth is fleeting and none can stay the flowing
waters.

When I go abroad my father Chûchak scoldeth, when I
return home my mother Jullî.

When I go the mosque Fattû the Qâzî scoldeth and at
home my uncle Kaidû, the cripple.

- 230 The maids jeer at me in the spinning place and the
women even in the lanes.

My youth declining hath gone far away and seemeth
afar off.

Had I known that I would fall into such trouble I would
never have been born among the Siyâls !

The buffaloes have come, but my servant hath not come :
how have the buffaloes come ?

To-day Rânjhâ hath not come to Hir's house and there
is no news of him in the forests.

- 235 Dādhan-wāle dādhan sambhāle, Gurūn ne sambhāle chele.
Hīr hathnī, muhāwat Miyān Rānjhā; mainūn jūn bhāve
tūn palle.

Yār yārōn kolōn bidhiā mangde, jūn Gurūn se chele.
Chārōn nain kaṭṭā-baddā ho gao, dhālōn sōn sele.
Bele bich phirdī dī lungī pāt gāi, bhaj gāi sūhī tele.

- 240 Ab de bichhṛe kadī milenge, hovenge sababōn de
mele!

Suniye, Khwājā Bābā, jandiā merā chāk tere sāmbe.
Sap na lare, sher nā bhenke, chor nā charhe lāmbe!
Āiā Sāwan, dil parchāwan, Dhartī chhadātūn sīrān.
Nadhiān nūn bar māpe de lie, tainūn Hīr nūn Panjān
Pīrān.

- 235 Milkmen watch their milk and Gurūs watch their dis-
ciples.

(I) Hīr am an elephant, and Miyān Rānjhā is my driver :
thou canst use me as thou wilt.

Friends take leave of friends, as Gurūs do of their dis-
ciples.

Our four eyes met, as spear against shield.

Wandering in the forests my kerchief is torn, and ripped
up is my red scarf.

- 240 If the separated meet again, happy will be the meeting !
Hear, O saintly Khwājā,* my errant servant is under
thy care.

Let no snake bite him, no lion frighten him, no thief
trouble him !

The rainst have come and my heart rejoices and the
Earth brings forth.

Parents shall find husbands for their maids and the
Panj Pīr for Hīr.

* Shekh Farīdu'ddīn Shakarganj, the great saint of Pāk Pattan and
patron saint of the Siyāla, commonly also called Bābā Farid.

† The season of rejoicing to Indian women

- 245 Suniye, wo nâliân, ðathiâ bhâliâ : kyân bûte patdâ kâhîn ?
 Shahr dariyâwân dî risân kardâ, tûn tul chhapre de nân ?
 Aisi pattan manjî langiân, aisi pattan gâiân.
 Aisi pattan Miyân Rânjhâ langh gîâ, merâ Hir nadhî dâ
 sâiân.
 Je phakaron dî doâ lag jâe, tainûn phir bagegâ nâhîn.
 250 Sarpar Hîr ne Rânjhe nûn milnâ, bhâven jân jâve ajâiân.
 Rain andherî ; gallân chîkar ; bijlî lasak ðarâve.
 Dharti Mâtâ mainûn bel nahîn dindî ; maithon ambar
 charhâ nahîn jâe.
 Khabbe jâven sher bahakdâ, sajje basîr khâve :
 Sarpar Hîr ne Rânjhe nûn milnâ, jûn Kâjir* nûn bhâve.
 255 Mulk Rabbânâ païke so gîâ, mainûn lâiân tattî nûn
 sânghân.
- 245 Hear, O thou stream, I know thee well : why dost thou
 throw down the trees ?
 Dost rival the great rivers, that art not even equal to
 the ponds ?
 Such a ford can buffaloes cross, such a passage can cows.
 Such a ford can Miyân Rânjhâ cross, the lord of Hir, the
 maid.
 If a *fugîr* curse thee thou shalt no longer flow.
 250 Hîr shall surely meet Rânjhâ, though she lose her life.
 The night is dark and the lanes muddy and the light-
 ning frighteneth me.
 Mother Earth giveth me no cover and I cannot climb
 to the heavens.
 If I go to the left lions frighten me, if I go to the right
 serpents bite me :
 But Hîr shall surely meet Rânjhâ, if God be favourable.
 God's earth doth sleep, but I the wretched am pierced
 with the arrows (of grief).

* For *Qaddir*.

Dâdhoñwâla dôdh sambhâle, Shahreñ miliân bângân.

Milnâ hai tô mil par, Rânjhiâ ; nahîñ, merf jân nikal cha-liân chângân.

Sap shî mainûñ khân nûñ âwande, pânî diân charh gîññ kângân.

'Manjhî manjhî sab koi âdhâ, manjhî han hûrân parîññ.

260 Sing manjhî de balbal khûñde, paṭ par sawândiân thaliân.

Dôdh manjhî de sharbat mîṭhe, ghiñ misrî di dâlîññ.

Bâhir jân jî sahâwan, ghar âwan to galîññ.

Â, Miyân Rânjhâ, chaupaṭ khele, khasmon nûñ khâdîññ kherîññ.

Âshak te mâshûkân diân gallân bich jag de ṭurîññ."

The milkmen have collected the milk and the cry
(to prayer) resounds through the city.*

If thou wilt meet me, Rânjhâ, meet me, or my life will
depart in tears.

Serpents and lions come to destroy me and the waters
have risen on high.

All call them buffaloes, but the buffaloes are spirits
and fairies.

260 The buffaloes' horns are beautifully curved and their
buttocks fat.

The buffaloes' milk is sweet as sugar and the butter as
sugar-candy.

Going out they beautify the fields, coming home the
lanes.

Come, my Lord Rânjhâ, let us play at *chaupur*,† and
let the buffaloes go home.

The story of lover and beloved is known throughout
the world."

* i e., it is morning.

† See Vol. I., p. 243 ; and Vol. II., p. 282.

- 265 "Mâi jon zât chākān dī, bad boi mandī āve.
 Ki tūn kisi dī gāndhī lūṭī, ākho tūn Hīre kulāve ?
 Bukal kholke dikhā, Rānjhā, tainūn mushk chandan dā
 āve."
 Bukal Rānjhe de bich Hir sī, je Rabb paṛdā pāve.
 "Mâi jūt sādī banāudā, tainūn sharam na āve !"
 270 Nā main kisi dī gāndhī lūṭī, nā hai merī Hir kulāve.
 Chandan rukh Kashmīron dūb piā, bahan piā haṛāve :
 Kheke manjhī chandan nāl, langhdiāū mushk manjhī te
 āve."
 Jad bukal kholke dikhā lī Rānjhā, pichon Hir nazar na
 āve !
 Rānjhā jatī Maujū dā beṭā, Rabb oh dī sharam rakhāvo !

- 265 Said Pathān : "A low set are servants and bad to the
 smell.*
 Hast thou stolen some sweet perfume, or is Hir em-
 bracing thee ?
 Raise up thy arm, Rānjhā, for thou dost smell of
 sandal-wood."†
 Hir was under Rānjhā's arm, but God hid her.
 (Said Rānjhā) : "Thou dost call me a low man and hast
 no shame"
 270 I have stolen no sweet perfume, nor is Hir embracing
 me.
 A sandal-tree had been cut in Kashmīr and floated
 down the river :
 The buffaloes (in crossing it) ran against the sandal-
 tree and the scent stuck to the buffaloes."
 Then Rānjhā raised up his arms and there was no sign
 of Hir !
 And God preserved the virtuous Rānjhā, the son of
 Maujū, from shame !

* The story progresses, and Pathān, Hir's brother, tries to catch Rānjhā with Hir and fails.

† i.e., sweetly.

- 275 " Akhân sachî, âkh sunâwân, tainûn sachî âkh sunâf :
 Eh le apnâ bhugal bhûrâ, eh kharfân han manjhî dî
 gâîn.
 Tuhâ nûn daulatmandân nûn châk bahutere, sânân
 châkarân nûn bahutere thâîn.
 • Ude hans, ude nahîn bhande, uðke jân surgân de tâîn.
 Pânân dî bârî nûn râkhe bahutere, bhawarân de phûlân
 do tâîn.
- 280 Bîr Paṭhân mainûn mihino mâreñ, merâ rahinâ mubârik
 nâîn.
 Hîr, oh dî yârî lâwan, sher jagâwan, nâg jagâwan kâlî.
 Siroñ dharoñ dî bâjî lag gal, tûn chal nahîn jândâ châlî."
 Paṭ paṭ siṭḍî nûṇḍiân, kes makhan dî pâlî.
 " Iko lag gal, tû chhoḍî jândân, kache mâhî, bâbal Chûchak
 bâlî !"
- 275 (Said Rânjhâ to Hîr) : " I speak the truth and I tell
 thee truth :
 Take thy brown blanket and the cow-buffaloes that are
 standing (waiting).
 Ye rich can find many servants, and we servants many
 a place.
 The flying swans cannot be stayed, and fly to the
 heavens.
 The betel-fields have many a keeper and flowers many
 a bee.
- 280 Thy brother Paṭhân doth threaten me and it is not well
 that I remain.
 O Hîr, to fall in love with thee is to awaken lions and
 black snakes.
 It is a stake of heads and bodies and thou dost not know
 how to play."
 She tore the hair of her head and her locks nurtured on
 butter (and Hîr said) :
 " Thou wretched neathord, thou wouldst desert the
 daughter of Chûchak at the first reproach !"

- 285 "Kaidû oh dâ âkhân, sachî âkh sunâwân, tainûn âkh sunâî.
Makkon turke hâjî â giâ; â giâ, Rânjhe, tere tâîn.
Tîn din mainûn bhûke nûn ho gae, kite roṭî hath na âî.
Waste Rabb de roṭî mainûn châk de, tûn jive jagân tâîn.
Makkion turke hâjî, Kaidû, â giâ Rânjheûn tâîn."
- 290 "Bich ujâr de langar bhâldâ ? Ithe kin ne deg charhâî?
Atṭhoû pahron mainûn roṭî âwandi, hân Chûchak Mihâr dâ mâhî.
Je tûn bhutṭa bhûkâ, pai jâ Siyâlân dî râhî."
"Adhî nâlon chappâ de de, pinnî nâlon bhorâ.
Awal pun sârî dâ kar de, agle jug dâ dohrâ."
- 295 Jad Rânjhe sawâl Kaidû dâ suniâ, palle Kaidû de chûrî pâl.

- 285 Saith Kaidû,* "I speak truth and speak it to thee.
I am come a pilgrim from Makkâ, O Rânjhâ, to thee.
Three days have I been hungry and had no bread at all.
Give me bread for God's sake, thou servant, and mayest thou live for ever.
I, Kaidû, am come a pilgrim from Makkâ to Rânjhâ."
- 290 "Who can light a hearth in the wilds ? Who can put a cauldron (on the fire) here ?
I am the neatherd of Mihâr Chûchak and get my bread once in the eight watches.
If thou art very hungry take thy way to the Siyâls."
"Give me half of half a piece or a quarter of a piece (of sweetmeat).
Give me first all the bread, that thou mayest win double in the next world."
- 295 When Rânjhâ heard Kaidû's speech, he put some cakes into Kaidû's wallet.

* Hir's uncle.

Leko chûrf Kaidû tur piâ, âke Siyâle vich dinde dhâi :

“ Hîr tâu Rânjhâ main bich bele de dekhâ, jhûf boldâ nâhîn.

Hîr leko Rânjhâ chalâ jâo, lâj Siyâlân nân lân.”

*Eh gall jadoû Siyâle no sun lî, Hîr Kâjî de parhne pâl.

300 “ Eh karam bich Siyâlân de nâhîn ; tû pai jâ mâpiâû de râhîn.

Samajh siyânâ ban jâ, Hîre, pai jâ Kheron de râhîn.

Khero tainûn biyâhko le jâwange, rassî pâwange bâhîn.

Jero Rânjhe dâ mân kârdî hai, oh chûk nahîn kisi tâhîn.”

Phattû Kâjî Hîr nân samjhâtâ : “ Bich tû Bahishton Dozakh nân na jâûn.”

305 “ Sun, we Kâjî pâk namâjî ; tainûn kahinde hân,
‘ Miyân ! Miyân !’

Taking the cakes Kaidû went and cried out amid the
Siyâls

“ I have seen Hîr and Rânjhâ in the forests, and I tell
no lies.

Rânjhâ will take away Hîr, and there will be shame to
the Siyâls.”

When the Siyâls heard this, they sent Hîr to be taught
by the Qâzî.

300 (Said the Qâzî to Hîr) : “ This is not like the Siyâls :
follow thou the way of thy parents.

Be wise, O Hîr, and go the way of the Kherûs.

The Kherûs will take thee away in marriage and will
bind thine arms with a rope.

The Rânjhâ on whom thine heart is set is but a worth-
less neatherd.”

Said Fattû, the Qâzî, to Hîr : “ Go not from Heaven
to Hell.”

305 (Said Hîr) : “ Hear, O holy Qâzî ; men call thee, ‘ Lord,
Lord !’

'Miyân' khalkat Rabb Sachê nûn kahindî, jeyâ rizak
dindâ sab jiyân !

Hîr, main Dhartî; merâ hal Miyân Rânjhâ, nit uth
mârdâ sîmân.

Post hoke, merî haddî rawan giâ, oh de pîte bâj na jîwân.
Khoke Rânjhe te Kheriân nûn dindâ terâ kyûnkar bagdâ
hiân ?

- 310 Je tainûn Kherô bahut piâre, Kâjîâ, dolî bich pâ de apnî
dhiân !"

"Samajh siyânî chhad de takabbar, pakaṛ halomî ban
jâ Kheriôn dî bândî.

Sombî rūpâ nâl lâviñ jarânâ, Kherô chhadî korî chândî.

Sir toñ nangî, pairon so nangî, hâl fakirân de jândî.

Teri tûṭî jûṭî, pâṭî lungî, pairân dî gard sir nûn jândî.

- 315 Unche dhaular Sîde de sunharî chhajjî, utho pawan
hulârî khândî.

And men call the True God 'Lord', that giveth sus-
tenance to all !

I, Hîr, am the Earth, and Miyân Rânjhâ is my plough
that ever plougheth.

Like opium he hath entered my bones, and I cannot live
without drinking (him).

How can thy heart brook that thou take me from
Rânjha and give me to the Kherâs ?

- 310 O Qâzî, if thou so lovest the Kherâs, give them thy own
daughter in marriage !"

"Be wise and give up thy pride, and be humble, and
be the maid of the Kherâs.

Thou dost attach thyself to false silver and leavest the
true silver of the Kherâs.

Thou wilt become us a *fayîr* with bare head and naked
feet.

Thy shoes will be worn out and thy skirt tattered and
the dust of thy feet will fly to thy head.

- 315 In the lattices of the lofty palace of Sîdâ the cool air plays.

Chhaḍko Kherân nûn pallâ Rânjhe dâ pharḍi haîn, Bahish-
toñ Dozakh nûn jâñdî."

"Sun, we Kâjî pâk namâjî, kâgij lîkhdâ bagge :

Ag lag jâe terâ ghar, jal jâe balan kitâbân sabbe !

Put mar jâe, nûh raḍî bah jâe, tere âve jâân de agge !

320 Hakk Rânjhe dâ Kherôn dindâ ; tere bhâ kabârân nûn
lagge !"

"Âkhân sachî, akh sunâwân, main dewân, Kâjî, dohâf.

Hîr mere to parḍi nâhîn, oh mere paḥhândî nâhîn."

Panje Khere kaṭṭho ho gae, takiâ mujlis lî.

Ik kahinde haîn : " Hîr dâ sâkhâ Mulbhî Sunâre nûn de
do ; oh dî daulat kammî nâ kâf."

325 Ik kahinde haîn : " Hîr dâ sâkhâ Adalî Râjâ nûn de do ;
oh dî hai baḍî bâdsbâhî."

To leave the Kherâs and to seize the skirt of Rânjhâ is to
go from Heaven to Hell."

"Hear, O holy Qâzî, that writest on the white papers :

Fire seize thy house and burn all thy books !

May thy son die and his wife be a widow and thy
daughter suffer !

320 Thon givest Rânjhâ's right to the Kherâs · fire burn
thy grave !"

(Said the Qâzî to the Siyâls) : " I tell you truth, and
I, the Qâzî, claim your protection.

Hîr listeneth not to me, nor can be mad : to listen."

The heads of the Kherâs gathered together and held
a meeting.

Said one : " Give Hîr in marriage to Mabbû, the Gold-
smith, that hath no lack of wealth."

325 Said another : " Give Hîr in marriage to Râjâ Adalî,*
that hath a great empire."

Chûchak kahindâ: "Hîr dâ sâkhâ Rânjhe nûn de do,
jerâ ghar sâde dâ mâhî."

Kaidû kahindâ: "Hîr Kherjôn de do; main sachî âkh
sunâî."

Itnî gall majlis bich ho gai, Hîr dî kitî Sîde Khero
nûn karmâhî.

"Charhdîân nadiân paindîân lashkân, meriân ankhiân
Rânjhe diân dukhâiân.

330 Jûn jûn manjhî de magarôn phirdâ, dukhdi dôn sawâiân:
Pardesiân de dukh kaun bande, báz apnî mâiân ?

Nâ main liân rok rupae, na ginko liân chhamâiân.

Siyâlân vichh âke kî dhan katthiân ? Lakh badiân sarâiân !

Tainûn biyâhke le jao Sîdâ, main kyûnkar râlân bhâiân ?

, 335 Kin tere hatth gââ bandhâ ? Kin terî mehndî lî ?

Said Chûchak: "Give Hîr in marriage to Rânjhâ, the
neatherd of my house."

Said Kaidû: "Give Hîr to the Kherâs; it is truth that
I say."

When this had been said at the meeting, Hîr was
betrothed to Sîdâ, the Kherâ.

(Said Rânjhâ): "The strong currents of the rivers have
risen and the eyes of me, Rânjhâ, are troubled.

330 They are greatly troubled, as I wander after the
buffaloes.

Who shall know the trouble of a stranger, but his own
mother ?

Neither did I take any money, nor did I receive any
pay.

Have I gathered any wealth by coming to the Siyâls ?

But I have endured a thousand reproaches !

When Sîdâ takes thee away as a bride, how shall I meet
my brethren ?"

335 (Said Hîr) "Who shall bind on the marriage bracelets ?
Who shall stain thee with henna ?

Kideghar taindâ biyâhan jânâ? Kida banwangâ jamâi?"

"Mohanâ Bâhman mere gââ bândhâ: Phattî Nâin ne mehndî lâl.

Ralke kufân ne butnâ lâit, het Rânjhe de chauki dhâi.

Ghar Chûchak de biyâhan jânâ; main banân Siyâlân dâ jamâi.

- 340 "Barân baras unhân dî manjhî châtân, main ginke nahîn lî chhamâi.

Lagi si kachahri Chûchak Mihar dî, jad mainûn Hir pharâi.

Hun koî Hir khoe lûre, tân bich Dargâh de diên dohâi."

Sâth suhelâtân katthân hoân, janj dekhan Sîde dâ âi.

Tin tin tangalî kanne Sîdâ, sir lungî bali malâhi.

- 345 Ankhoi kânâ, sir te ganjâ, jorî bandî nahîn.

"Main tân mâl Rânjhe dâ, jerâ sâde ghar dâ mâhi."

Into whose house shalt thou marry? Who shall make thee a son-in-law?"

"Mohan, the Brâhman, shall bind on the bracelet; Fattî, the Barber's wife, shall bring the henna.

The maidens shall anoint me with oil and place the (marriage) throne beneath Rânjhâ.

I will marry into the house of Chûchak; I will be the son-in-law of the Siyâls.

- 340 Twelve years have I grazed their buffaloes and have taken no pay.

It was in the assembly of Mihar Chûchak that Hir was given me.

If any one take her away now I will complain to the Court (of God).

Sixty maidens collected to see the marriage procession of Sîdâ.

Sîdâ had three rings in his ears and a large turban like a boatman.

- 345 He was one-eyed and bald-headed and no match for (Hir)."
(Said Hir): "I belong to Rânjhâ, the neatherd of our house!"

- "Sir par tamak paṭār Kheriān rakh lā terī prīt de mātē.
Takht Hazārā bābal dā chhorā, chhodē bīr piārē.
Lālī bhābhī rondī chhadī, jin urde panchhī mātē.
350 Us Lālī nūn parbat rondī, aśī mānas kaun bichārē?
Putr paṭhān de aśī chāk sadāle, chāk honde kaun bighārē?
De jawāb, mūr jā gharōn nūn, jāke rālye bhālchārē."
"Pairān bāj nā sonde ṭhamān, hathān wāj nahīn karīān.
Putrān wāj māwān nahīn sondiān, daulat diān bharīān.
355 Bhāiān bāj bahinān nahīn sondiān, paṇḍ uḍekēn kharīān.
Kanthān bāj nārān nahīn sondiān, bhāwān hondīān hūrān
parīān.
Rānjhe bāj main Hīr nahīn sondi, bhāwān lakh Kheriān
dī faujān charīān.

- (Said Rānjhā): "For thy sake I put the drum and the
goods of the Kherās on my head.
I left Takht Hazārā of my fathers, and my beloved
brethren.
I left my brother's wife Lālī, that kills the flying birds
(with her glances).
350 The (stony) hills would weep for Lālī, and what am I
that am a man?
I, the son of nobles, am called a servant, and who careth
for a servant?
Dismiss me that I may go home and mingle with my
brethren."
(Said Hīr): "Without feet anklets are useless, and brace-
lets without arms.
Mothers are useless without sons, though covered with
wealth.
355 Sisters are useless without brothers, that wait beside
the roads.
Women are useless without husbands, be they spirits or
fairies.
I, Hīr, am useless without Rānjhā, though thousands of
Kherās surround me.

Je mukh mârâ Rânjhe yâr, ton hâliâ Dozakh bich
sarîân.”

“Rerû rukh bich gun nâ koî, phirde bhawar piâse.

- 360 Barân baras tain manjhi charâîn, hun deke dher
dilâse!

*Takht Hazârâ bap dâ chhoîâ, ronde chhaðe mâpe.

Bhâî bîr piâre chhaðe, chhaðe tâi châche.

Rânjhâ, hans Allah dâ, galiân bich ruldâ, Sîdâ kâg nûn
bahâvegi pâse.

Jin hatten ghio khand khilâ, kinne chhâb nahîn deni
bich kâusî ?

- 365 Oh din chote kar, jis din bele bich âwandî si âpe.

Tû charh gai Sîde Kherê di dolî : asî jinâ kede parwâr
se ?”

Hîr âkhdî Rânjhe nûn : “Tûn sâðe sir dâ sâîn.

If Rânjhâ turn away his face I suffer as in the midst of
Hell.”

(Said Rânjhâ) : “There is no good thing in the rerû*
tree, and the bees roam about it thirsty.

- 360 For twelve years thou madest me graze buffaloes and
now thou givest promises !

I left Takht Hazârâ of my fathers and my weeping
parents.

I left my dear brethren and my uncles.

Rânjhâ, the swan of God, is wandering in the lanes,
while Sîdâ, the crow, is called to thy side.

The days were when thou didst feed me with sugar and
ghî and put no curds into my cup ;

- 365 Remember, too, the day when thou didst come of thyself
into the forests.

When thou goest in marriage to Sîdâ, the Kherâ, with
whom shall I dwell in solace ?”

Said Hîr to Rânjhâ : “Thou art the lord of my head.

* The *acacia leucophlœa*.

- Ohî jâke manjhîân châre ; ohî châre gâîn.
 Bârâ mahîne Khere kaṭ lain de, tervî mahîne tere khol âî.
 370 Mainûn kasam Kurân de ; main dharam dolândî nahîn."

Hîr nûn torke Rânjhâ mur piâ, Siyâlân vich murî bajâî.
 Jadon Rânjhe de bajî murî, kaṭhî ho gai kal lukâî.
 "Agge taî bajâî Hîr kamî bhûl gai, hun bhûlnâ kisi ne
 nâîn.
 Khâlî kyûn pûr bajâwandâ, bâlakiâ ? Takht Hazâre nûn
 jâîn !"

- 375 Siyâlân ton tur piâ Rânjhâ, lagâ Takht Hazârâ dî râhîn.
 Lâlî kahindî, "Chalo, suholio, raî dekheñ challye sâḍo
 debar ne bahutti ândî.
 Khûh de utte lîâ utârâ, piṇḍ na barî sarmândî.

Go and graze the same buffaloes ; go and graze the
 same cows.

Let me spend twelve months with the Kherâs and in
 the thirteenth month I will come to thee.

- 370 Let me take an oath on the Qurân : I go not back on
 my word."

Leaving Hîr Rânjhâ returned and played his flute among
 the Siyâls.

When Rânjhâ played his flute all the people collected,
 (And said) : " Before, when thou didst play (on thy flute)
 thou didst deceive the foolish Hîr, now thou dost
 deceive no one.

Why dost play the 'flute, boy ? Better go back to
 Takht Hazârâ !"

- 375 Rânjhâ left the Siyâls and took the road to Takht Hazârâ.
 Said Lâlî : " Come, my maids, let us go together to see
 the bride my brother-in-law hath brought.
 She must have stayed at the well, too shy to enter the
 village :

- Kâñi jaisi patli, nau nau jhhoñi khândi !
 Akkân vichh mewe bhândi, tor tor phale khândi.
 380 Dhi Chûchak di, bahin Pathân di, Jattî kawârî torke
 ândi."

"Hîr khust te kajjî pai gai, Lâlo ; tain kyân bolî lâl ?
 Sine sang lagî phalâdon* hathen âp di lâl.
 Ghhaḍke Hîr nûn murke âiâ tere tain.
 Chelâ ho jawân Gorakh Nâth dâ, Takht Hazâre murke
 âwân nâhîn."

- 385 "Nain nigârâ lâlân bich rang mahil de bharde.
 Hoñ chhâre, dand badânâ, riwâro jabâ de phirde.
 Atiân-jatiân maroñ-wâle main bahle dekh le tharde.
 Je terâ chit kardâ Takht Hazâre, â jâ ; nahîn, moñe
 murde."
 "Pattâ mâr, phakîrî kariye, Allâh de log sadâo.

One-eyed and so slender, that she bends down nine
 times !

- 380 She finds fruit in the *ak*† plant and plucks and eats it.
 The daughter of Chûchak and sister of Pathân, the Jatt
 maiden is brought here."

(Said Rânjhâ): "Lâlo, Hîr hath been torn from me,
 why dost thou tease me ?

Thou dost thrust a spear of steel into my breast.
 Leaving Hîr I am come back to thee.

I will become a follower of Gorakh Nâth and come back
 to 'Takht Hazârâ no more."

- 385 "The glory of thine eyes hath entered the palace.
 Thy lips are dates, and thy teeth pomegranate seeds,
 and thy speech sweetmeats.
 I have seen many proud men like thee brought to ruin..
 If thou dost regard Takht Hazârâ come or go back."
 "We should slay our pride and become saints and be
 called the people of God.

* For *fauld*.

† The *ak* is a poisonous plant, *asclepias gigantea* these two lines are
 ironical.

- 390 Utte dhiraj de âsan karke kis nûn hâl sunâe ?
 Lâlî wandî lâl nahîn bandî, bhâven sattar âb charhâe.
 Lâlân dî lâlî kadhî nahîn jândî, bhâwân sattar bhasham
 ralâe.
 Be-aslân de asal nahîn bande, bhânwen sattar ilam
 parhâe.
 Hansân de bache kâg nahîn bande, bhawân rūri lâ bahâe.
 395 Tâzî dî aswârî karke, terâ taṭṭû dâ kî sarâhî ?
 Bē-kadaron dî yârî kolon je tuṭ jâe, tân lakh pâe.”

Sûbeh sâr phajar dâ velâ Rânjhe Tille dâ râh pachhâiâ.
 Jûn jûn Tillâ neṛe âwandâ dîdâ don sawâiâ !
 Bhenkan sher, chaniû na oh nûn dehdâ ; Rânjhâ boldâ
 nahîn bulâiâ.

- 390 Sitting on the seat of patience we should not complain ?
 Carats* will never be rubies, though washed in 70
 waters :
 The redness of the ruby will never depart, though
 rubbed in 70 ashes.
 The base will never be noble, though thou try 70 plans.
 The cygnet will never be a crow, though it stands
 upon a dunghill.
 395 He that rides an Arab horse, will he admire thy pony ?
 When unrequited love is gone a *lakh* (of rupees) is
 gained.”

It was the hour of early morn when Rânjhâ found the
 road to (Gorakh Nâth's) Tillâ.†
 As he approached the Tillâ its glory increased !
 The lions roared and he could not see the hill, nor
 spake Rânjhâ when called.‡

* The *lâlî* is a small red seed used in weighing precious stones.

† In the Gujrânwâlâ District.

‡ As he was so frightened.

- 400 Aukhi ghâtî, bakrâ paindâ; Rânjhe sambhâlke pair takâiâ.
 Astâ Mastâ Jogî baithe; Rânjhe ne dohân nûn sîs niwâiâ.
 Panj rupae, tîn pânân dâ berâ, pahilî bhaint çarhâiâ.
 "Manjû dâ put, main Matte dâ potâ, jog lain nûn chalke âiâ.
 Kan phârke mundrân pâ deo, mainân çarh jâ rûp sawâiâ."
 405 "Mâpiân jhirkî kî? Tûn rizak bhonâ, Jogîân dî koll lag kharoven?
 Chaubî hazâr sâns hî tainûn hâsil koî nâ hoven.
 Jis banjâre nûn ghâtâ â gîâ, so banjârâ roven.
 Chelâ ban chalân Gorakh Nâth dâ, Chaudhar Takht Hazâre dî khoven."
 Tille utte Gorakh baitâ, Gorakh badâ asâni.*

- 400 The way was difficult and the road was steep and Rânjhâ walked with care.
 Astâ and Mastâ, the Jogîs,† were sitting there, and Rânjhâ bowed his head to them.
 He offered them five rupees and betel leaves‡ (and said):
 "I, the son of Maujû and grandson of Mattâ, am come to take the saintship.
 Bore my ears and put in the rings, that my beauty may increase."
 405 (Said they): "Have thy parents scolded? Is thy living hard, that thou art standing by the Jogîs?
 Of 24,000 (departed) breaths thou canst not recall one.
 If a merchant suffer loss that merchant weeps.
 If thou become a disciple of Gorakh Nâth thou wilt lose the Chiefship of Takht Hazârâ."
 Gorakh sitting at his Tillâ was very gracious.

* For aḥadnî.

† Followers of Gorakh Nâth.

‡ A customary present.

- 410 " Kan phârke mere mundrân pâ de, sâli de mîrgânî.
Nagari sârî chitke le âwân, ghat dewân dhûân te pâñî.
Hor chele sab urle parle, maiû, Rânjhâ, châk madâmî."
" Kanak bharoli, ghio ghar, ghar mânî duniyâ dî bhog.
Dekh bagânûn tarimtû, haḍ bihâ jadân rog.
- 415 Jadân, bâlakî, karegâ phakîrî, ab mukhrâ nâ hog?
Âkh Gorakh dâ mân le, aukhâ kaṭhân hai jog."
" Takht Hazâron maiû chalko â gî, sun le, Gorakh
Sâñ.
Maujû dâ put, maiû Matte dâ potâ, mainûn ruliâ hoîâ
bhale nâñ.
Jog dâ khilat gal more pâ do, sir munko sor banâñ.
- 420 Hatth bañhke kardâ bintî, mainûn charnân apno lâñ."

- 410 (Said Rânjhâ) : " Bore my ears and put in the rings and
give me the deer-skin cloak.
I will beg through the whole city for thee and tend thy
fire and water.
Thy other followers are here and there, I, Rânjhâ, will
ever be thy servant."
(Said Gorakh) : " There is gold and *ghî* in thy house,
and thou dost enjoy at home the pleasures of the
world.
Gazing on strange women thou art bringing misery on
thyself.
- 415 My son, when thou hast become a *faqîr*, thy face will
not be as now.
Hear the words of Gorakh, the saintship is a difficult
thing."
" Hear, my Lord Gorakh, I am come from Takht Hazârî :
I am the son of Maujû and the grandson of Mattâ, think
me no wanderer.
- Put the garment of the saintship round my neck and
shave my head.
- 420 With joined hands I pray and place my head at thy
feet."

“Ajmat* nâon kabhar dâ dhakkâ, aukhî hai ghât phakîrî.

Rorâi tekriân bich bâsâ sâdâ ; sâ te kehe mangdân Gur-pîrî ?

Kan phârke mundrân pâ deân lahû dî bag jâe tatîrî.

*Kâliân keshân bich bhasham ralâ deân, terî ohhadungâ nâ garmîrî.

425 Mânâ ne pakîân, putân no khâdiân ; koi nahî shahr jagîrî.

Bhânû sonâ te dhûnû tapnâ ; nahî koi palang pal-ghanîrî.”

Tille uttou Rânjhâ utarî, Gorakh dâ nâdh churî.

Nawân Nâthân de akkh bachâo, Rânjhâ Nâi Chandal nûn dhî.

Bich bareî de nâdh dabiâ, oh de utte âsan bichhâi.

“The name of greatness bringeth blows, and the saintship is a difficult path.

I live among the stones and potsherds:—is this the Saintship thou dost want from me ?

If I bore thy ears and put in the rings, the drops of blood will fall.

If I rub ashes into thy black locks, I shall destroy the pride.

425 Mothers cook and sons eat, but I have no cities and lands (to give thee).

I sleep on the ground and warm myself at the fire : I have no bed and covering.”

Rânjhâ descended the Tillâ and stole Gorakh Nâth's conch.

Escaping the eyes of the Nine Nâths Rânjhâ went to the Chândal (Chinâb) River.

He buried the conch in the sand and made his seat above it.

- 430 Dharti Mâtâ di sompâ kitti, Khwâjâ Pir dhyâiâ.
 "Eh tâu nâdh tustî kisî nûn denâ nâhî, je koi Jogî
 âiâ."
 Nâdh dubke Rânjhâ murîâ Gorakh di dhûtî nûn âiâ.
 Gorakh âkhdâ : " Bachâ, yârân chorân di mat na jândî,
 bhawân satar hoî siânâ.
 Pakkâ dhâm merâ thandâ ho gîâ, bîte bakhat biâhnâ.
 435 Nausai chappî paî kharke, bhûkân Jogî mar gîâ kamlânâ.
 Ithoî nâdh pharâî, bâlakiâ, je koi tukrâ khânâ."
 "Choriân te badnâmiân dindâ ! Tere akhal thikâne nâî.
 Takht Hazâre dâ Chaudharî, koi mainûn evî kamin
 jâne nâî."
 Kânipâ chelâ âkhdâ : " Sunen, Gorakh Sâî,
 440 Nâdh terâ Rânjhe Jattî ne churâiâ, kinî sadh ne churâiâ
 nâî.
- 430 He gave it into the care of Mother Earth and meditated
 on the Saint Khwâjâ (Khizar and said) :
 " Give not up this conch to any one, if a Jogî come for it."
 Burying the conch Rânjhâ returned to Gorakh's fire.
 Said Gorakh : " My son, the plans of libertines and thieves
 withstand not, however wise they be.
 The cooked food is becoming cold and the time for
 eating is passing away.
- 435 Waiting with 900 bowls the helpless Jogîs will die of
 hunger.
 Bring the conch* here, my son, that they may eat their
 food."
 " Calling me a thief and bad names ! Thou hast lost
 thy senses !
 I am the Head of Takht Hazârâ, think me no low man."
 Said Kânipâ, the follower : † " Hear, my Lord Gorakh,
 440 Rânjhâ, the Jatt, hath stolen thy conch : no one else
 hath stolen it.

* By which to call them.

† But see Vol. II., p. 16 ff.

Nādh tere nūn bareṭī khāndī, bahindī manjhīn gān.
 Dhartī Mātā dī sompā rakhdī, kol Khwājā Pīr kītā ogāhī.
 Hun tēn nādh tainūn kadhī nahīn thiāunā, Jatt ne karaṭī
 dhār bagāī.

Eh Jatt hai barkat-wālīā, inhān nādh tainūn kadhī vī
 denā nāhīn."

445 "Tille utte main Gorakh baithā; Gorakh hān badā
 khidāṛī.

Bārān chhakke de nard pherān, tere Rānjhā bājī jit
 lewān sārī.

Je bal karān satter pīr dā, bhāj jānge ithe, rahnān kisī
 nūn nāhīn.

Mārān pawwā Dhartī nūn, gārat kar deān, Khwājā dā
 sukhā deān pānī.

Bhālī chāhe tānādh pharā; nahīn, kar deān Lankā Wālī.

The sand hath eaten thy conch, and cows and buffaloes
 rest upon it.

He gave it to the care of Mother Earth and made the
 Saint Khwājā (Khizar) witness.

Thou shalt never recover thy conch, for the Jatt hath
 buried it deep.

This Jatt is a wizard and will never give thee thy conch."

445 "I, Gorakh, am sitting on my Tīllā; I, Gorakh, am a
 great magician.

I can throw the twelve and move the men (accordingly)*
 and will win the game from thee, Rānjhā.

If I use my strength against the 70 Saints they will all
 fly hence and none will remain.

I will strike the Earth with my shoe and make her sink,
 and will dry up the waters of Khwājā (Khizar†).

If thou desire thy good, then give up the conch, or I
 will use thee as the Lord of Lankā.‡

* See Vol I., p 244, &c

† As Lord of the Flood

‡ Allusion to the tale in the *Rāmāyana* Rāvana, Lord of Lankā,
 carried off Sītā, wife of Rāma Chandra, and was slain in revenge,

450 Eh gall merī mān le, Rānjhā, tainūn sachī ākh sunāi."
Rānjhā aggiōn ākhdā: "Gorakh, mainūn jhūmān
tohmataū na lāin.

Put main Maujū dā, Matte dā potā, lakkhān pagān dā

Je gīdar-wālī chunggrāhī mārān, tāt mere sab āwange
bhāi :

Ehnān Jogtān ne bhaj jānā, ethe rahnā kisi ne nān !

455 Bhālī chāhe Gorakh āsan chak lo ; nahīn, dholān khāko

Hon bhūn zor sārā lā le, nādh bajāi bin dindā nātū,"

Sajje Rānjhā nādh bajāi, kabhe murī bhāi.

Biche tūriān bhīrkān, kus bājī dā orakh nān.

Sunke bājī Devī Mātā bhajī, karke sherū dī aswārī.

450 Listen to my words, Rānjhā, for I tell thee truth "
Then said Rānjhā: "Gorakh, bring no false charges
against me.

I am the son of Maujū, the grandson of Mattā, and lord
of 100 heads.

If I make a call as a jackal* then all my brethren will
come :

And all thy Jog[■] will fly hence and none remain !

455 If thou seek thy good, Gorakh, go hence, or thou wilt be
thrust away.

Bring the whole force of the world, and yet I will not
give up the conch until I have sounded it."†

On the right Rānjhā sounded the conch, on the left he
played the flute.

There was no end to the music in the conch.

Hearing the music came the Mother Goddess riding on
her lion.‡

* The tribal cry of the Rānjhā Jatts to collect the tribe in time of
danger This custom still exists in the Panjāb

† i.e., made himself as great as Gorakh

‡ i.e., Durgā!

- 460 Paune sai chappe Machhandar Nâth de sabhi charhke âe.
Sunke bâji Adalî Râjâ bhajâ âke, bahindâ Kachahrî lâîn.
Sunke bâji chele Gorakh Nâth de khush hoe, sabhnân
ne bhall manâi.

Sunke bâji Gorakh khush hoîâ, kan phârê dî sarti dhâi.
Bâjje Rânjhe de pakki mundrâ, kabhe kachî pâi.

- 465 "Chhotî nûn kahnâ 'bibi,' bhanân, badî nûn kahnâ 'mâi.'
Nagari sârî chîtke lâîn, mere bhikh nûn lâj na lâîn."
"Rosiân bhajân de kan phârdân, terî akal thikâne
nâhîn.

Kan banânde mundrâ le le, main Jogi banân nâîn.
Jede khâtir main Jogi ban gîâ, oh nûn kyûnkar âkhân
'mâi' ?

- 460 Three quarters of a hundred followers of Machhandar
Nâth* came together.

Hearing the music came Râjâ Adalî† with his Court.

Hearing the music the followers of Gorakh Nâth were
happy and the saints were happy.

Hearing the music Gorakh Nâth was pleased and made
ready to bore (Rânjhâ's) ears.

Into Rânjhâ's right ear he put a *pakka* ring, and into his
left ear a *kachâ* one.‡

- 465 (Said Gorakh Nâth to Rânjhâ): "My Saint, call the
young women 'sister' and the old women 'mother.'
Beg throughout the whole city and bring no shame to
my (profession of) begging."

(Said Rânjhâ): "Hast lost thy senses that thou borest
the ears of runaways and fugitives.

Make whole my ears and take thy rings, I will be no
Jogi.

How shall I call her 'mother,' for whose sake I would
be a Jogi ?

* See Legend of Gopi Chand, *ante, passim*. † See below line 607

‡ *Kachâ* and *pakka* mean respectively unbaked and baked pottery, of
which material the rings were made.

- 470 Jogî banân, mihinân lâj sâqî kul nûn lâl."
 "Sun, Rânjhâ, main tainûn âkhdâ, Gorakh Sâqî :
 Jeriân gallân tusân te bakhshâunâ, eh sâde karam
 phakîrân de nân.
 Jâ, Rânjhâ, tainûn Hîr bakhshî Makke Madîne tân.
 Hîr terî, tûn Hîr dâ, kitte hor pâse jhânko nân."
- 475 Jog Rânjhâ ne le lîâ, Hîr bhûldî us nûn nân.
 "Gurûjî, bhajke kâlâ kâg Hîr dî khabar de mangâin."
 Gorakh kâg nûn âkhdâ, "Tûn Kheriân nûn uḍ jâin.
 Uthe Hîr hai Rânjhe dî, oh dî jâke khabar le âin."
 Tilliôn kâg uḍ gîâ, Khere bardâ jâe.
- 480 Ghar ghar phirdâ bhûldâ, unhoi Hîr thiâwandî nân.
 Ghar Sîde de jâke kâg lendâ Rânjhe dâ nân.
- 470 If I become a Jogî my family will be disgraced."
 "Hear, Rânjhâ, I, the Lord Gorakh, speak to thee :
 The thing thou dost desire cannot be granted by a
faqîr.
 Go, Rânjhâ, Hîr is granted thee from Makkâ and
 Madînâ.*
 Hîr is thine and thou Hîr's, and look thou not on
 another"
- 475 Rânjhâ took on the Saintship, but forgot not Hîr.
 (Said he) : "Sir Gurû (Gorakh Nâth), send thy black
 crow to bring news of Hîr."
 Said Gorakh to his crow : "Fly thou to the Kherûs,
 Where is Rânjhâ's Hîr, and bring news of her."
 The crow flew from the Tillâ and entered Khe.â.
- 480 He looked into every house, but found not Hîr.
 The crow went to the house of Sîdâ, and called out
 Rânjhâ's name, (and said) :

i.e., by Muḥammad, the highest Mussalmân authority.

- "Rānjhe mainūn bhajiā, Hīre, ā giā tere pās,
 Je dharam terā kām hai, tūn tū pio sādē nāl.
 Oh tūn Jogī ho giā, nit lendā hai terā nān."
- 485 "Āvīn, kag rasiliā, āvīn mere pās.
 Sau sau salām tainūn mainū karān, tūn Rānjhe de dās.
 *Chārī kūtān phul khaṇḍ dī, bhattā ghī rālāi,
 Je Rānjhā mainūn mil pawe, tūn oh khāne khāo."
 "Akhañ sachī, ākh sunāwān, mainū jhūth boldā nātū.
 490 Rānjhe mūe nūn tin dīn ho gae, utte Tille de kabar banāi.
 Mainū tūn Rānjhā chele ban ikke Nāth de, donon ban
 gur-bhāi.
 Oh dī tūn aurat lagdī, mori lagdī bhujāi,
 Jad eh gall sunī Hīr no sabar dī mādī dhān : "Ithoñ
 uṛ jā tūn, kāliā kāwān !
 Je Rānjhā mar giā, tūn main kaṭārān khāwān."

- "Rānjhā hath sent me, O Hīr, and I am come to thee.
 If thou art still faithful, then come with me.
 He hath become a Jogī and is ever calling on thy
 name."
- 485 "Come, friendly crow, come to me, (said Hīr) :
 I make thee a hundred salutations, thou servant of
 Rānjhā.
 I will make thee cakes of fine sugar and mix butter
 with thy food.
 If thou bring Rānjhā to me this shall be thy food."
 "I say to thee truth and I tell no lies.
 490 Rānjhā hath been dead there three days and his grave is
 on (Gorakh Nāth's) Tīllā.
 I and Rānjhā were disciples together, the brother-
 followers of one Nāth.
 Thou art his wife and my sister-in-law."
 When Hīr heard these words she could keep no patience
 (and said) : "Fly hence, thou black crow !
 For if Rānjhā be dead, then will I stab myself with a
 dagger."

- 495 "Eh gall hai jhūṭhī, Hīre, main tainū evīn sunāi.
Rānjhā ho grā Jogī, ang babbhūt charṇāḥ.
Gorakh hoīā khush utte Rānjhe, oh ne tūn bakhshāi.
Main udnā ithon; de snehā Rānjhe tānū."
"Uḍīn, kāwān kag rasiliā, ud jā, kālīā kāwān.
- 500 Ik snehā main Tuli amman nūn denā, oh dī main kokh
vichh samāwān.
Dūjā snehā mere Chūchak, bāp nūn kahnā, oh de main
mastak charṇke āwān.
Tijā snehā piṇḍ de panchān nūn kahnā, jinbeṇ ditiān
Rānjhe nāl lāwān.
Chauthā snehā Fattī Nāin nūn kahnā, jis te main sohnā
sis gudhāwān.
Panjwān snehā Fattū Kājī nūn kahnā, jih dī mahjit*
parṇhe jāwān.
- 495 "It was not truth, O Hīr, that I said to thee just
now.
Rānjhā hath become a Jogī and rubbed ashes on his
body.
Gorakh hath been pleased with Rānjhā and given thee
to him.
Let me fly hence with a message for Rānjhā."
"Fly, O friendly crow, fly, O black crow.
- 500 My first message is for my mother Tuli, that bore me
in her womb.
My second message is for my father Chūchak, from
whose head I was born.†
My third message is for the village elders, that gave me
in marriage to Rānjhā.
My fourth message is for Fattī, the Barber's wife, that
used to dress my hair so well.
My fifth message is for Fattū, the Qāzi, that taught me
in the mosque.

* For masjid.

† Natives believe that the seat of procreation is the forehead.

505 Ik snehâ merâ chhatrî tâlî nûn kahâ, jithe tain baithke
lâwân.

Ik snehâ khandî pipal nûn denâ, jit Sâwan dî pigtân
pâwân.

Ik snehâ merâ Ludañ mallâh nûn kahâ, oh dî berî bich
"ohhej bichâwân.

Sârâ snehâ Râñjhe yâr nûn denâ, mainî jis dî Hîr sadâ-
wân."

Kheriân te kûg ur piâ Tillê Gorakh de âiâ.

510 Pâs Râñjhe de bahike, sârâ Hîr dâ hâl sunâiâ.

"Hîr tîn sukh kî kûnâ ho gai, mainî âkheñ vekhke âiâ.

Chhetî, Râñjiâ, jôñ kheriân nûn": kâg ne Râñjhe nûn
âkh sunâiâ.

Tillôn Râñjhâ utariâ, utariâ nâdh bajâe.

Majilôn majilôn â gîâ, bâg Kheriân de lathâ âe.

505 A message from me is for the spreading tree, beneath
which I was married.

A message from me is for the sweet *pîpal* tree, where
I used to swing in the rains.*

A message from me is for Ludañ the boatman, that
spread my bed in his boat.

Give all my message to my lover Râñjhâ, whose Hîr I
call myself."

The crow flew away from Kherâ and came to Gorakh's
Tillâ.

510 It sat down beside Râñjhâ and told him all the story of
Hîr (saying):

"Hîr hath become as a dry reed, I have seen her with
my own eyes.

Go quickly, Râñjhâ, to Kherâ:" said the crow to Râñjhâ.

Râñjhâ came down from the Tillâ sounding his conch.

Stage by stage he came and entered the Kherâ's garden.

* Swinging under *pîpal* tree in the month of Sâwan for luck is a
universal custom in Northern India among the young.

- 515 Subeh sâr fajar dâ belâ, Rânjhâ Kheron ba:riâ bichhâ
nûn jâe.

Ko:tiâ Rânjhe chûrmân, lîâ jholî bich pao :

Jad piñd de yâne katthe ho gae, tân sabhnân nûn bartâiâ.

Rânjhe 'âlakh' jagâ dittâ bûhe Bhûge Jatt Kherõ de jâe :

Rânjhe bichhâ mangdâ dar Bhûge de nâdh bajâiâ.*

- 520 Bachiân yâne ne rasi to:ri lîe, tân gâiân ne ârâ pâiâ.

Phutiân dudh diân kûrlân, sârâ dudh sa:âiâ.

Kherõ kahde : " Eh kî raulâ ho giâ ? Eh sabhrathâ Jogî
kidharon âiâ ?"

Rânjhâ Hîr dî saunrî jâ ba:riâ, bhukke bâj mângon pich-
hoñ tâwandâ.

Agge raugale palang utte Hîr ba:thî, jholî sittke ho giâ
bâwarâ.

- 515 It was early morn when Rânjhâ went to the Kherâs to
beg alms.

Rânjhâ made cakes and put them into his wallet,

And when the village children collected, he distributed
them amongst them.

Rânjhâ called 'âlakh'* before the door of Bhûgâ the
Kherâ Jatt

And sounding his conch he demanded alms of Bhûgâ

- 520 The young calves tore at their ropes and the cows
lowed.†

They upset the milk-pails and spoilt all the milk.

Said the Kherâs : " What is this disturbance ? Whence
bath come this wizard Jogî ?"

Rânjhâ entered the home of Hîr's father-in-law, sorrow-
ing like a hungry falcon.

Hîr was sitting before him on a painted couch, and
throwing down his wallet he became frantic.

* See Vol I, p 32, etc.

† Should be Siyâl: the father-in-law of Hîr.

‡ i. e., on hearing the conch.

- 525 Jad Rânjhe nâdh bajâi Sîtî khair chîne dâ pâiâ.
 "Kidharôn â giâ, Jogî? Taiñ kishâ maker banûiâ?
 Leke bichhâ mur jâ; tûñ kihâ jhagrâ pâiâ?
 Eh ghar hai Sîde Kherê dâ: tûñ ithe kâs nûñ âiû?"
 "Gorakh Tille te Jogî utarâ, Jogî badâ nakinâ!"
- 530 * Âke Kherên 'âlak'h' jagât, milke baiñhâ Sîde dâ basî mân.
 Âte dî bichhâ mainûñ koî nahîñ pâwandî, jo koî pâuñe
 Nâth nûñ chinâ!
 Âte hove sâdh madhû-garî pakâve; terâ bhañh nahîñ
 bhujdâ, Sîtî, chinân."
 "Jamiâ mar jâ, gharîâ bhaj jâ; eh bandâ hai utalî
 Parbatgar* dâ.
 Sâhûkârân de mâl khizâne lut gae; phatñe kânso nûñ
 kâh nûñ chatârdâ?

- 525 When Rânjhâ sounded his conch Sîtî brought him some
 millet as alms (and said) :
 "Whence comest thou, Jogî? and what is thy story?
 Take thy alms and go; why create a disturbance?
 This is Sîdâ's house: why hast thou come?"
 (Said Rânjhâ): "A Jogî comes from Gorakh's Tîllâ,
 and a comely Jogî too!"
- 530 Coming to Kherâ he calls out 'âlak'h' and sits at Sîdâ's
 threshold.
 No (wheaten) flour is given him in alms, but what is
 given to the Nâth is millet!
 Were it (wheaten) flour the saint could cook it: thy
 millet, Sîtî, will not even parch in an oven."
 "What is born will die,† what is made will be broken:
 man is a creature of God.
 Merchants are robbed of their wealth and goods: why
 art thou grieving over a broken bowl?

* For *Parwardigâr*. See ante, p. 407.

† Sîtî says this: something seems to have been omitted before this speech.

- 535 Je taîn kânsâ matfi dâ lenâ, bâhâ milain kief kumbâr dâ.
 Je taîn kânsâ lakfi dâ lenâ, bâhâ milain kief tarkhân dâ.
 Je kânsâ chândi sone dâ lenâ, bâhâ milain bare sâhâkâr dâ.
 Kânsâ nâlon tainûn garwâ le detûn, bharke de detûn, Nâth,
 kanak te jawâr dâ.
 Mâre—mûte dâ eh ghar nahin, eh ghar hai Sîde Sardâr dâ.
 540 Â jõe Sîdâ, tere akal garwâve, phir phirengâ Hîr nûn
 bhâidâ.*

Jadon Rânjhe wal Hîr ne dekhâ, uṭhke bah gal bichârî :
 Jad âshikân nûn mâshûk mil pie, sukhi harî hoî tarkarî.
 Wâste Rânjhe de milan nûn Hîr tân Sîti ne banat banâî.
 Sajje hatth dî ungali baḍḍî, sar sarap dî lâl.

- 535 If thou dost want an earthen bowl, go to some potter's
 house.
 If thou dost want a wooden bowl, go to some carpenter.
 If thou dost want a bowl of silver or gold, go to some
 great merchant.
 I will get thee a bowl made and fill it, Nâth, with
 wheat and millet.
 This house belongs to no low man, but to the Lord
 Sîdâ.
 540 When Sîdâ comes thou wilt be frightened and then where
 shalt thou find Hîr ?"

When Hîr looked towards Rânjhâ she got up and sat
 down, and was restless :
 When lover meets beloved the flesh grows moist and
 (then) dry.*
 Then Hîr and Sîti made a plan for (Hîr's) meeting with
 Rânjhâ.
 (Hîr) cut a finger of her right hand (and said) a snake
 had bitten it.

* i.e., they become restless.

- 545 " Bhābū nī, ik Jogī vekhiā, Jogī anj khiālī.
 Sūkhān banān nūn Jogī hare kardā, pat pat lāwandā dālf.
 Āke Kherēn 'ālakḥ' jagā gā; tain kyūn kaḥiā khālī?
 Akhe tūn Jogī nūn Kherēn basāo; nahīn, main, Sītī,
 chalnevālī."
- , " Kherīo, Hīr nag ne dāngī, dāngī nāg ne yānī.
 550 , Ghaṭak lamman, rang dā sunehri, kar gā mandī bhānī.
 Sajje hath dī chīchī par larīā, bis chaphdī hai zor
 dhagānī.
 Utten dhāb de ik Jogī sunī dā; oh sar sappān dī jānī."
 Sīdā chālke kol Jogī de ā gā, hor Sītī bhī nāl ā.
 Hatth banhke Sīdā kardā arjān: " Sun le, Jogīā Sātī,
 555 Ikki Kherē bich Chaudharī kahāwān; ghar dāulat dī
 kammi nālī.
- 545 (Said Hīr to Sītī): " O sister, I have seen a Jogī, a
 Jogī beyond belief.
 A Jogī that can make green the dried forest and bring
 leaves on every branch.
 He hath come to the Kherā's and called ' ālakḥ' ; why
 dost send him away empty?
 Do thou make the Jogī a dweller in Kherā, or, Sītī,
 I shall run away."
 (Said Sītī): " O Kherās, a snake hath bitton Hīr, a
 young snake hath bitten her.
 550 A finger long it was and of golden hue, and it hath
 put her in sore trouble.
 It hath bitten the little finger of her right hand and
 the poison is strong.
 There is a wise Jogī on the hill that knoweth about
 serpents."
 Sīdā went to the Jogī and Sītī went with him.
 Said Sīdā with joined hands: " Hear, my Lord Jogī,
 555 They call me Chief of the 21 Kherā (clans) and there is
 no lack of wealth in my house.

- Râtîn Hîr nûn sap lar gîâ, bachdî dikhdi nân.
- "Âkhân sachî, âkh sunâwân, merâ jânâ bandâ nân.
- Sânûn âsan chhaḍnâ charaj hai, sâḍî satîâ rahindî nân.
- Je tuhâ nûn dard badherî hai, tân lāo sâḍe pās.
- 560 Je shap dâ mârâ mar jāvo, main âpe pâ dowân sâns."
- Sîtî te Rânjhâ mil gae, ikko kîṭî salâh.
- Sidâ mungdâ baithâ rah gîâ, unhân kus khabar na sâr.
- Dhûn te ~~râk~~ chakke, dindâ Sîtî de hatth pharâî.
- "Unhân dhûnî gûgal dî de doo, râjî kare Khudâo."
- 565 Murke Sidâ â gîâ, â bahindâ Hîr de pās :
- Jo kus Jogî ne dasiâ, oh kîṭî ilâj :
- Hîr aggoṇ vî aukhî ho gaj, bhattî kardî kôk pukâr :
- "Nâ ik gharî nûn mar jâwângî, le chalo Jogî de pās."
- Dolî vichh Hîr pâ lîe, leke ture kahâr.

In the night a snake bit (my wife) Hîr and she will not
be saved."

"I tell thee truth I cannot go there.

I cannot leave my seat without losing my virtue.

If thou art in great trouble bring her to me.

- 560 Even if she be dead of the snake-bite I myself will
give her breath."

Sîtî and Rânjhâ together made a plan.

Sidâ sitting beside them had no knowledge of it.

(Rânjhâ) took some ashes from his fire and gave them
into Sîtî's hand (and said) :

"Give her incense of my smoke and God will make her
well."

- 565 Sidâ went back and sat beside Hîr,

And did all that the Jogî had said.

Hîr then became in great trouble and cried out with a
loud voice :

"If thou wouldst not that I die in an hour take me
to the Jogî."

They put her into a litter and bearers carried her.

- 570 Nâl chimti de Jogî jhârdâ, ditti bis utâr.
 Mele bichhriû de ho gae, yârû nûn mildî yâr.
 Yârû chorân âshikân dî pat rakhe Kartâr !
 Dhâb uttoû Jogî tur piâ, turîâ Side de nâl.
 Ghar Side dâ âko âsan dittâ, chaubâre bich lâe.
- * 575 Dindâ khalkat nûn bûtiân te golîân, kardâ jinn bhû de
 ilâj.

Jad bahle din rahinde nûn ho gae, tad Hir de kâdhan
 dî kiti salâh.

Aggion Sîti boldi : "Tainûn sachîân deân sunâe :
 Jaisi hai tuhâdî dohân dî dostî, aisi hai merî Murâd de
 nâl.

- Je tûn kall Hir nûn lo giû, main dewân dohâi pâe.
- 580 Dohâi tainûn Gorakh Nâth dî merâ yâr milâo."
 Rânjhâ nâdh bajâiâ, Gorakh nûn lendâ dhyâo.

- 570 The Jogî charmed her with his (fire) tongs and took out
 the poison.

The separated met and the lover met his lass.
 (For) God preserves the honour of lovers and thieves !
 The Jogî came down from the hill and went with Sîdâ.
 And going to Sîdâ's house took up his abode in the
 upper story.

- 575 Giving the people herbs and medicines he cured (those
 possessed of) goblins and sprites.

When many days had passed (Rânjhâ) made a plan to
 carry off Hir.

Then said Sîti : "I tell thee truth :
 As ye two love, so do I love Murâd.
 If thou take off Hir alone, I will demand redress.

- 580 I adjuro thee by Gorakh Nâth to bring me to my
 love."

Rânjhâ sounded his conch and meditated on Gorakh.

Nâdh bich Makke de sun piâ, Murâd Baloch nûn âiâ khwâb.

“Tere âshik yâd kardi chhetî mile Sîtî nûn jâe.”

Jaisâ Sassî nûn Punnûn mil piâ, aisâ Sîtî nûn mile Murâd.

585 Jethî râd Itwâr dî, Rânjhê lîe Hîr nûn churâe.

Lêke Hîr nûn jhal vichh bar gâ, Kheriân nûn khabar na sâr.

Sîtî ajân bhî, nahîn pîchhâ chhadî, bâtî ghar dî jâe.

“Tainûn kasam hai Gorakh Nâth de, mainûn chhad jâ Murâd de pâs.”

Rânjhâ Murâd sadiâ, ohhin mâtâr bich gâ âe.

590 Sîtî utte dâchî de châr lîe, hoîâ Chinân pâr.

The sound of the conch reached to Makkâ* and Murâd, the Baloch, had a dream :

(That) his love remembered him and that he should go quickly to Sîtî.

As Punnûn went to Sassî,† so Murâd went to Sîtî.

585 It was on a Sunday night in June that Rânjhâ carried off Hîr.

He took Hîr off into the wilds and the Khorâs knew nothing of it.

Nor Sîtî knew, but she followed them and caught them up on the road home (and said) :

“I adjure you by Gorakh Nâth leave me with Murâd.”

Rânjhâ called Murâd, who came in the twinkling of an eye.

590 He mounted Sîtî on a camel and was across the Chinâb.

* i.e., a very long way.

† The hero and heroine of a very old and famous Baloch love tale, found all over the Panjâb in many a form.

Magar khabar Kherân nûn ho gai, ditti das Chhatti ne pao.

"Tuhâdi Hir nûn Rânjhâ le gîâ, Sitti nûn le gîâ Murâd."
Jadoñ mahilen warke Hir nûn na dokhdo, ghorî lende phakarân pao.

595 "Chalo Jogi nûn chalke mariye, dâg gîâ kul nûn lâo"—
"Sun, be chakâ, chhâ piakâ, tainûn mat na kâl.

Tukre khândâ beh subeh, phirdân jâ phirâtû.

Katti bachî chârânwâlîâ, pâ lîâ tain Kheriân dî Hir churâo.
Jinhân Siyâlân dîân majjî chârân, magare dhâr Siyâlân dî âi.

Panj sai ghorî Sîde dî gararî chambî ghatte urdî Kheriân dî râhtû!"

600 "Nâ main chaph gai kâlî parbat, nâ Chândan Nahâ tapâi:

Afterwards Chhatti* gave news to the Kherâs, (saying):
"Rânjhâ hath carried off thy Hir and Murâd hath taken Sitti."

When they entered the palace and found not Hir, they saddled their mares,

(And said): "Come, let us slay the Jogi that hath disgraced the family."

595 (Said they): "Hear, O servant, drinker of skimmed milk, thou hast no sense.

Thou dost wander about eating stale bread, wandering in the wilds.

Thou herdsman of young buffaloes, thou hast stolen Hir of the Kherâs.

The Siyâls whose buffaloes thou dost graze are after thee."

"The five hundred bay and grey mares of Sîdâ raise the dust along the path of the Kherâs!"

600 (Said Hir to Rânjhâ): "I have not ascended the dark mountain, nor crossed the Chândan (Chinâb) Rivor:

* One of Hir's maids

Nâ dekhiâ Tillâ Gorakh Nâth dâ, nâ Takht Hazârâ âi.
 Nâ dekhiâ Adalî Shahr suhânâ, jithe bahindâ Kachahrî
 nâl lâl.
 Deke badî Adalî Râje nûn mil pawo, apnî dohân dî jûn
 bachâîn.
 Tainûn mârânge, mainûn bañhke le jânge : sâdî-maut
 ikatthân dî âi."

- 605 Chahke Kheriân-ne Rânjhâ phar lîâ ; kalle dî bâh na
 chaldî kâî.
 Ik kahinde : " Hîr to Rânjhe nûn chhad deo ; Hîr sâde
 kamm dî nâîn."
 Ik kahinde : " Adalî Râje kol chalo ; inhân use chhad
 nâîn."
 Bañhke Rânjhe nûn Râje Adalî de le gae ; unheñ surat
 Gorakh wal takâî.

Nor have I seen Gorakh Nâth's Tillâ, nor reached
 Takht Hazârâ :
 Nor have I seen the beautiful City of Râjâ Adalî, where
 he sitteth in his Court.
 Let us give Râjâ Adalî a bribe and save both our lives.
 They will slay me and take me away bound, and we
 shall both die together."

- 605 The Kherîs came up and caught Rânjhâ, for one man's
 power availeth naught.
 Said one : " Let Hîr and Rânjhâ go ; Hîr is of no use
 to us."
 Said another : " Let us go to Râjâ Adalî* : release them
 not here."
 They bound Rânjhâ and took him to Râjâ Adalî, while
 he meditated on Gorakh (Nâth).

* This worthy seems to have been ruling at the time in the neighbour-
 hood of the Kherîs' holdings, (?) at Kot Addû in the Muzaffar-
 garh District

- Adali Râjâ Kheriân nûn âkhdâ : “ Eh kaisâ jhagrâ pâiâ ?
 610 Kî tuhâdîân ghorîân kadhiân ? Kî khizânâ churâiâ ?”
 “ Âkhân sachîân, âkh sunâwân, Adali nûn sachî âkh
 sunâi :
 Kalûâ te Tulsîâ Chhiyâlân* te tur pie, kar gae Rangpûr
 • Kheriân nûn dhâi.
 , Bhari kachahrî vichh Sîdâ Kherâ bahe gîâ : oh de muñh
 nûn gur dî reorî lîi.
 Bâihke jan† Sîdâ Siyâlân vichh dhanh piâ ; agge ghar
 hai Rânjhâ Chûchak de mâhi.
 615 Fattâ Kâjî kahine parh lie, Hîr sharâh de nâl biyâhîn.
 Lakh rupae vichh Siyâlân de bandîâ, daulat banâh de
 vichh khadâi.
 Sir Rânjhe de tamak de lîâ, âwandâ pinde pinde bajîân.

- Said Râjâ Adali to the Kherâs : “ What is this quarrel ?
 610 Hath he stolen your mares, or money ?”
 “ We say to thee truth, O Adali :
 Kalûâ and Tulsîâ† set out from the Siyâls and came to
 Rangpûr of the Kherâs.
 Before the whole assembly they sat Sîdâ the Kherâ and
 put the sweets into his mouth.‡
 Making a marriage procession Sîdâ went to the Siyâls
 and there found that Rânjhâ was Chûchak's neat-
 herd.
 615 Fattâ, the Qâzî, performed the ceremony and Hîr was
 married according to the law.
 A lakk of rupees was given to the Siyâls and money
 was scattered in the forests.
 The drum was placed on Rânjhâ's head and he played
 it in every village.

* For *Siyâlân*† For *janj*‡ The Brâhman messengers to arrange a marriage. This settles the position of the Kherâs at Rangpûr in the Muzaffargarh District
 § i e, betrothed him to Hîr.

- Jadoñ Rānjhā Rangpūr Kheriān vichh ā gīā, sohanī
mohanī banjali bajāi.
Sunke banjālī shahr ikatthā ho gīā, inhān parjā vekhen
āe.
- 620 Biyahīān kurīān murke sohre nahīn jāndīān, kawārī koī
biyāh karwā deñ nahīn.
Mārke dhakke Rānjho nūn bāhar kaddhiā, kar gīā
Gorakh dē Tille nūn dhāi.
Jāke sidhān dā nādh choriā, inhān kan vichh mundarān
pāi.
Dhāke Bangālē Jogī parhke ā gīā, sikhiā dī lai bāl
gudāi.
Uthon turke Rangpūr Kheriān ā gīā, āke bāg vichh dhūnī
lāi.
- 625 Sākhā bāg hariā kītā, pat pat dālī nūn lāi.

- When Rānjhā reached Rangpūr of the Kheriās beauti-
fully and ravishingly he played the flute.
Hearing the flute the city collected and all the people
came to see.
- 620 The married girls would go not to their husbands and
maidens would not wed.
So we thrust Rānjhā away and he went to Gorakh
(Nāth's) Tilla.
There he stole the saint's conch and (obliged him to)
put the ring in his ears.*
The (new) Jogī went to Dhākā and Bangāl† and studied
and learnt the ways of holiness.
Returning thence he came to Rangpūr Kheriā and made
his (Jogī's) fire in the garden.
- 625 He made the dried up garden green and brought leaves
on every branch.

* i.e., to make him a follower.

† Vague terms, meaning a long way off

Âthon vele Jatt gaje nûn chapdâ, jâke Kheriân vichh
'âlakh' jagâi.

Dah ghar chorhdâ, do ghar mangdâ, phirdâ chorân mang
takâi.

Luhâ mârâ Sîtî kamli ne Rânjhe nûn khair chine dâ lât.
Hitoñ chhadke kânsâ bhaniâ, bah giâ berê bich bheûnâ
pâi :

- 630 Nâl nihân de chine nûn chugdâ, maidâ sabar dî dohâin :
'Dâlâ ann meñ chhadke na jânâ ; eh sikkhâ mainûn
Gorakh ne samjhâi.'

Sappân tholân dî phendi bandhdâ, Hir Sîtî kolon bâg
vich mangâi.

Lêke Hir nûn râwal Jogî uth giâ, Sîtî khabar nahin korê
khâte pâe.

Bhale châhunâ, Adalâ, inhân phâi châk lo, eh lâik
chhadan de nân."

During the 8 watches the Jatt went a-begging and
called out '*âlakh*' at the Kheri's houses.

Passing over ten houses he begged at two, wandering
and begging like a thief.

The simple Sîtî did wrong in giving millet as alms to
Rânjhâ.

So that he let drop his begging bowl and took a firm
seat in the courtyard :

- 630 And picked up the millet with his nails, praising (the
virtues of) patience, (saying) :

'Never leave the scattered corn ; thus did Gorakh teach
me.'

He could take the stings from snakes and scorpions, and
called Hir to Sîtî in the garden.

The wily Jogî carried off Hir and none knoweth what
hath happened to Sîtî.

If thou dost desire thy good, O Adalâ, thou shouldst
hang him up, as he ought not to live."

- 635 Bich Kachahri de Adali ákhá Ránjhe nún, ákhke sunáí :
 "Naukarí lení, roz dá rupae le le ; orak nún do likháí.
 Dola lená, tán golf bándí dá le le ; tainún Hír thiáwandi
 náhín.
 Mahíán lenán, tán achí band le ; tainún sárián thiá-
 wandíán náhín.
 Naukar lená, ~~tán~~ merá tahilwá le já ; jáke apní ghar
 díán mahís charáí.
 640 Bhali cháhe, tán Kachahrián nikal já ; nahín dhaulán
 kháke jáí." ~~Itne~~
 Itne chir nún Ránjhá bolíá, bolíá Adali de táí :
 "Maujú dá put, main Matte dá potá, lakkhán pagán dá
 Tere nálon mēre kol ráj badherí ; mainún ruliá bhále
 náhín.
 Naukarí dení, sattan bádsháhíán dá lál de de ; itne kám
 rupae de náhín.

- 635 In the midst of the Court said Adali to Ránjhá :
 "If thou wouldst have service take a rupee a day ;
 take as far as two (rupees).
 If thou wouldst marry take slaves and maids ; thou
 canst not keep Hír.
 If thou wouldst buffaloes, take half (nine) ; thou canst
 not take all
 If thou wouldst servants, take mine to tend the buffaloes
 of thy house.
 640 If thou wouldst thy good, leave the Court, lest thou be
 thrust out."
 Then spake Ránjhá and said to Adali :
 "I am son of Maujú and grandson of Mattá and Lord
 of a *lakh* of heads.
 I have a greater empire than thou ; think me no (mere)
 wanderer
 If thou wouldst give me service pay me with the ruby of
 seven kings ; I have no need for rupees.

- 645 Mahlān denē, sārē de de; kujh chhaḍke jāndā nahīn.
 Golī bāndī kis garīb nūn de de; sādē kām piṇḍāwālān
 de nahīn.
 Je sāk Kheriān dā le denā, tūn Chhattī Sītī dā sāk diwān.
 Abbal tūn apnī dhī Niwāzān de de, merī chāk dī jholī
 bich pān.
 Wāste Allāh de, wāste Nabīb de, Hīr de de mainūn
 bhagī-wāle nūn; merī joṛī vichh bhang na pān.
 650 Je Hīr tūn mere se khoī lorīn, tainūn, Dargah milāngī
 sazān."
 Vichh kachahri de Kaidū kūkdā: "Sachī ākh sunāī.
 Bāp de ghar aī tin beṭe, tinnī sage bhāī.
 Chūchak de lekḥ Chaudhar likhī: Mihrd dī Padchhāhī.*
 Merī Kaidū dī lekḥ likhī Fakīr: Dāde ne kalam bagāī.

- 645 If thou wouldst give buffaloes give all and leave none.
 Give slave-girls and maids to some poor man; slave-
 girls are of no use to me.
 If thou wouldst wed me amongst the Kherās, give me
 Sītī and Chhattī.
 First of all give me thy own daughter Niwāzān, to put
 into my wallet.†
 For the sake of God and (Muḥammad) the Prophet
 give Hīr to me, the wearer of the blanket;‡ spoil
 not the match between us.
 650 If thou wilt take Hīr from me, thou shalt be ruined and
 disgraced."
 Kaidū§ called out in the Court: "I say truth.
 We were three brothers in our father's house: three
 own brothers.
 Chiefship was written in Chūchak's fate, and Lordship
 in Mihrd's:
 In my, Kaidū's, fate was written Saintship: it was the
 writing of God.

* For *bādhākhāī*
 † i.e., a *faṭr*

† i.e., as charity.
 § Hīr's uncle.

655 Jis dīn dā chāk Chhiyālān vichh barā, tīn saī kufī biyāhwan
ditti nān.

Bhālī chāhunā, inhān phāe de de; lāik ohhādan de nāhīn."

Adālī Rājā Chūchak nūn ākhā: "Tūn sachī sach sunān.

Jeh nūn Hīr ditti hai, oh nūn das de; evīn jhūth na
lān."

Vichh Kachak de Chūchak ākhā: "Main jhūth boldā
nān.

660 Sattar Khān, bahattar umre, Hīr main Rānjhe de hatth
pharāī.

Bārān barsān Rānjhe merīān manjhi chārīān, maithe
kaufī nahīn lī chhamāī.

Bhāichāre ne dhakkā kitā, Hīr chakke Kheriān doli bich
pāī.

Ehdhon jhūth hai, tūn Hīr nūn pūchh le: terī vichh
Kachakri de Hīr āī.

Ehdhon gallon jo jhūth nikale, tūn bich Dargeh main
bharān sazāī."

655 Since this servant (Rānjhā) came to the Siyāls 360
maidens have refused to marry.

If thou wouldst thy good, (O Adālī,) hang him; he is
not fit to live."

Said Rājā Adālī to Chūchak, "Tell me the truth.

Show me to whom thou hast given Hīr: tell me no lie
in this."

In the Court said Chūchak: "I tell no lies.

660 Before 70 Khāns* and 72 nobles I gave Hīr to Rānjhā.
Rānjhā grazed my buffaloes for 12 years and took no
pay at all from me.

My brethren thrust him away, and seizing Hīr married
her to the Kherās.

If there be a lie in this ask Hīr: she is in thy Court.

If there be a lie in this may I be punished in the Court
(of God)."

* Chiefs of the Siyāls.

- 665 Ūbi tanī Hīr pair piāde chalke Kachahrī vichh āi.
 “Bikhat painde rājā rānīān ; main bhī bikhat pai te āi.
 Pahilān bikhat piā Rām Chand nūn, oh dī Sītā dah-sir
 ne churāi.
 Phir bikhat utte dah-sir nūn pai giā, us de some dī
 Lankā lutāi.
 Phir bikhat piā utte Mansūr de, jeh de khātir Dāde ne
 sālī gadāi.
- 670 Phir bikhat piā Samāsmarez nūn, jo pūthī khāl le āi.
 Hun bikhat mainūn Hīr nūn pai giā, Adaliā, bich
 Kachahrī de main āi.
 Leke baḍī gall Kheriān kardā ; merā dūr-andeshān dā
 kallā māhī !

- 665 Without a veil and on foot came Hīr into the Court.
 (Said she): “Kings and queens have suffered ill : I too
 am fallen into trouble.
 First trouble fell upon Rām Chandar, whose Sītā the
 ten-headed (Rāvana) stole.
 Then the ten-headed came to trouble, whose golden
 Lankā was stolen.*
 Afterwards trouble fell upon Mansūr, for whom God
 allowed gallows to be erected.
- 670 And then trouble fell upon Shams Tabrez, whose skin
 was flayed.†
 Now hath trouble come upon Hīr, O Adali, that she
 should come into thy Court.
 Taking bribes thou dost side with the Kherās, and my
 uncared-for weathervane is all alone !

* See above *passim*.

† Shekh Hussain Hallāj Baizī, more commonly and wrongly called Mansūr Hallāj, or shortly Mansūr, and Maulānā Shamsu'ddīn Muhammad Tabrezī, better known as Shams Tabrez, are two of the great martyrs of the Sūfī sect of the Muhammadans. Mansūr was put to death at Baghdad by Al-Muqtādir B'illah, the 18th Abbāsīd Khalīfah of Baghdad, about 919-922 A.D. Shams Tabrez was murdered at Qunā (Iconium) in 1274 A.D.—the flaying alive is a legend—by an opposition party of Sūfīs, headed by 'Alāu'ddīn Mahmūd, nephew of his own celebrated pupil Maulānā Jalālu'ddīn Rūmī, better known as the Maulavi Rūmī, founder of the Sūfī *darveshes* of Qunā. See ante, p. 404.

Daulat leke Side nûn mudh bahâwanâ; kaudî jorke
khisâne vichh pât!

Urdâ ohhâpâ mainûn Sidâ lag gîâ, korî kâghaz nûn lagî
siâhî.

- 675 Rânjhâ merâ phul gulâbî; mainî hân us de jal dî murgâbî.
Gîlân kharbûn maite urdâ na jândâ; mainûn lâj ish'k ne
lâî!

Jaisî terî ghazâlî Niwâzân, Adaliâ, aisî mainî Chûchak
Mihar dî jât.

Hakk hân main Rânjhe dâ, oh nûn de de : merî jorî bich
bhang na pât.

Itnî gall jad Adalî ne sunî, Hîr sadke pâs bithâî.

- 680 Jad munh Hîr dâ Adalî ne dekhiâ, tân sudh budh rah
na kâî.

Hîr mahilên apnî chaphâ lîe, bahîr Kheriân de utthâe.

Rânjhe nûn kahindâ Adalî : "Tûn bhî jhâtân hai; pahilân
kîtî thî Hîr dî merî kurmâî!"

For wealth thou dost side with Sidâ, to collect pence
to put into thy treasury!

Sidâ clings to me like a stray thorn, like ink to clean
paper.

- 675 Rânjhâ is a rose-tower to me : I am to him as a water-
fowl on the water.

My wings are wet and I cannot fly : I am not ashamed
of my love!

As Niwâzân is a daughter to thee, O Adalî, so am I
daughter of Mihar Chûchak.

I am Rânjhâ's by right, gave me to him, and spoil not
the match."

When Adalî heard these words he called Hîr and sat
her beside him.

- 680 When Adalî saw Hîr's face he lost his wits and wisdom.
He sent Hîr to his own palace and put away the Kherîs.
Said Adalî to Rânjhâ : "Thou too art a liar : Hîr was
first of all betrothed to me!"

Dhakkâ kitâ Adalî Râje, Hîr dâ palang chaubâre bich
dhâiâ.

Jad hoîâ sânj da belâ Adalî palang Hîr de nûn âiâ.

685 "Adalî Râjîâ, tain adal nâ kamâiâ, dâmai de munhtâje !

Kalar terî khandî lag jâ, Adaliâ, bhâ lage darwâje.

Mar jâin, Adaliâ, tainûn roin ranîân, 'tere Kâjî parhen
janâje.

Shahr tere it it ho jâ, utte lohe dî phiran sohâgi.

Pakke hand pânî de bhar le, kâm âwange tuhâde.

690 Gorakh muniân mainûn tâhiân jânî, bachan birthe nahî
jânî sâde."

Âthon bakhat dhadholiâ, Adalî kol Hîr de âiâ.

Adalî Râjâ adal nâ kitâ : pair Hîr de palang utte pâiâ.

Jadoñ Adalî pair dhariâ, Hîr ne Rabb dhyâiâ.

Âtish agg Adalî dî deh nûn lagî, utte pânî chhirkâiâ.

Râjâ Adalî committed sin and had Hîr's bed placed on
the upper-story.

When it was evening, Adalî came to Hîr's bed.

685 (Said she) : " O Râjâ Adalî, thou didst not justice, and
turned astray thy face for money !

May rot destroy thy walls, O Adalî, and fire thy gates.

Mayest thou die, O Adalî, and thy queens bewail thee,
and the Qâzî perform thy funeral service.

May thy City become a heap of bricks and may iron
harrows be dragged over it.

Better fill thy brick reservoirs, for they will be of service
to thee.

690 Know me for a (true) disciple of Gorakh, when my words
fail not."

It was the hour of dusk when Adalî came to Hîr.

Râjâ Adalî did not justice and put his foot on Hîr's
bed.

When Adalî lifted his foot Hîr thought on God.

Fire seized Adalî's body and he threw water over it.

- 695 Ghorā tatti mardān jāndā ; parton Hīr Rānjhe ne lāiā !
Jad Hīr ne bintī kittī, Gorakh ne pherā pāiā.

Dagā kamāiā Adalī Rāje, khoke Hīr chaubāre chāṛhī.
Mārke dhakkā Rānjhe nū kaddhiā Kachahrī ; rondā
jāndā albelā māhī.

Jāke bāg de richh dhūni lā lie, sohanī mohani banjalī
bajāl.

- 700 Bajātān banjālān bich Makke de suniān, sattarān pīrān
di porī chāṛhke āl.

Bajātān banjālān bich suniān Multān de, Panjān Pīrān ne
azmat lāi.

Bajātān banjālān suniān Devī Mātā ne, shorān par
chāṛhke Rānjhe kol āl.

Bajātān banjālān suniān Sarwar Jodhe, utte Kakki de
pākhar pāe.

- 695 Horses and ponies began to die ; Hīr and Rānjhā per-
formed this miracle !

When Hīr besought him, Gorakh came (to help).

Rājā Adalī committed sin and seizing Hīr took her into
the upper chamber.

He thrust Rānjhā from the Court : the beautiful neat-
herd went away weeping.

He lighted a (sacred) fire in the garden and played on
his beautiful and ravishing flute.

- 700 The sound of the flute reached to Makka and a company
of 70 saints came up.

The sound of the flute reached to Multān and the Five
Saints came in majesty.

The sound of the flute brought the Mother, the Goddess
(Durgā), on her lion to Rānjhā.*

At the sound of the flute came (Sakhi) Sarwar the
Warrior, caracoling on (his mare) Kakki.†

* See *ibid.*, p. 373.

† See Vol. I., p. 96.

Bajātān banjaltān suntān Hanumān ne, senā-wālī phauj
charhāi.

- 705 Bāgūn Adalī de pat sūt le, senā ne koī būṭā chhadā nātū.
Sabbī sulīā kaṭṭhe ho gae, puchhde Rānjhe tānū :
“Sach kah, bālīā, tainūn bhīr kāk dī pai gal ? Sanūn
sachī ākh sunātū.”

Boliā Rānjhā : “Tuhāde hondiān Hīr kho līe Adalī ne,
chākke chaubāre charhāi.”

Phap muāte āg de shahr Adalī nūn āg lāl.

- 710 Jaldā baldā Adalī haudān vīchh dīgīā, jāndā logān
kolon pānī chhīrkāe.
Jūn jūn aggon utte pānī paidā, agg bhaṛkdi dūn sawāl !

Kahe Wazīr Rāje Adalī nūn : “Eh Rānjhe neū dhār
bagāin.

At the sound of the flute came Hanumān,* the leader,
with his army.

- 705 The army cut down the garden of Adalī and left not a
tree remaining.

All the saints collected asked of Rānjhā :

“Say truly, thou youth, what evil hath befallen thee ?
Tell us the truth.”

Said Rānjhā : “Before you all Adalī hath seized Hīr
and taken her to the upper-chamber.”

They took burning logs and set fire to Adalī's city.

- 710 Burning went Adalī into the reservoirs and water was
thrown over the people.

And when the water reached the fire it blazed forth
twofold !

Said his Minister to Rājā Adalī : “Rānjhā hath used his
power.

* The monkey God, Hanumān, was one of Rāma Chandra's chief
Generals and is constantly called in to help in legends.

Je tain bachnâ, Hir nûn chhad de laṛ Rânjho de lâtî."

Bh gall sunt Adalî ne Hir muḍh mangâî.

- 715 Jun jûn Hir muḍh Adalî de âwandî, Maule no ṭhandâ
âp bartâe.

Bhaje chobdar bhâlan Rânjhâ; kitte thiâwandâ nâhî.

Bhâldîân bhâldîân nûn bâg vichh thiâ gîâ, baithâ sohanîân
dhânîân.

"Chalo, Nâthjî, tainûn Adalî yâd kardâ, kol baithî Sai
Siyâlân di jâî."

Rânjhâ âkhâ: "Bhân marâwandâ tuhâdâ Adalî Râjâ!
Main kî jandâ Siyâlân di jâî?"

- 720 "Oh nahîn âwandâ, badîkhwariâ Adalî, tûn âp jâke
lâtî."

Nangî pairîn Adalî â gîâ, â gîâ Rânjho de tain.

"Jaisî, Rânjhâ, eḍî karûmât tere vichh, tain mainûn
zâhirî karûmât dikhâin."

If thou wouldst be saved give up Hir to the youth
Rânjhâ."

When he heard this Adalî called Hir to him.

- 715 When Hir approached Adalî God himself cooled him.

Messengers ran to search out Rânjhâ, but nowhere could
they find him.

Searching they found him in the garden beside a beautiful
fire.

(Said they): "Come, Sir Nâth, Adalî calls thee and by
him sitteth the daughter of the Siyâls."

Said Rânjhâ: "A curse upon your Raja Adalî! What
know I of the daughter of the Siyâls?"

- 720 (Said the messenger): "He cometh not, O bribe-taking
Adalî, thou shouldst go to him."

On his bare feet went Adalî to Rânjhâ, (and said):

"O Rânjhâ, thou hast shown me the miraculous power
that is in thee.

Jaist eḍī kārāmāt tere vichh, kyūn chhaḍī Takht Hazāre
dī badchhāhī?*

- Jaist eḍī kārāmāt tere vichh, kyūn Gorakhwālīdhūnī tapāī?
725 Jaist eḍī kārāmāt tere vichh, kyūn lagā Chūchak dā māhī?
Hir dā tere nāl nikāh paṛhāvīn”! Eh gall Adalī ne ākh
sunāī :

“Je tere man bharam hai, Rānjhā, tūn Hir main ne
banāī hai dharam dī jāī.”

Jadoṅ Adalī eh gall ākhe Rānjhe nūn, Rānjhe ne kari
Kachahri nūn dhāī.

“Jug jug jīvīn, Adalī Rājā, tain meri adālat hakk
pahunchāī!”

- 730 Jadoṅ Rānjhā nādh bajāīā Indar ne barkhā pāī;
Shahr Adalī dā sukh bas giā kul lukāī.
Rānjhe dā Hir dā melā ho giā; pharīān Rabb rajhāīn.
Adalī Rājē ne adal kamāīā, dammān de munhāje.

With such miraculous power in thee, why gavest thou
up the rule of Takht Hazārā?

With such miraculous power in thee, why didst tend the
fire of Gorakh?

- 725 With such miraculous power in thee, why wast thou
Chūchak's neatherd?

I will marry thee to Hir!” Then thus spake Adalī:

“If thou doubt this in thy mind, O Rānjhā, I make Hir
my daughter by the law.”

When Adalī spake thus to Rānjhā, Rānjhā went to the
Court, (and said):

“Live for ever, O Rājā Adalī, thou hast preserved my
honour and my rights!”

- 730 When Rānjhā sounded his conch, Indra caused rain;
And all the people in Adalī's city lived in happiness.
Rānjhā and Hir came together, for God favoured them.
Rājā Adalī did justice and turned away his face from
bribes.

"Kandhe tere channan lage, mushk lage darwâje!"

735 Adalî Râje Adâlat kitî: Hîr de biyâh dî kitî tayyârî.

Shahr sârâ katthâ ho gîâ, râlat katthî kar lî sârî.

"Rânjhe nûn Hîr main dene lagân: eh potri lagdî mahârî!"

Dekho, je koi ~~Hîr~~ nûn mandâ bole, nagarî garak jâe sârî!"

Agge Hîr dîte Chûchak ne Rânjhe nûn; hun asal Adalî ne biyâhî.

740 Leke Hîr nûn tur piâ Rânjhe, leke Makke dî râhn.

Rânjhâ Takht Hazâre dâ, Jhang Siyâlân dî Hîr,

Unhân dohân dî dostî madad Panj Pîr.

Katthîâ Ludan Mallâh ne karko badî tadbîr.

Jatt gâwande nâl ~~Chûchak~~ sârangiân de, dar dar fukre mangan fakir.

(Said the people): "May sandal-wood cleave to thy walls and a sweet scent to thy gates!"

735 Râjâ Adalî held his Court and prepared for Hîr's marriage.

All the city and the dependants collected together.

(Said Adalî): "I give Hîr to Rânjhâ; she is now my granddaughter!"

Whoever, if any speak evil of Hîr, his whole city shall be buried!"

First Chûchak gave Hîr to Rânjhâ and now Adalî properly married her (to him).

740 Rânjhâ took Hîr and took the road to Makkâ.

Rânjhâ of Takht Hazârâ and Hîr of Jhang Siyâl

Were helped in their loves by the Five Saints.

Ludan, the boatman, made this lay with much ability.

The Jatt sings it to the drum and the fiddle, and the *faqîr** bogs from door to door.

* i.e., the bard who actually sings it.

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